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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Vol. 219 JANUARY, 1924 No. 1

Know Nothing and Ku Klux Klan . . WILLIAM STARR MYERS
American Claims Against Germany . . JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR
Negro Migration and the Cotton Crop . . . HOWARD SNYDER
The Perpetual Covenant in the Constitution GEORGE STEWART BROWN
Economic Policies of the United States—II . . C. REINOLD NOYES
Wealth of Forests . . . . . FRANK A. WAUGH
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The Theatre in America . . . . . MONTROSE J. MOSES
The Bliss of Solitude . . . . . WILLIAM CHASE GREENE
Some Recent French Novels . . . . GEORGES LECHARTIER
"Placing" Students in Colonial Days . . . CAROLINE E. VOSE
Vachel Lindsay . . . . . HERBERT S. GORMAN
Affairs of the World . . . . . WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

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PROHIBITION; PROTECTION *and* SOME OTHERS

¶ ***The Prohibition Tangle*** is no misnomer. Day by day, in every way, — to welcome M. Coué to America again with revival of his formula, — it becomes more obvious that the vindication of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution presents one of the most perplexing and most serious problems now before the American nation. It affects the people individually and collectively; economically, socially and morally. It concerns the Government in Municipal, State, National and International affairs. In view of these circumstances, nothing could be more timely or more direct in appeal to thoughtful public interest than the article under the caption given, which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will publish in its forthcoming February number; from the pen of the eminent publicist, scholar and ethical and spiritual leader of men, PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE, of Columbia University.

¶ ***Protection or Prosperity*** suggests one of the most vital politico-economic issues of the time, in other lands as well as ours — as witness the recent general electoral campaign in Great Britain. It forms the theme of the third article — to appear in this REVIEW in February — of the noteworthy series contributed by MR. C. REINOLD NOYES on the political and economic policies of the nation.

Among other articles scheduled for publication in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ***in forthcoming numbers are—***

¶ ***The Teaching of History,*** by PROFESSOR CARLTON HAYES; of peculiar value because of the widespread controversy which has for some time been raging over the fitness or unfitness of most of the American history books used in the public schools of the country.

¶ ***"The 3rd and Best" and Her Uncle Thomas,*** by DOROTHY GARDNER; a delightfully told chapter of the intimate life history of John Milton, hitherto scarcely known to the world.

¶ ***Mass Education,*** by PROFESSOR CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN; an authoritative and most suggestive discussion of some of the salient features of popular culture.

¶ ***On Humanizing Science,*** by OTTO GLASER, Professor of Biology at Amherst; a singularly inspiring and illuminating essay.

THESE half dozen are mere suggestions of the multitude and opulence of the contributions to the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The above list, impressive and appealing as it is, represents scarcely one half of the contents of a single month's issue, less than four per cent of the contents of a yearly volume.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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1924

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1924

KNOW NOTHING AND KU KLUX KLAN

BY WILLIAM STARR MYERS

Our national history shows phenomena of a more or less identical type appearing at recurrent intervals, and with astonishing regularity. This is especially the case with the present phenomenon known as the Ku Klux Klan. With the possible exception of masks, robes and other like paraphernalia, it is an almost complete replica of the old Know Nothing movement of the 'fifties of the last century. It professes the same objects, and uses nearly the same methods. Pessimistic citizens of the present day, who look upon our country as going fast and straight to destruction, should remember this fact and take courage.

The Know Nothing party began its organization in the political field about the year 1852, and was indigenous to New York State. It soon spread over the eastern and northern sections of the country, with Grand Councils, Superior Councils, Subordinate Councils, and all the other hierarchy of a well thought out and clear cut organization. It had a grip, pass words, secret signs, and much of the ritual that has proved so attractive to the average American citizen, whether the object of an organization be fraternal, social, political or religious. It was organized in opposition to the naturalization of foreign immigrants, then first coming to the United States in large numbers, and also was opposed to the activities and spread of the Roman Catholic Church. In Baltimore, for illustration, meetings were called by chalking up a skull and cross-bones on tree boxes or fences. Also long strips

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of white paper were tacked up in conspicuous places for the same purpose. It was called the "Know Nothing" party because, whenever a member was asked any question with regard to this new movement, he always answered, "I know nothing." Moreover, this party took as its motto "America for Americans", it worked in secret, and made its effects felt in a surprising manner in the elections. Many candidates were elected whose nomination was not even known; other candidates on the old Whig or Democratic party tickets were elected or defeated by large majorities and without any warning or explanation concerning the erratic character of the voting.

Success grew rapidly, to the amazement of politicians and the uninitiated people. Local elections were won in Maryland, and Massachusetts and Delaware were carried by this new party in the fall of 1854. Following its early successes the party held a National Convention in 1855, came out into the open and adopted the name of the "American Party". That same year it was successful in the fall elections in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Maryland and Kentucky, and its influence was felt so far as Texas. It nominated Millard Fillmore for President and Andrew J. Donelson for Vice-President in 1856, carried the State of Maryland for them, and, supported by the Whig rump that refused to follow either the old Democratic or newly-founded Republican party, it cast a total of about 875,000 votes out of an entire national vote of about 4,000,000, or approximately 22 per cent. of the total electorate. Furthermore, in the Thirty-fourth Congress (1855–1857) the Know Nothing representation was 5 in the Senate and 43 in the House of Representatives, out of a total membership of 62 Senators and 237 Representatives.

After this campaign the party gradually waned and had entirely disappeared by 1860. Although many of the best citizens of the country were enrolled in its ranks, it contained many hoodlums, cranks, and rowdies, especially in the cities. There was much violence, particularly in Baltimore, where Know Nothing success was great, and which then was known as the "Mob City" of the United States. Here Know Nothing partizans lined up at the polls, armed with shoemaker's awls, and prevented men of

other parties from voting. They were able to identify their own partizans by printing a pink stripe down the back of the "strip" ticket then in use. Buckets of blood were brought from the slaughter-houses and placed in tubs. Foreigners were held up by their heels and their heads soused in the blood. They then were let loose in such an appearance of near-death that other foreign-born citizens were fearful of their lives and did not dare wander far from their houses, much less go near the polls. Other forms of intimidation were practised, leading in some cases to riot, murder, and destruction of property. Washington, although the capital of the nation, was the scene of partizanship of much the same type. As might have been expected, the more decent citizens gradually awakened to the disgraceful and dangerous character of such proceedings, and the party slowly faded away and disappeared. The "straddle" of its platform upon the all-absorbing subject of slavery helped in the dissolution, and caused it finally to be swallowed up in the old Democratic or new Republican organization.

When we consider the Ku Klux Klan of today, we find that it is fourfold in its antipathies, professing to oppose the foreigner, the Roman Catholic, the Jew and the Negro. Thus there is a union in one organization of those individuals who are subject, and in an exaggerated form, to the most fundamental of human prejudices, —those of race, religion and colour. It is sad to be compelled to admit that while America has made great progress toward the elimination of the first two of these as causes of friction, the last-named remains practically unsolved today, as "Jim Crow" laws and Chinese Exclusion acts amply testify. And it is especially to be deplored that at this time, instead of dealing with these real difficulties with restraint and reticence, we see them made the plaything of demagogues and agitators, or the actuating motives of those who are guided by their emotions rather than by their brains.

It also will at once be seen that the present and later organization is well on the way toward repeating the various steps of the Know Nothing party. But the Ku Klux Klan of today, furthermore, has taken over the paraphernalia, nomenclature, and methods of the original Klan of the Reconstruction period, and thereby has made itself especially strong in the South. Sixty

years ago, when the whites of the defeated Confederacy formed the old organization of the same name, they went into it with a determined purpose, and its membership included the best citizens of that part of the country. They felt that they were fighting for the "perpetuation of white civilization", as they openly said. Among the elder generation in the South there still remain a reverence for the old leaders and also a memory of their desperate situation under the "carpet-bag" governments. These feelings are easily aroused by the very name of Ku Klux Klan, and bring an almost atavistic worship in support of the present organization.

Another cause of the success of the present Klan, or at least its partial success, is that it falls in line with the group type of political cleavage which is especially characteristic of our politics of today, and is likewise one of the deplorable departures from old and traditional methods of American party procedure. This country has adhered in the past to the two-party system, so characteristic of Anglo-Saxon institutions, and well called by President Lowell of Harvard the sign of political maturity. The propagandas and "blocs" which today are the veritable curse of our politics, as well as of Congressional and State legislative procedure, are the result of placing the narrow interests of section, class, race, or personal advantage above the welfare of the nation. The Ku Klux Klan is but a logical extension of this principle or policy, only more patriotic in its claims and national in its objects. But it is the attempt of a minority to control the public interests according to its own views.

It must be remembered that the only way to oppose or prevent such movements as the Know Nothing and the Ku Klux Klan is to prevent the things that cause them. Whenever and wherever church organizations or leaders undertake to influence elections or such matters as the conduct of our public schools and the administration of our Government, the American people will rebel. This applies alike to Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile. Such movements as the activities of the German-American Alliance of a few years ago, or its present successor, the Steuben Society, harmless as the latter may appear, find a natural reaction in the thought and convictions of our people. The reception by

Governors of States and other public officials of the grotesque "President of the Irish Republic", one Eamonn de Valera, the open sale of Irish "bonds", the apportioning of quotas for collection for the relief of various revolutionaries in foreign lands—all have come as a shock to the American people—and by that statement I mean the *real* American people, both native and foreign-born.

Another direct cause of such movements as the Klan is the attempt of politicians in New York City and State, also in Wisconsin and other sections of the country, to rewrite American history to suit their own political and racial prejudices. The mere fact that the scientific work of scholars of such standing as Professor Van Tyne of the University of Michigan, Professor McLaughlin of the University of Chicago, and Professor Muzzey of Columbia, is flouted by these pseudo-American politicians and their books are thrown out of the public schools, is disquieting, to say the least, and is bound to have its direct reaction. The American people are long-suffering, but when once aroused will strike and that without stint or sometimes even without discrimination. Furthermore, there are in addition both the "bloc" method of racial voting in our elections—city, State and national—and the activities of the foreign-born clientèle of the Socialist party. Also the decadent and materialistic philosophies and teachings of the "Radicals" and others from across the Atlantic, who have made their contributions very prominent of late in self-styled "journals of opinion", in which they attempt to reconstruct American government and institutions according to their own line of thought, are not welcome to the rank and file of our people.

It may be that all these critics, leaders and politicians of foreign origin are right. That is another question, and this is not the place to refute them. At any rate, the American people would seem to prefer to be left to their own devices, and to be allowed to work out their salvation according to their own principles and the genius of their institutions. And there is no doubt in their mind that under, and in accordance with, these same principles they have made decided progress up to the present time.

It is true that the Klan of today has reached a commanding

position in certain sections of the country. But its influence varies with the locality. In the recent election in New Jersey the support of certain candidates by the Klan caused their defeat in one county, and their election in another. The same is true elsewhere. Undoubtedly the Klan is especially dangerous in such States as Oregon, where the method of so-called direct legislation and government is in vogue, and the passions of the mob or the fears of the ignorant may be given quick and direct expression by the use of the initiative and referendum. In the larger number of our States, where the American principle of self-restrained democracy still obtains, there should be little direct danger, except from violence and rioting on the part both of the Klan and its opponents. Here the ordinary constitutional restraints of representative government should act, as always, as a buffer against mob psychology, and in favor of a reasoned public opinion. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the organization has been "played up" by newspapers, agitators and others, and people have become much more alarmed than is necessary. A reference to the history of the Know Nothings will show that the former movement failed for a very definite reason. That reason was, that although it professed the highest type of patriotic and American principles, and thus appealed to some of the best individuals among our citizenship, yet it essentially was itself based upon un-American principles. And these same principles were racial and religious prejudice. They were so essentially foreign to the genius and spirit of the real American people that no such party, organization or Klan ever could have more than a temporary success.

The same is true today. There is no doubt that literally thousands of sincere, honest and patriotic Americans are members of the Klan, and for the most conscientious reasons. They feel that the very existence of their country and its institutions is in danger, and they are striving to protect it. They must be given credit for their sincerity, if not for statesmanship and common sense. It is idle merely to denounce these people and undertake to overcome them by means of repression or antagonistic legislation. While the use of force may be necessary at some moment in order to preserve law and order, yet the large majority of the

Klan are people who must be sympathized and reasoned with, and that with a recognition that not all the right is on any one side. The evils that caused the formation of the Klan must be mitigated or removed. Also there must be a realization that this is a movement among our typically American people—and they are the very ones upon whose common sense and ultimate soundness of judgment we can most surely rely. They are in large part the conservative, conscientious people of conviction who have inherited for generations the traditions and gift for democratic self-government, and respect for the majesty of law and order. Give them time, and they of themselves will react to better counsels and greater wisdom. Of course there are many ignorant people who are attracted by the mummery and theatrical ritual of the Klan. That side of governmental and political activity was long ago analyzed and explained as perfectly natural by Walter Bagehot. Other members are alarmed by the silly stories, such as that of the "Catholic dollar" with its "Pope's face, cross, and rosary". But they forget that it is not respectful to one's own convictions to hide behind a robe and mask when advocating them, and that the breaking of one law is not the proper method by which to enforce another. These things are near akin to abject cowardice. Finally, there is no doubt that the anti-Jewish campaign of Henry Ford and his *Dearborn Independent* is a direct cause of much of this growth of mental aberration.

The sane and reasoned judgment would seem to be that the Ku Klux Klan has within it the seed of its own failure, and that this lies in the essential advocacy of racial and religious prejudice. The Klan is going to disappear in time as did its forerunner, the Know Nothing party. Its members at an early day will learn that pitiless publicity and an open and frank facing of all attempts, of every kind, to inject racial or religious prejudice and partizanship into American life and institutions, will be sufficient to meet the evil of any day, and will make unnecessary all such movements as the Ku Klux Klan. As Lincoln so wisely said, you cannot fool all the people all the time; and this is true both within the ranks of the Klan, and also among all the kinds and types of citizens who remain "on the outside".

William Starr Myers.

AMERICAN CLAIMS AGAINST GERMANY

BY JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

In the midst of what appears now to be a fruitless effort on the part of European nations to reach a definite understanding as regards the projected inquiry into Germany's governmental and economic stability, with a view to determining her relative capacity to pay the reparations demanded of her, an announcement is made by the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany, by way of that Tribunal's first decision and opinion, in four parts, which so interprets and clarifies the main provisions of the Treaty of Versailles which are, by reference, incorporated into the Treaty of August 25, 1921, known as the Treaty of Berlin, as practically to settle the entire reparations question as far as the United States is concerned.

Although England, France, Italy and Belgium have their own respective Mixed Arbitral Tribunals and are, therefore, not governed by any action taken by the corresponding Tribunal sitting in Washington, the decisions just announced by the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany, are of such far-reaching effect, and the observations made therein so illuminating in construing the language of both the Treaty of Berlin and the Treaty of Versailles, that the United States is again on record as the world's pathfinder, ready and willing to blaze the trail to amity and good will among nations.

This continued devotion to the service of the world's peace and progress emphasizes the importance of the doctrine of international arbitration, which has come to be regarded by the world as decidedly American in modern practice; that is to say, the arbitrament of differences and misunderstandings between nations through judicial, rather than diplomatic or administrative, means, which latter so often fail because of petty prejudices and animosities.

The work just accomplished by this Tribunal, actuated, as it

was, by this larger and much finer international viewpoint, marks the achievement of only a year's labour, and was made possible because the United States on August 10, 1922, entered into an executive agreement with Germany providing for the creation of the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany. By the terms of the agreement the Commission was empowered to pass upon claims of the United States and American nationals against Germany and German nationals arising out of the war. The claims are classified as follows in the aforementioned agreement:

(1) Claims of American citizens, arising since July 31, 1914, in respect of damage to, or seizure of, their property, rights and interests, including any company or association in which they are interested, within German territory as it existed on August 1, 1914;

(2) Other claims for loss or damage to which the United States or its nationals have been subjected with respect to injuries to persons, or to property, rights and interests, including any company or association in which American nationals are interested, since July 31, 1914, as a consequence of the war;

(3) Debts owing to American citizens by the German Government or by German nationals.

To carry out properly the purposes of this gigantic task it was agreed between the two nations that the Commission should consist of an Umpire, appointed by and with the consent of both Governments, together with an American Commissioner and a German Commissioner. Besides being President of the Court, the Umpire is the final arbiter concerning all issues upon which the national Commissioners cannot agree. Each nation is to be represented by an agent or chief counsel, in charge of a legal staff of associate counsel, who are engaged in the preparation of claims for hearing and argument before the Commission.

Having full faith in the fairness and integrity of the United States, the Government of Germany urged that an American be named as Umpire, and in accordance with this expressed desire the two nations agreed upon the appointment of the late William R. Day, at that time Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Edwin B. Parker, of Texas and New York, who was Chairman of the United States Liquidation Commission in Paris following the war, accepted the position of Amer-

ican Commissioner, and Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach, a distinguished specialist in international law, of Hamburg, Germany, was assigned to duty by his Government as German Commissioner.

When Justice Day resigned as Umpire last spring, because of ill health, the United States and Germany agreed to the promotion of Judge Parker to the position of final arbiter. Justice Day, it will be recalled, died soon after. Chandler P. Anderson, long a recognized authority on international law and a frequent representative of the United States on various international arbitrations at The Hague and elsewhere, was then appointed American Commissioner, succeeding Judge Parker. All three of these gentlemen bring to the deliberations of the Mixed Claims Commission highly trained legal minds, and powers of observation and perception that have been seasoned with many years of experience in the practice and research of the law.

When the work of the Commission was first organized a year ago, the United States was represented before the Tribunal by Robert C. Morris, of New York City, as Agent and Chief Counsel. Mr. Morris was the Agent of the United States at the United States-Venezuelan Arbitration of 1903; and in addition to his law practice he has for many years laboured as a lecturer and writer to further the practice of arbitration as the first great forward step in the promotion of world peace. He was assisted in the work of organizing the American Agency by Marshall Morgan, who was for many years one of the assistants to the various incumbents of the office of Secretary of State.

In order to make the adjudication of the more than twelve thousand claims filed with the Department of State for prosecution against Germany strictly a matter of judicial and not diplomatic or administrative action, it was early decided that each claim should have its day in court. However, for the sake of practical expedition, it was deemed advisable to file with the Commission for hearing and argument certain typical cases representing various classifications, such as Lusitania, War Risk Insurance Premiums, Insurance Underwriters, Debts, Property in Germany, Property in Occupied Territory, Estates, Submarine Warfare, and other groups of claims.

Both Mr. Morris and Mr. Morgan have since resigned from the

American Agency to reënter the private practice of law. Mr. Morris is succeeded by Robert W. Bonynge, of New York, a former Member of Congress from Colorado. Harold H. Martin, of Washington, succeeds Mr. Morgan. In the presentation of claims Mr. Bonynge is carrying out the policy inaugurated by his predecessor. Germany's Agent and Chief Counsel before the Commission is Karl von Lewinski, one of the ablest members of the German Foreign Office, who has served in this capacity ever since the Commission was first organized.

That the action just taken by the Mixed Claims Commission, with respect to the Lusitania and War Risk Insurance Premium claims, will have a material bearing on the economic situation now impending in Germany, cannot be doubted. In laying down the fundamental legal principles involving Germany's responsibility for the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7, 1915, the Mixed Claims Commission, in the opinion written by the Umpire, and concurred in by both the American and German Commissioners, peremptorily disposes of this entire group of claims arising out of this disaster, in the following language:

> . . . The Commission finds that Germany is financially obligated to pay to the United States all losses suffered by American nationals, stated in terms of dollars, where the claims therefor have continued in American ownership, which losses have resulted from death or from personal injury or from loss of, or damage to, property, sustained in the sinking of the Lusitania.

Definite principles and rules are laid down for measuring damages in each of these groups of claims, rules applicable in all death cases pending before the Commission. The right of claimants to recover exemplary, punitive or vindictive damages is denied. The opinion points out that "the words exemplary, vindictive or punitive as applied to *damages* are misnomers. The fundamental concept of 'damages' is satisfaction, reparation for a *loss* suffered; a judicially ascertained *compensation* for wrong. The remedy should be commensurate with the loss, so that the injured party may be made whole. The superimposing of a penalty in addition to full compensation and naming it damages, with the qualifying word exemplary, vindictive or punitive, is a hopeless confusion of terms, inevitably leading to confusion of thought." This branch of the opinion concludes thus:

It is our opinion that as between sovereign nations the question of the right and power to impose penalties, unlimited in amount, is political rather than legal in its nature, and therefore not a subject within the jurisdiction of this Commission. . . . The Treaty is one between two sovereign nations—a Treaty of Peace. There is no place in it for any vindictive or punitive provisions. Germany must make compensation and reparation for all losses falling within its terms sustained by American nationals. That compensation must be full, adequate and complete. To this extent Germany will be held accountable. But this Commission is without power to impose penalties for the use and benefit of private claimants when the Government of the United States has exacted none.

As soon as every Lusitania claim has been examined, so that the measure of damages adopted by the Commission may be properly applied to the peculiar facts of each particular claim, the respective awards will be made in line with the so-called General Lusitania Decision recently announced by the Commission.

While allowing, in principle, the Lusitania claims, the Commission has at the same time paved the way for dismissing every claim for reimbursement on account of War Risk Insurance Premiums paid during the war. These claims make a total of 3,190 in number, and aggregate, in the amount of money claimed, $345,000,000. The group constitutes nearly 31 per cent in number and 23.03 per cent in amount of all the claims filed with the American Agency for eventual presentation to the Commission. That means that the total number of claims in terms of dollars and cents is thus cut by this sweeping decision from $1,479,064,-313.92, representing the total amount of the more than 12,000 claims, down to $1,134,064,313.92. This figure includes America's claim for the cost of maintaining American troops in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, which was on April 9, 1923, estimated at $255,554,810.53. It will be recalled that this claim by the Government of the United States has been the subject of special negotiation with the Allied Governments, and Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, secured an agreement at Paris last May for the payment of this item by Germany through the Allied Reparations Commission.

It is clearly set forth in these definitive decisions of the Mixed Claims Commission that it is not concerned with the payment of Germany's financial obligations as stipulated in the Treaty of

Berlin and in the Treaty of Versailles. The Umpire points out that the Commission's task is confined solely to the fixing of the amount of these obligations. The Mixed Claims Commission, therefore, is controlled and governed in all its adjudications by the terms of its charter—the Treaty of Berlin. And the United States is apparently not concerned with the present probability that Germany will fail to pay the awards to be made by the Commission. For by joining with the United States in the Agreement of August 10, 1922, providing for the creation of the Commission to determine "the amount to be paid by Germany in satisfaction of Germany's obligation under the Treaty concluded by the two Governments on August 25, 1921", Germany put herself on record as a responsible republic ready to meet the obligations set forth in the Treaty of Berlin which restored "friendly relations".

The United States has cause to feel gratified over the work which the Mixed Claims Commission is accomplishing, because the profound but clear cut decisions of the Umpire are distinct contributions to the field of international law.

The first part of the decisions analyzes Germany's treaty liability, deals generally with the functions of the Commission, and prescribes fundamental rules of decision. It goes on to point out that in fixing the amount to be paid by Germany in satisfaction of her financial obligations to the United States and to American nationals, the Commission must first define its jurisdiction with respect to each claim and then prescribe the measure of damages involved therein, fixing the exact amount of the financial obligations of Germany upon the basis thus established. Says the Umpire:

> When the allegations in a petition or memorial presented by the United States bring a claim within the terms of the Treaty, the jurisdiction of the Commission attaches. If these allegations are controverted in whole or in part by Germany, the issue thus made must be decided by the Commission. Should the Commission so decide such issue that the claim does not fall within the terms of the Treaty, it will be dismissed for lack of jurisdiction. But if such issue be so decided that the claim does fall within the terms of the Treaty, then the Commission will prescribe the measure of damages, apply such measure to the facts in the particular case as the Commission may find them, and fix the financial obligation of Germany therein. The Commission's task is to

apply the terms of the Treaty of Berlin to each case presented, decide those which it holds are within its jurisdiction, and dismiss all others.

In this connection the Commission has specifically stated that it is not concerned with the Treaty of Versailles, as such, "but only with those of its provisions which have been incorporated by reference into the Treaty of Berlin".

Although all claims, except government demands, are presented on behalf of American nationals who are either individuals, partnerships, or corporations, the Commission emphasizes the fact that the parties to this international arbitration are the two Governments. The real parties in interest in all international arbitrations are, of course, the claimant and the respondent Governments, respectively, either in their own stead or on behalf of one or more of their nationals. Hence, the United States appears as the claimant in all cases before the Mixed Claims Commission.

It does not, however, follow that every claim presented before the Commission constitutes a financial obligation on the part of Germany.

There are three different classes of claims which are expressly exempted from the operation of the decisions just announced, to be covered later by separate decisions. First, there is the group of claims brought strictly by the Government, as such, which includes, besides the item with respect to the cost of the Army of Occupation, claims by the United States Shipping Board, United States Veterans' Bureau, War Department, and United States Railroad Administration. Then come the claims for payment of pre-war private debts, owing by German nationals. And the third class consists of claims seeking reimbursement from Germany on account of damage or injury by way of sequestration, requisition or otherwise, to American privately owned property in Germany during the war. This group includes hundreds of pre-war bank deposits, which were held in Germany during the war by reason of the exceptional war measures and measures of transfer effected by the German Government after the United States entered the war. The vast scope which this adjudication of claims has assumed thus serves to combine in the Mixed Claims Commission the powers and

functions of the Reparations Commission, Clearing House System, and the respective Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, which the Allied and Associated Governments have put into operation pursuant to the Treaty of Versailles. And so, although the United States failed to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, the Mixed Claims Commission is on behalf of this Government doing the work of the Reparations Commission, the Clearing House System and the various Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, by way of the greatest arbitral lawsuit ever known to mankind.

In order to bring a claim, other than a demand made by the Government of the United States, within the jurisdiction of the Commission, the rule is that the loss must have been sustained by an American national and that the claim arising therefrom was at the time of its inception owned, and is still owned, by an American national. The Umpire's language stressing the importance of proving the fact that the claimant is an American national and that the claim is and was at the time it originated American owned, reiterates the long established principle on the subject, as follows:

> In order to bring a claim (other than a Government claim) within the jurisdiction of this Commission, the loss must have been suffered by an American national, and the claim for such loss must have since continued in American ownership.
>
> The inquiry is: Was the United States, which is the claimant, injured through injury to its national? It was not so injured where the injured person was at the time of suffering the injury a citizen of another state. While naturalization transfers allegiance, it does not carry with it existing state obligations. Any other rule would convert a nation into a claim agent in behalf of those availing of its naturalization laws to become its citizens after suffering injury.

Perhaps the chief value of the Mixed Claims Commission's decision and opinion lies in its magnificent exposition of the law of proximate causation and its effect upon claims based on indirect or consequential damages. The Umpire analyzes the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution, which is the introductory part of the Treaty of Berlin, with reference to Section 5 in order to ascertain precisely what claims are embraced within its provisions and intended to be actionable against Germany on behalf of American

nationals who, since July 31, 1914, have "suffered, through the acts of the Imperial German Government, or its agents, . . . loss, damage, or injury to their persons or property, directly or indirectly, whether through the ownership of shares of stock in German, Austro-Hungarian, American, or other corporations, or in consequence of hostilities or of any operations of war, or otherwise."

According to Judge Parker, American nationals must have suffered—

A. (Cause?) through the acts of Germany or its agents;
B. (When?) between August 1, 1914, and July 2, 1921, both inclusive;
C. (What?) loss, damage, or injury to their persons or property
    (1) directly or
    (2) indirectly, whether
        (a) through the ownership of shares of stock in any domestic or foreign corporation;
        (b) in consequence of hostilities or
        (c) of any operations of war, or
        (d) otherwise.

A simple test in all cases, as the decision points out, is just this: Has an American national proved that he sustained a loss susceptible of being measured with a reasonable exactness by pecuniary standards? And can that loss be attributed to Germany's act as the proximate cause? Applying this test, therefore, to the facts in the group of cases which have come to be known as the War Risk Insurance Premium claims, the Commission "has no hesitation in holding that they do not fall within the terms of the Treaty of Berlin". The Commission categorically debars them on the grounds that "they are not claims for injury or damage to, or destruction or conversion of, property, by the acts of Germany or her agents. They are claims put forward to recover the amount of premiums paid for protection against possible happenings which never in fact happened; for protection against risks to both neutral and belligerent commerce of a highly speculative and uncertain nature, incident to the very existence of a state of maritime warfare, participated in by both groups of belligerents."

It is the following language of the decision and opinion, laying down the rule upon this very question of damages, that con-

stitutes, probably, the decision's chief contribution to international law:

> It matters not whether the loss be directly or indirectly sustained, so long as there is a clear, unbroken connection between Germany's act and the loss complained of. It matters not how many links there may be in the chain of causation connecting Germany's act with the loss sustained, provided there is no break in the chain and the loss can be clearly, unmistakably, and definitely traced, link by link, to Germany's act. But the law can not consider, the Congress of the United States in adopting its resolution did not consider, the parties in negotiating the Treaty of Berlin did not consider or expect this tribunal to consider, the "causes of causes and their impulsion one on another." Where the loss is far removed in causal sequence from the act complained of, it is not competent for this tribunal to seek to unravel a tangled network of causes and of effects, or follow, through a baffling labyrinth of confused thought, numerous disconnected and collateral chains, in order to link Germany with a particular loss. All indirect losses are covered, provided only that in legal contemplation Germany's act was the efficient and proximate cause and source from which they flowed.

Although discussing the category of claims referred to in the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution, the language just quoted has, nevertheless, an important interpretative value in connection with Articles 231 and 232 of the Treaty of Versailles and other clauses of that Treaty dealing with reparations.

Article 231 sets forth that—

> The Allied and Associated Governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.

This article in the opinion of the Mixed Claims Commission "at most amounts to no more than an acceptance by Germany of the affirmance by the Allied and Associated Governments of Germany's responsibility for all loss and damage suffered as a consequence of the war—*a moral responsibility*. Germany's *financial responsibility* for losses occurring during belligerency is limited and clearly defined in the succeeding Article and the Annex pertaining thereto and other provisions of the Treaty."

Claims listed under Article 232 of the Treaty of Versailles, particularly those numbered 5, 6 and 7, calling for reimbursement

to the Government of the United States as such of the cost of pensions and separation allowances, instead of damages suffered by the civilian population, have no significance as far as the United States is concerned. This Government has expressly committed itself not to prosecute against Germany any of the claims arising under these three categories before the Mixed Claims Commission.

Many otherwise public spirited citizens still insist that this tremendous arbitration, which has been pronounced as the greatest, in scope and amount of money involved, in the history of international arbitrations, is merely an academic proceeding to afford the United States and Germany an opportunity to indulge in sophistries designed indefinitely to postpone the payment by Germany of her just obligations. These critics point to the fact that the Mixed Claims Commission has jurisdiction only to determine Germany's liability and financial obligations. The Commission has not the authority to provide money settlements in payment of the awards that are to be made. This is, perhaps, the only important feature in which the Commission differs from the operation of the Clearing House instituted by the Allied Governments for the payment of private claims.

In view of the calamitous situation in Germany, which has been rapidly approaching a climax during the past few weeks, claimants are naturally dubious concerning any promises that their prospective awards will ever be paid by that vanquished nation. This anxiety is warranted somewhat by Germany's failure to announce any definite plan for the financial settlement of American claims.

In this connection it is urged by many that the United States negotiate with Germany for the purpose of arriving at a sound arrangement for the ultimate liquidation of the meritorious claims now pending before the Mixed Claims Commission. Others maintain that the United States should hold the private German-owned property remaining in the hands of the American Alien Property Custodian, after satisfying the provisions of the so-called Winslow Act, not merely as a pledge to secure payment of these American claims but as an actual fund out of which they can be paid. In support of this contention it is argued that

Section 5 of the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution, approved July 2, 1921, authorizes such a procedure by the following provision:

> All property of the Imperial German Government . . . and of German nationals, which was on April 6, 1917, in or has since that date come into the possession or under control of, or has been the subject of a demand by the United States of America, . . . shall be retained by the United States of America and no disposition thereof made . . . until such time as the Imperial German Government . . . shall have . . . made suitable provision for the satisfaction of all claims . . . of all persons, wheresoever domiciled, who owe permanent allegiance to the United States of America and who have suffered . . . loss, damage, or injury to their persons or property . . .

Whether the Government of the United States should take this privately owned enemy property and apply it to the payment of the several groups of American claims now pending before the Mixed Claims Commission for adjudication is, of course, a question which Congress only can decide. And inasmuch as a policy of confiscation is one strictly within the determination of the sovereign law of a nation, this question will no doubt be one of the important measures taken up for consideration and action by the Sixty-Eighth Congress.

The Allied and Associated Governments are already engaged in liquidating their claims against Germany through the respective Clearing Houses. In Great Britain, for instance, the adjudications of the Anglo-German Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, which corresponds to the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany, pass through the Clearing House in accordance with the provisions of the Annex following Article 296 of the Treaty of Versailles. Thus, a British national with a claim against Germany or a German national, which is acted upon favourably by the Anglo-German Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, becomes a judgment creditor and as such can proceed against the Clearing House and obtain payment of his award by an attachment upon the German property seized during the war by the British Public Trustee. This procedure appears to be authorized by the following provision of Great Britain's Treaty of Peace Order of August 18, 1919:

> The Clearing Office shall have power to enforce the payment of any enemy debt against the person by whom the debt is due, together with such interest as

is payable under paragraph 22 of the Annex to the said Section III, and for that purpose shall have all such rights and powers as if they were the creditor; and if the debt has been admitted by the debtor or the debt or amount thereof has been found by arbitration or by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal or by a court of law in manner provided by paragraph 16 of the Annex to the said Section III. . . .

Just what action Congress will take on this score in the disposition of the $300,000,000 worth of former enemy property still in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian, is quite problematic. But so much is certain, that having provided the machinery for the disposition of the more than 12,000 claims of American nationals against Germany, and Germany having wholeheartedly entered into this great arbitration, the Government of the United States can be depended upon to protect the interests of her nationals and to find some way of bringing a practical result from the work that is being accomplished by the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany.

JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR.

NEGRO MIGRATION AND THE COTTON CROP

BY HOWARD SNYDER

It has often been said that cotton is king in the South, but this is not quite all of the truth, for of late years the boll weevil seems to be king and cotton and debt its prime ministers. Certainly the three are hopelessly mixed up. Perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say that the three are joint kings, for beyond a doubt the three taken together are the despots that rule the South. When cotton fails, as it did last year, the whole South fails, merchants grow weary waiting for customers and their nerves get raw refusing credit, bankers begin foreclosing deeds of trust, physicians cannot pay their gasoline bills, railroads begin turning off men, mills languish, preachers beg in vain, and everywhere are long faces to be seen and the cry of hard times is to be heard. But let a good crop come with a fair price, and the mails are flushed with orders for automobiles, furniture, fertilizers, and everything that the industrial North has for sale that the South needs and can buy. Mules and horses are shipped in by the thousands, and buggies and machinery by the trainloads. In every community business is brisk and money circulating. Perhaps there is no other place on the earth where a single crop controls the destinies of so many people as in the South, and beyond doubt we produce no other crop in America that suffers so dreadfully from pests as does cotton from the weevil and other destructive insects.

In the hill regions there is more or less diversified farming, and the farms are small and owned by the men who till them. But these sections constitute but a small part of the cotton-producing districts. In the real cotton regions, such as those low, flat river bottoms along the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers, only one crop is raised, and wherever this occurs the boll weevil and credit merchants reign supreme. Recently I took an extended motor trip

through that section of Mississippi lying between the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers and known as the Delta, and almost never did I see a garden, a pasture, a haystack, a potato patch, a flock of hens, an orchard, a dairy, an oat field, or anything else but tens of thousands of squalid huts and acres and acres of cotton. In many instances I did not even find pastures for the mules that worked the crops. Year in and year out they are kept in the feed lots and fed on oats shipped from the North. Indeed it was fine cotton that I saw, considering the damages wrought by the weevil and the fact that six hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer was used to the acre to stimulate it. On the larger plantations there was an overseer's house, a store, a gin, and then the hundreds of tenant huts where the Negroes who tilled the fields on the share crop plan lived.

By this plan the tenant cultivates the crop, gathers, and delivers it to the gin. The proprietor supplies him through the overseer with mules, feed, clothing, groceries, fuel, land, and all other things needed for making a crop. For his labour he receives half of the crop, and from this half he repays the proprietor for the supply of provisions. If the landlord is honest he may have several hundred to two or three thousand a year as his net profits on a good year when the prices are high. But if the landlord is dishonest and the season bad and prices low, he may have nothing for his net profit and not so much as break even with the man who supplies him with provisions. As a rule he is always in debt to the landlord or supply merchants, and the landlord in turn in debt to bankers and local capitalists. These local capitalists hold a deed of trust on the crop, the mules, and almost always on the plantation itself. As cotton is exceedingly uncertain since the weevil came, the local capitalist must charge a high rate of interest and demand abundant security, and when failures come must foreclose many deeds of trust. As these capitalists are not exactly in business for their health, especially in these low bottoms along the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, they are principally interested in getting their interest. Least of all are they interested in the welfare of the community or the tens of thousands of black tenants who till the soil. In favourable years, when the crop promises good returns, they loosen up the strings of their

money bags, and lend more liberally, but in bad years loans are most carefully made and stringently collected or heavily secured. Often the cotton growers, both landlords and tenants, have to use every dollar they have accumulated in times of prosperity to save themselves in times of poor crops. And of course many of them get too far in debt and have to turn over their belongings to the moneyed men, and thus add more privates to that vast army of tenant farmers, both black and white, who cultivate the cotton crop in the Cotton Belt.

The cotton grower is not a farmer in the sense that we think of the Northern farmer, a producer of a wide variety of agricultural products both for sale and for use at home. He is far more in need of money than the Northern farmer who produces, let us say, milk, garden products in a wide variety, corn for his horses and hogs, cattle, poultry, mules, fruits, and perchance some small grains. Everything the cotton grower needs for his home, his plantation, and crop, he must buy. Not even does he raise what mules he needs on his own plantation, or are the implements with which he cultivates the crop produced in the South. His harness, his wagons, and in many instances his fertilizers, are shipped down from the North. But one and only one source of income has he; if it fails he has none. Hence the great need of credit and the stupendous debt that ever hangs over the Cotton Belt.

As might be expected, this one-crop system does not satisfy anyone, and least of all the Negro who tills the soil or the landlord who owns it or rents it from some absentee owner. Hence the endless moving and shifting from season to season. With this constant moving we have the neglect of the home, lack of interest in the care of the land, shiftlessness, and often indifference as to the outcome of the crop. And with lack of interest in the home life comes lack of civic pride and public spirit. Hence the squalid towns and streets of wretched hovels and the dilapidated cabins and huts throughout the countryside. Certainly the common run of people in the South are poor, and we are told their poverty is born of their laziness. But this is upside down, as their laziness is born of their poverty. Nowhere on this old globe will civilized men fail to exert themselves and build beauti-

ful homes if they only can get a fair return for their labour with which to do it, and least of all will they fail to do it in wide-awake America.

Always dissatisfied, the tenant is always looking for some place where he can do better and get a little ahead. But he never finds it, hence his constant moving. Farmed in one crop, year after year, the soil becomes hopelessly poor and has to be stimulated by enormous doses of fertilizer. Especially is this true since the weevil came, for the only hope of a fair yield is to force the crop with every means possible so as to keep ahead of the weevil. If by an exceptionally lucky stroke of fate there happens to be a dry, sunshiny August, there may be a good crop, for the weevil works slowly in dry weather and bright sunshine; but dry weather is not the rule in the cotton belt. Hence the bumper crops are exceptions and the cotton production a game of chance. Often when there is a bumper crop there is not labour enough to pick it. There may be labour enough in the community, but Negro labour in the South is by no means inclined to exert itself when there is a little ready money to be had. It is certainly not a rare thing for Negro families to neglect their crop until much of it is damaged in the fields. Add to this the steady stream of Negroes who abandon their crop before it is half matured and depart for the North, and you have still another factor which makes the one-crop system still more serious.

Perhaps if this single crop were tended by expert agriculturists and highly skilled labour it might be a success. But when we stop to consider that it is cultivated by hopelessly unskilled labour, that is often disinterested to the last extreme and often shiftless and dishonest, the one crop becomes still more of a problem. That the average field Negro in the South is rarely dependable, and more often cunning and deceitful than otherwise, is known to all who have employed him in the cotton fields. Especially do the cash renters in the less prosperous parts of the Cotton Belt till their acres in a disinterested, shiftless manner. Very frequently do they fail to pay for their "furnish", as they call their supply of provisions, and are forced to give up their mules and cows. This of course produces still more indifference and greater dissatisfaction, and very frequently

causes the tenant to accept the free pass that labour agents are always ready to offer him if he will agree to seek employment with their firm. But always does it increase the poverty and want in the Cotton Belt, and add one more straw to the back of the one-crop system of the South.

Certainly there could be no greater misconception than to get the present-day South mixed up with the old South of history as a place of gay, social life. Especially is this true among the white tenants. Tenancy on so vast a scale as it is practiced in the South, based on a single and uncertain crop like cotton, is most surely not conducive to a gay, social life or any other kind of social life. Living under the pall of debt, and moving from place to place with the seasons, as vast numbers of the tenants both black and white do in the cotton belt, the common cropper and the slightly more independent cash renter are considered mere outsiders, and are hardly recognized as a part of the community. The good old frolics of the sunny South are but a sweet memory of the older inhabitants, and a bit of gossip to the tens of thousands of present-day tenants. Of course there are trips to the county seat on Saturdays, where thousands of homeless tenants gather to meet other homeless tenants like themselves. But this hardly passes as healthy social life, as they go to the county seat because there is no other place to go. As might be expected, the churches suffer too, for, as most people know, preachers excepted, more people go to church because of its social side than for its religious side; hence as homeless tenants do not find the atmosphere of a strange church exactly stimulating, they remain at home and the church pews are empty. The one time of the year when the tenant feels like going to church is during "protracted meeting". But once the heat of the frenzied efforts to bring sinners to repentance is over, the great army of tenants, especially of white tenants, drops back into its usual indifference.

Perhaps, too, this homeless tenant often does not feel like going anywhere, for always being in debt and never raising garden vegetables and common fruits, as the average farmer does in the North, or having anything to sell save once a year, and not then when the crop fails, he often does not have what he needs or wants to eat. Corn bread, clabbered milk or condensed milk,

strong coffee, and salt pork over and over again, without variation, are hardly conducive to health. And when we remember the low altitude, long, damp and intensely hot summers, and malaria so exceedingly prevalent, we may faintly realize that the tenant farmer, especially the white tenant farmer, is not very anxious to go anywhere and least of all to a church where he is a stranger. Often his ill-balanced diet in one way or another furthers the development of hookworm, pellagra, and tuberculosis. Especially is this true in the more fertile parts of the Cotton Belt on the lower bottoms on the Mississippi. Driving through the country I have sometimes almost doubted that cotton was the chief product, for on every tree, post, and bridge I saw in glaring letters a wide variety of chill tonics and liver stimulants advertised. But would all this be so if the people were genuinely interested in their homes and communities and took an active part in the eradication of mosquito-breeding places? Tenancy always brings neglect, and neglect poverty. A tenant who has screen doors I find to be an exception. Mosquitoes feast on him at their pleasure. And when he gets the "chills", he soaks himself with quinine and chill tonics. If he possibly can get it, he drinks saturating doses of whiskey, often of questionable distillation known as "white lightning".

Add to all this the horrible lynchings, the burning at the stake of many Negroes whose names never get to our larger papers, and also consider the fact that the field Negro of the South is a primitive creature desperately afraid of the dreaded Ku Klux, and we have another reason for the vast migration of Negroes from the sunny South. Nowhere on the earth among civilized nations are such atrocious outrages committed against human beings as are committed in the South against the Negro. Almost any day we can read of some benighted Negro peasant being hunted down with hounds, or shot by a posse of men, or burned at the stake amid the multitudinous cheers of a vast concourse of people. That the South could expect these same benighted people to remain with her and uncomplainingly endure all this, when a twenty dollar bill will carry a man beyond its occurrence, passes my understanding.

Perhaps it is still a current belief among Northern people that

the average Negro in the South adores his "ol' mostah", and believes the white man his best friend. As a matter of fact nothing like this exists, for there is an underhanded antagonism between the Negro and the white man, and by no means does the present generation of Negroes believe the white man their best friend. Far from it. By every form of cunning and trickery does the average field Negro try to outdo the white man, and often the white man in his exasperation seeks to bulldoze the Negro and lay sly schemes to get his money. And having become fearful of the dishonest elements in the white South, the Negro mistrusts the whole of the white element, and far more commonly than is supposed nurses a bitter hatred for it.

The World War had its part to play in this general dissatisfaction among the Negroes of the South, for it familiarized them with the ease of travel, and once in the North, working for a fair wage, they continued to spread the tidings of the new industrial life. It should also be remembered that of all people in our great American population none are more emotional than the Negro element. The power of suggestion goes far with them, and they love to follow the crowd. And now that a crowd so vast that it constitutes thirty-five per cent of the black population has got started northward, who knows where it will stop? The race problem is no longer a problem of the South alone. With the Negro press everywhere increasing its circulation, and such far-reaching organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People working through its local organizations in every community to uphold the rights of the Negro and to demand that justice be given him, and to urge that Negro children everywhere attend elementary schools, the race problem is by no means confined to the South. Closely related to the work of the Negro newspapers is the work of such organizations as the Urban League, with its headquarters in New York City and branches in forty other cities. Such powerful organizations as this are helping the Negro to find employment with large industrial concerns and are in every way possible promoting his welfare in the new country.

Still another force exerted on the Southern Negro is the avalanche of letters daily written by those already in the North

to relatives and friends in the South. I have been fortunate enough to read a number of these letters. As a rule they are flowery in praise of the new industrial life in the North, with its $2.87 to $10 wages. But these letters often contain more than glowing accounts of the better life, for hundreds of thousands of dollars have accompanied them to pay travelling expenses North for those hopelessly sick of the drab life of want and debt on the plantations.

The South has made a gross blunder in trying to coddle itself into believing that the way to keep its abundance of labour was to "keep the nigger down", and that the average Negro neither could nor would learn. Nothing could have been more fatal to the South, in so far as holding the Negro goes. My own observations during the past ten years among Negro children and their parents leads me to believe that the average Negro child is eager to go to school. But of schools for Negroes most rural communities have only terrible makeshifts. Many rural schoolhouses are little better than sheds; there are often fifty or sixty pupils to one teacher; no equipment; and a poorly trained teacher who receives from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month for teaching. The terms often do not exceed three months in length. Not once but scores and hundreds of times have I been told by Negro tenants of the poorest and most lowly families that they were going North to school their children. That the Negro likes his sunny South and mild climate is surely true, and many leave it with bitter longing, but leave it they are surely doing, and like other peoples who have migrated from one part of the earth to another they are doing it in hope of finding something better.

Ten years ago the man who spoke of the day when the masses of the Negroes would begin anything like a general migration northward was laughed at as a "Yankee fool"; but today one hears those who laughed discussing the labour problem at every village store, street corner, and postoffice. Naturally the Southerner once boasted much of his abilities to "handle the nigger"; but now that the race, moved by diverse and widespread impulses, begins on its own accord to migrate on a stupendous scale, the South is both amazed and desperately anxious

as to what will be the outcome. That the migration of such vast numbers of Southern Negroes to the North will alter the whole race question in America and swell it into such mighty proportions as to change the status of the entire Negro race in the nation, no one can doubt. But it will do more than this, for it will change the status of the white man in the South. Never before have so many white men in the South entered the ranks of common labourers as are forced to do so now, and never before have so many of the young white men of the South sought employment in the North.

Again, the South tried to persuade herself to believing that these same Negroes who had lived all their lives in the bondage of debt, want, and privation, would come back to the plantations like the Prodigal Son of old. The fact is that they are not doing it, and my conviction is that they will not do it. In the North the employers are studying the vast armies of Negro labourers that come to them to learn their likes and dislikes, weaknesses, failures, needs, and health requirements. They are not only succeeding in holding the Negroes but in getting far better work out of them than is to be had on the plantations.

With the Negro established in the industrial centres of the North, what is to become of the plantations and the single-crop system, which requires such vast armies of men to cultivate it, is the problem before the South today. That the world needs cotton, we all know; that the South needs vast armies of men to produce it, we also know; and that it must be produced by different methods and cultivated far more intensely than was done under the old slipshod methods that prevailed prior to the advent of the weevil, is also known to the South. That the Negro needs and is determined to have schools, good wages, justice, and all those many and complex things that go to make up life in civilized America, we also know. And further we know that he is migrating to the North that he may find these things which he failed to find in the South. It is to raise this question that I have written this paper.

HOWARD SNYDER.

THE PERPETUAL COVENANT IN THE CONSTITUTION

BY GEORGE STEWART BROWN

MANY of those commentators on our Federal Constitution who have insisted that it is not a covenant or compact overlook the proviso in Article V, reading:

> No State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Proposed by Roger Sherman of Connecticut, it was adopted in this language to perpetuate and cement the compromise between the small and large States made in settlement of the heated controversy which almost wrecked the Philadelphia Convention. Madison in his terse yet graphic report of its adoption says:

> This motion, being dictated by the circulating murmurs of the small States, was agreed to without debate, no one opposing it or on the question saying "No". (*5 Elliott's Debates*, 551.)

Later, while urging the people of the several States to adopt the Constitution, Madison describes it as the—

> palladium to the residuary sovereignty of the States implied and secured by that principle of representation in one branch of the legislature . . . insisted on by the States particularly attached to that equality. (*Federalist*, Article 43.)

In this day of constitutional flux, when the sanctions of every fundamental constitutional protection and safeguard are being violently challenged, the history of the adoption of this extreme safeguard to the residuary sovereignty of the States is worth our careful study. When a horde of new Amendments designed in the aggregate to destroy the whole American system of government are being pressed for adoption, the importance of this perpetual covenant, with its necessary implications, becomes manifest. No use of the Amending Clause by three-fourths of

our State legislatures can affect or impair whatever of liberty, of local self-government, or of representative institutions, is protected by it.

The Supreme Court seems to have mentioned it only twice. In *Dodge vs. Woolsey*, 18 Howard, 348, it is called a "permanent and unalterable exception to the power of amendment", and in *Dillon vs. Glass*, 256 U. S., 374 (decided May 16, 1921), the Court says:

> It excludes any Amendment which will deprive any State, without its consent, of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Any group of Senators from half of the States, who may represent a minority of the people of all the States, may defeat any Federal legislation inimical to their section. This prevents sectional minorities from being overridden by a majority of the American people massed in the large States. Similarly, more than one-third of the Senate may prevent the submission of any Constitutional Amendment considered by them inimical to their section. Curtis, in his *History of the Constitution* (Vol. II, pp. 124, 139–140, 166), summarizes the controversy which nearly wrecked the Convention and which led to the adoption of "equal suffrage for the States in the Senate," made perpetual by the proviso, in the following graphic language:

> The minority (Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and generally Maryland) . . . said that the smaller States . . . could not surrender their liberties to the keeping of a majority of the people inhabiting all the States, for such power would inevitably destroy the State constitutions. They were willing, they said, to enlarge the powers of the Federal Government; willing to provide for it the means of compelling obedience to its laws; willing to hazard much for the general welfare.
>
> But they could not consent to place the very existence of their local governments, with all their capacity to protect the distinct interests of the people, and all their peculiar fitness for the administration of local concerns, at the mercy of great communities whose policy might overshadow and whose power might destroy them.
>
> . . . . .
>
> It was settled and conceded that the States as political societies must be preserved . . .
>
> The basis of representation in the Senate must either be found in the number of people inhabiting the States, creating an unequal representation, or the

people of each State regarded as one, and as equal with the people of every other State, must be represented by the same number of voices and votes.

. . . . .

That the final concession on this point (equality of suffrage in the Senate) was a wise and fortunate determination, there can be no doubt. . . . They looked upon it, in the first instance, as the means of securing the acceptance of the Constitution by all the States and thus preventing the evils of a partial confederacy. They probably did not at once anticipate the benefits to be derived from giving to a majority of the States a check upon the legislative power of a majority of the whole people of the United States.

Complicated as this check is, it both recognizes and reserves the residuary sovereignty of the States; it enables them to hold the General Government within its constitutional sphere of action, and it is in fact the only expedient that could have been successfully adopted to preserve the State governments, and to avoid the otherwise inevitable alternative of conferring upon the General Government plenary legislative power upon all subjects.

In moving that the suffrage of the States in the Senate be equal, Ellsworth said:

To the eastward, he was sure that Massachusetts was the only State that would listen to a proposition for excluding the States as equal political societies from an equal voice in both branches. (5 *Elliott's Debates*, 260.)

Madison in the Virginia Convention said:

When we come to the Senate, its members are elected by the States in their equal and political capacity. (3 *Elliott's Debates*, 94.)

Iredell said in the North Carolina Convention:

In order that no consolidation should take place, it is provided that no State shall by any amendment or alteration be ever deprived of an equal suffrage in the Senate without its consent. (4 *Elliott's Debates*, 177.)

C. C. Pinckney in the South Carolina Convention said:

The Senate . . . will represent the States in their political capacity. (4 *Elliott's Debates*, 304.)

As the suffrage is perpetually to remain, both the State to cast the "vote" and the Senate, wherein the equal vote is to be cast, must also perpetually remain. The covenant provides not only for equality of suffrage, but for such perpetual suffrage for an indestructible State in a permanent Senate created to represent the States. Without an indestructible State the suffrage as well as the equality is mythical; without a permanent Senate the

power of the equal vote is gone. No one can dispute that a provision which can only be changed by the consent of all the States is a compact between the people of the States. By reason of it the Supreme Court may be hereafter called upon to declare the following proposed Amendments to be violations of that compact and, therefore, unless assented to by all of the forty-eight States, unconstitutional:

(1) Mr. Bryan's serious proposal for a national popular initiative and referendum on acts of Congress and on foreign treaties. That would bury little Delaware's "suffrage in the Senate" in the mass vote of all America. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt lately gave color to this idea by proposing a mass vote upon the ratification of the League of Nations treaty. Amendments seeking to accomplish Mr. Bryan's idea were proposed in the last Congress in Representative Emerson's House Joint Resolution No. 60, and in Senate Joint Resolution No. 22 introduced by Senator Pomerene "by request".

(2) The proposal in the Socialist Platform suggesting a Constitutional Amendment abolishing the Senate. This would still leave each State with the same number of Senators (zero), yet it is a manifest violation of the perpetual covenant.

(3) Destruction of the Senate's coequal legislative power with the House so as to reduce it to the position now held by the House of Lords, leaving two powerless Senators to each State and thus destroying the equal suffrage of the States in the Senate.

(4) Transfer of the peculiar prerogatives of the Senate to confirm appointments, ratify treaties and try impeachments, to the House of Representatives. This would leave a dismantled Senate, not the Senate in which equality of suffrage was perpetually reserved, and thus impair the covenant. Amendments introduced in the last Congress to change the Senate's part in treaty making were proposed in Senator Owens's Joint Resolution No. 176, and Representative Griffin's Joint Resolution No. 164.

(5) Total abolition of the States by transfer of all their powers to the Federal Government, or what would result in the same thing, making Congress omnipotent and the final judge of its own powers. This Senator LaFollette proposes to accomplish by taking from the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of

Congress unconstitutional. There would then result nominal States merely, exercising their powers by the grace of Congress alone. They would become mere geographical divisions (Senatorial districts) with no inherent powers which would each elect two representatives in an Upper House. The Constitution safeguarding an indestructible union of indestructible States would cease to exist.

These and similar proposals are based upon a fundamental misconception of the history and purposes of the American system of government, involving the mistaken belief in a mythical mass people of the United States which never had any existence in fact and which never acted directly or by representation. Of this belief, looking to a great consolidated National Government, the adoption of the eighteenth and nineteenth Amendments were the dangerous premonitory symptoms.

There is no such political concept in this country as the people of the United States in the aggregate. The people do not speak, never have spoken, and never can speak in their sovereign capacity, otherwise than as the people of the States. The so-called "National" House of Representatives is elected every second year by "the people of the several States" (*U. S. Const.*, Art. 1, Sec. 2).

There are but two modes of expressing their sovereign will known to the people of this country. One is by direct vote—the mode adopted by Rhode Island in 1788 when she rejected the Federal Constitution. The other is the method generally pursued, of acting by means of conventions of delegates elected expressly as representatives of the sovereignty of the people. Now, it is not a matter of opinion or theory or speculation, but a plain undeniable historical fact, that there never has been any act or expression of sovereignty in either of these modes by that imaginary community, "the people of the United States in the aggregate." Usurpations of power by the Government of the United States there may have been and may be again, but there never has been either a sovereign convention or a direct vote of the whole people of the United States in the aggregate to demonstrate its existence as a corporate unit or self-contained political sovereignty.

Every exercise of sovereignty by any of the people of this country that has actually taken place has been by the people of the States as States.

No respectable authority has ever had the hardihood to deny that, before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the only sovereign political community was the people of each State. When the Confederation was abandoned and the Constitution was adopted by the people of the several States in their State conventions, the General Government was reorganized, its structure was changed, additional powers were conferred upon it, and thereby subtracted from the powers theretofore exercised by the State governments; but the seat of sovereignty—the source of all those delegated and dependent powers—was not disturbed. The only change was in the form, structure and relation of their governmental agencies. There was a new Government, but no new "sovereign people" was created or constituted. The people, in whom alone sovereignty inheres, remained just as they had been before.

Madison said in the Virginia Ratification Convention (3 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 94):

> Who are parties to it? The people—but not the people *as composing one great body*, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee, of Westmoreland, said (3 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 180):

> If this were a consolidated Government, ought it not to be ratified by a majority of the people as individuals and not as States?

Charles Pinckney, in the South Carolina Convention, said (4 *Ellsworth's Debates*, 328):

> With us the sovereignty of the *Union* is in the *people*.

In *McCulloch vs. Maryland* (4 Wheaton, 316, 402), Marshall said for the Supreme Court:

> They (the people) acted upon it in the only manner in which they can act safely, effectively and wisely on such a subject, by assembling in convention. It is true they assembled in their several States—and where else should they have assembled?

Then, answering his own question, he conclusively disposes

of any idea of a "mass people of the United States", in these words:

> No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the American people into one common mass. Of consequence, when they act, they act in their States.

(See also statement of President James Monroe in his message to Congress of May 4, 1822, to the same effect.)

Of course it may be denied that there were no such political dreamers then or are not now. But, after all these years, does anyone expect a new ultimate sovereign people—a mass people of America—different from and superior to the "people of the States" who ratified the Constitution, now to be discovered? Or that the primary sanction upon which Marshall based the very supremacy of delegated Federal power, the action of the people of the States in ratifying the Constitution, has now been broken down? While the Supreme Court in the recent cases, it is true, held that the "amending agents" acted without constitutional restraint, nevertheless they set up no "mass people". On the contrary, they still held that the "legislature" was designated as the agency to express "the assent of its State" to a proposed Amendment.

In *Dillon vs. Glass*, decided May 16, 1921 (256 U. S., page 374), Mr. Justice Van Devanter says:

> Thus the people of the United States, by whom the Constitution was ordained and established, have made it a condition to amending that instrument that the amendment be submitted to representative assemblies in the several States and be ratified in three-fourths of them. The plain meaning of this is (a) that all amendments must have the sanction of the people of the United States, the original fountain of power, acting through representative assemblies, and (b) that ratification by these assemblies in three-fourths of the States shall be taken as a decisive expression of the people's will and be binding on all.

This is no Federal Government acting, nor is it a "mass people" acting, but direct action by the sovereign people of the *several* States (who are the States), "the original fountain of power", "by whom the Constitution was ordained and established."

Thus the "sovereign people" of the several States (and sov-

ereignty is indivisible) may indeed be a minority of the whole American people, which could not be so if any sovereignty resided in a "mass people of America".

The Constitution of these United States was a great charter of human liberty. Its primary purpose, as the preamble recites, was,

> To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

To that end (1) it made a delegation of Federal power strictly limited and restrained to the regulation of commerce and to common defense. It reserved local self-government to the people in their States as to all else. This is the keystone of the arch. (2) It provided for the separation of Legislative, Executive and Judicial powers, as a further protection to liberty. (3) It expressly restrained Federal tyranny over the individual citizen by the Bill of Rights inserted contemporaneously, by gentlemen's agreement, as declaratory of the purposes of the instrument. (4) It established a Supreme Court with power to declare and defend the will of the people as written in the Constitution against legislative encroachment.

All these things are now under severe popular attack by a people who, in their desire for what they call "results", social, political and moral, seem to have lost faith in the American tradition.

If the great charter of our liberty is to be preserved, that tradition must be restored.

A study of our palladium, the Perpetual Covenant between the people of the several States preserving their equal suffrage in the Senate, tends to bring home to the casual thinker the primary and fundamental purposes of our Federal Constitution. It may yet prove to be the bulwark of defense which will save us from rushing headlong into a consolidated National Government, with an omnipotent Congress at Washington, regulating and controlling all our various local and private concerns. That is an impossible form of government for one hundred and twenty millions of people of diverse customs, habits and traditions, inhabiting a continent three thousand miles wide. It was one of the main purposes of the Constitution to prevent forever the establishment of such a consolidated Government.

A casual perusal of our Federal Constitution shows on its face that no mass democracy, a majority of whom were to rule, was ever intended to be set up by that instrument. On the contrary it established a federation of States. As Mr. Justice Brown said in *Downes vs. Bidwell*, 182 U. S., page 251:

> The Constitution was created by the people of the United States as a union of States to be governed solely by representatives of the States . . . In short, the Constitution deals with States, their people, and their representatives.

Most of its provisions indicate distrust and fear of mass majority rule, and set up protections to individual liberty and to local self-government. Of the latter the most significant is the Perpetual Covenant between the States herein discussed. But we should also never forget or ignore the ninth and tenth Articles of the Bill of Rights, inserted as declaratory of the main purpose to establish a federal as distinguished from a consolidated or national Government.

The ninth Amendment reads:

> The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

The tenth Amendment reads:

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.

The "people", for whom these reservations of power were made, are none other than the people of the several States who ratified the Constitution, the only "people of the United States" who ever existed or can exist.

To whom, according to those moderns who deny that the States have any sovereignty, could the people of the States have ceded their sovereign rights when they ratified the Constitution? Not to the mass of people inhabiting the territory embracing all the States, for there was no such community in existence and they took no measures for the organization of such a community. If they had intended to do so the very style "United States" would have been a palpable misnomer, nor would treason have been defined as levying war against *them*. Not to the Govern-

ment of the Union. For in the United States no sovereignty resides in Government or in its officials. As Daniel Webster said (*Congressional Debates*, Vol. IV, Part 1, page 565):

> The sovereignty of government is an idea belonging to the other side of the Atlantic. No such thing is known in North America. Our governments are all limited. In Europe sovereignty is of feudal origin and imports no more than the state of the sovereign. It comprises his rights, duties, exemptions, prerogatives and powers. But with us all power is with the people and they erect what governments they please and confer on them such powers as they please. None of these governments are sovereign in the European sense of the word, all being restrained by written constitutions.

In the Declaration of Independence, in the Articles of Confederation, in the Constitution of the United States, the cornerstone is the inherent and inalienable sovereignty of the people.

To have transferred sovereignty from the people to a government would have been to have fought the battles of the Revolution in vain—not for the freedom and independence of the people of the States, but for a mere change of masters. Such a thought or purpose could not have been in the heads or hearts of those who moulded the Union, who sought by the compact of Union to secure and perpetuate the liberties then possessed. Those who had won at great cost the independence of the people of their respective States were deeply impressed with the value of union, but they could never have consented to fling away the priceless pearl of the sovereignty of the people of their States for any possible benefit therefrom. And they did not.

Shall we of our generation throw away this rich endowment of self-government? Rather we should heed the warning of our great historian, John Fiske, when he said in his *Critical Period of American History* (1888), page 238:

> If the day should ever arrive (which God forbid!) when the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects sent from Washington, and when the self-government of the States shall have been so far lost as that of the Departments of France, or even so far as that of the Counties of England,—on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built upon it for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever.

The Federal nature of our governmental system and its corner stone "State Rights" will be greatly safeguarded and protected if the proposal known as the "New Bill of Rights" or "Back to the People" Amendment is adopted. It was introduced in the Senate by James W. Wadsworth, of New York, and in the House by Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee. It restores State autonomy and popular sovereignty in the ratification of future Federal Amendments by providing (1) that at least one house in each ratifying legislature must be elected after proposal by the Congress, (2) that any State may require confirmation of its legislature's ratification by popular vote, and (3) that until the result is announced any State may change its vote.

This proposal has been supported by most of the Press. All of us who believe in preserving our American system should give it our approval.

GEORGE STEWART BROWN.

THE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES—II

GOLD AND SOUND MONEY

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THERE is, perhaps, no element in the machinery of civilization which wields more power over the fortunes of men, for good or ill, than the human institution of money. I do not refer to the power which is conferred upon individuals by this representation of wealth—the so-called "root of all evil". That is the image of the Golden Calf which men worship and to which they habitually ascribe their welfare or their undoing, as the case may be. But it is merely an idol, clothed with imaginary prerogative. The real power dwells within the living organism of an economic institution, whose character and modes of action are so abstruse as to be largely beyond the ability of the wise to comprehend, and so subtle as to be wholly outside the ken of the crowd. As with the activities of nature its laws can only be learned by induction, and the ramifications of its effects are almost too devious and recondite to be traced. Nevertheless such human institutions can, like nature, be controlled to man's ends only as men learn these same laws and modes.

The pages of history since the introduction of the money economy have been crossed, as with a bar sinister, by the record of the abuse and maladministration of this institution. No other economic factor has been so influential in its effect upon the daily lives and welfare of the people, nor has caused so much injustice and suffering, both in acute and in chronic form. But almost never have these benefits or injuries been ascribed to their true source. Immediate human agencies have been held responsible. The contemporary economic history of the past, and even, to some extent, of the present, reads like folk-lore, wherein the forces of nature are personified as witches, magicians and evil

genii. Always it is individuals who are praised or blamed for events which they no more control than do the flying leaves the west wind which bears them.

In the last decade we have experienced an unprecedented convulsion in the money economy. As if the evils of Armageddon were not enough, the civilized world has had to endure, during and since the war, a plague of inflation and deflation that ranged through all degrees of impairment of function down to complete dissolution. The paralysis has spared none, whether they observed all hitherto known laws of monetary hygiene, as did the United States, or deliberately exposed themselves to the worst, as did Russia.

So today the world's gravest economic need is monetary convalescence, the restoration of fiscal sanity, of banking health, and the reëstablishment of a sound and stable money. The existing economic prostration is not primarily a direct result of the war, nor of the tantalizing *impasse* over reparations. It is chiefly due to the destructive and world-wide revolutions in the purchasing power of the medium of exchange.

Before the war orthodox theory had it that money based on and convertible into gold was "sound money". And this applied equally to the old currency of hand to hand circulation and to the newer bank money, or credit, represented by deposits and passed from hand to hand by checks. Depreciation and inflation were nearly synonymous terms, covering the issue of inconvertible paper or token coins. The soundness of bank deposits was assured by required gold reserves, or, in many foreign countries, by the practice of maintaining or obtaining by rediscount, reserves in a gold-holding central bank.

The free passage of gold from circulation to reserves and back was assumed to tie the value of the national money to its par in gold. When prices declined in any country it became more profitable for the rest of the world to make payment for purchases in gold rather than goods. This, in turn, by increasing the reserves for notes and bank credit, tended to encourage enterprise and thereby to increase the demand for and volume of money in this region of low barometric pressure. Prices were bid up. This stopped the inflow of gold, and equilibrium was

restored. It seemed to be a simple volumetric process. In peaceful, normal times a gentle and occasional flow of gold was sufficient to temper the tendency to variation in price levels. And out of this experience, as out of all consistent periods of history, there developed a theory to account for a limited group of phenomena in one grand and universal synthesis. It was the primitive Quantitative Theory of Money and it held that the fluctuations in the quantity of gold governed the price-level.

Then came the cataclysm. Suddenly the equilibrium of international supply and demand was violently upset. Prices soared wherever goods were available. Provision of means of payment was almost an afterthought. Credits and transfers of ownership in property became a huge factor in the settlements of an unbalanced trade. Gold was drained from circulation everywhere and was hoarded into the reserves, there to perform only a supposititious service. Then began a gradual seeping away of gold from the belligerents to the neutrals. But prices seemed to advance as well among those who parted with the gold as among those who received it. The rule worked both ways. The money of the belligerents became nearly or quite inconvertible. The money of the neutrals was superlatively convertible. But inflation occurred in both cases. A distinction then became necessary between the terms inflation and depreciation. The former was used to cover all cases of loss of purchasing power; the latter was confined to cases where this loss was due to failure to maintain gold parity.

After the war there came another world-wide inflation. The artificial control of prices in Europe and of production in America produced a redundance of money and a shortage of commodities. This reflected itself in a violent demand for goods, in wild speculation and in further increase of money. Finally the whole card-house collapsed. The monies of the nations divided themselves into two classes, those which were sound enough to be deflated and those which had gone so far down the primrose path that there was no turning back. And this is where things stand today.

In the United States, during the war and its immediate aftermath, there occurred another anomalous concatenation of events, which cast doubt on the Gold Theory. Prices began to advance

in 1915. Soon gold flowed in and prices continued to advance. In 1919 gold began to flow out, but prices continued to advance. Then late in 1920, prices began to decline, while gold still flowed out, and they continued to decline through 1921, when gold was flowing back at an unprecedented rate. Today they are nearly stationary, though gold imports continue. The accepted sequence between the flow of gold and the fluctuation of prices seems to have been broken. Perhaps the old theory was incomplete or largely erroneous.

At least one new conclusion is justified from these new facts. Prices advanced and the purchasing power of money declined in all countries, regardless of whether gold flowed in freely to supply ample reserves for increased currency and credit, as in the United States; or was refused admission, as in Sweden; or flowed out from depleted reserves, as in Germany. So far as its soundness consists in stability of purchasing power, money was discovered to be no sounder when on an adequate gold basis than when it was not. Excuses may be made for the old theory, but, as a practical matter, convertible money has proved little better than inconvertible in this respect.

In the past decade, then, we have passed through these two revolutions in the general price level which have been of a most drastic and sudden character. In the first—the period of inflation—prices rose in the United States to 280 per cent of their pre-war level. In the second—the period of deflation—they fell to half the peak height. After these disastrous experiences I believe we should place stability of value as the first requisite of soundness in money.

When prices rise rapidly and generally, the debtor wins the toss, and gains through what is, in effect, a partial repudiation of all contracts, leases, bonds, mortgages and notes. And the creditor, who is the owner of these securities, loses not only in the purchasing power of the income derived, but also in that of his principle, if the obligation matures while prices are at the new level. As the money value of real goods increase, the purchasing power of money and of contracts stated in money decrease. The owners of property and commodities gain the difference. Wages increase but slowly, while salaries and the stipends of professional

classes lag far behind the advance in prices. The financial terms of living are revolutionized. There is an appearance of prosperity, while a large part of the population is, in reality, being pinched. This is the process which has recently been carried to a gargantuan extreme in Germany. In varying degrees it went on all over the world from 1914 to 1920.

When prices undergo a rapid and extreme decline, debts and interest come to bear a greater proportion to the value of property and commodities. Debtors are ruined. Those benefit whose incomes or securities depend upon contracts in terms of money. Wages fall slowly and the more stable classes of remuneration, such as salaries, fees, etc., decline very slowly, if at all. The purchasing power of these incomes increases. Trade is paralyzed. There is an appearance of depression, because the entrepreneurs, the class who take the economic initiative, are suffering. This second revolution started in 1920 in all countries which seriously undertook financial recuperation, and has continued up to this time.

Both these processes work the most profound economic injustice. Though a few individuals may manage to change their position and consolidate a permanent profit, all others have in the end lost what these few have gained. And society as a whole has been upset by the turmoil. The conclusion is justified that there is no greater source of evil to society than the instability in the common unit of measurement of economic life. Nevertheless price revolutions, once under way, must and will run their course. It is in the economic as in the political sphere. Political revolution must run the whole gamut from the extreme of chaos to the opposite extreme of despotism before a normal state is reached. The only way to stop revolutions is not to let them start.

It is quite evident today that gold does not perform the functions that have been credited to it. The experience of the last ten years has proved to any observant person what students were beginning to perceive before the war, namely, that the gold basis is not the last word in the perfection of sound money. After the attributes of tradition are stripped off, there seem to remain three useful qualities of gold as a reserve for currency and

bank credit. It is of indefinite but perhaps great value in establishing confidence among the people in the paper money and deposits which are assumed to be convertible into it. This is a quality which it would be unsafe to ignore. However, when this convertible feature was abandoned in many countries under stress of war conditions, no panic resulted. And in the course of time these peoples, though accustomed to gold in circulation, when deprived of it readily accepted the new paper notes. It remains to be seen whether they will, from choice, return to the old and relatively clumsy metallic currency. This uncertainty must cause some doubt as to the lasting value of gold, whose market has been so largely monetary.

Under normal conditions gold is acceptable as a final resort in payment of international balances. However, if the flow is excessive, it is a common practice, in normal times as well as in emergencies, to use arbitrary means to restrict it, so that its utility in this respect seems to be confined within narrow limits. This function is now impaired in other ways as well. The extant volume of gold bears a much smaller relation to the current volume of trade than it did before the general advance in gold prices, a large part of which still remains in effect. Then, too, the expense of transfer has become so great that there has developed a high degree of inertia to be overcome before the movement can get under way.

Finally, there remains a certain power in gold to regulate the fluctuations in the volume of notes and deposits based upon it. Nevertheless, the attenuation of reserves justified by practical experience; the addition of central or reserve banks, imparting a fictitious but effective validity to expanded credit through the system of rediscounting, and largely substituting the power of the rediscount rate in control of the volume; and, finally, the arbitrary and unlimited power of governments to ignore the ratio of safety or suspend the privilege of conversion,—which is, of course, the only use of reserves,—have so impaired the traditional control that it remains little more than a theory or fetish. Since this control is neither prompt, efficacious or certain in its effects, when it does occasionally produce effects they are apt to be extremely violent.

The idea that the gold basis establishes the value of the unit of money is a piece of sophistry. On the contrary, gold itself is worth whatever price is fixed by law in terms of that currency which happens to be at any particular time its highest free market. This is the inevitable result of the system of free coinage. The same would be true of any other commodity if every nation should peg the price at an arbitrary figure and support it by almost unlimited power to buy or sell. When a free and unlimited market at a pegged price exists in nearly all trading countries for one commodity, that commodity will naturally be used to pay debts when others have fallen in the creditor's market. The whole system of final international settlements depends, then, on this free and unlimited market for gold, and upon an adequate distribution of the supply. Neither of these conditions now exist. Thus the service of gold as a common denominator of all currencies is also impaired, since this too depends on a return to the free market at a pegged price—whether at the old gold par or at a new one, makes no difference.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Hitherto all improvements in banking and currency have arisen from conditions where precious metals were insufficient to cover the needs of trade and were cramping the necessary operations. Such a condition exists today in Europe, and out of it may come a marked advance in the money economy. If volumes of currency and credit are to be controlled in future by some other means than ratio of gold cover, then the automatic price-leveling effect of gold movements will be greatly restricted. No longer will prices rise in the country to which gold flows or fall in that from which it is sent. Then the very force which has produced these movements and ended them will, by the same token, have been impaired, and gold may almost cease to move.

It is not impossible that we may, in the course of time, come to regret the possession of the vast store of non-interest-bearing wealth represented in our gold stock, if other nations, unable to afford such a needless luxury, find it desirable to leave it with us. Such a notion does not seem fanciful to anyone familiar with the plan for a Gold Exchange Standard now being discussed in Europe.

To restate this matter in a few words: Gold does not adequately insure the value of money based on it, and there is likelihood that, in the absence of reserves, a better method of securing stability may be developed abroad: It is not adequate, economical or expeditious in effecting international transfers, and is no longer available for general use even if it were: It is of doubtful necessity to insure popular acceptance of money, and may, therefore, lose its value in use and its market. As a matter of fact Europe has practically abandoned all effort to use gold for the first two purposes. And in the United States, while we retain its use for international settlements, we are at the moment depending for the regulation of our volume of currency, not upon gold but upon the uncertain tenure of office of a few men who are groping their way through uncharted seas, without a compass, and who are relying on intuitive judgment, a thorough knowledge of old theory and practice, and a great deal of practical experience to guide them.

This is the dilemma: Either our gold hoard may become obsolete and so devalued, or we are leaning upon a broken reed as long as we rely upon it to govern the supply of money. If the world does not return to a gold basis, we are to be left with it on our hands. If it does, the very soundness of our money in this respect is one of our most serious dangers.

At the present time there is in the possession of the United States about one-half of the world's monetary supply of gold. To a large extent it is unused. That is to say, the required or even reasonable reserves of our present volume of fiduciary currency and bank credit are far less than the amount in our possession. So long as the old idea prevails that money in any quantity is sound if it is convertible into gold, there is grave danger to this country of another inflation, another rise in prices and another dislocation of our economic life. All traditional signs point to a repetition in the near future of another price revolution, similar to though shorter and less extreme than the last. For the temptation to inflation and the arguments of inflationists, under the disguise of a return to prosperity, are as urgent as of the boon companion who presents the enticing invitation to drown all troubles in the flowing bowl.

Such a revolution would be the classic process which would lead to the elimination of our surplus gold. And it is advocated by some as the obvious remedy. So was blood-letting in times gone by! Friends of Europe say we must part with this surplus before the foreign currencies can be reëstablished on a gold basis. And this is doubtless true, in spite of the fact that there are, in many countries, larger gold reserves than before the war. For these reserves are being hoarded where their potential and their theoretic value is at the maximum, and where their actual utility is nil. Gold must again be free before it serves any real purpose. And it must be more abundant before it can be free.

Here again we find ourselves between the devil and the deep sea. If European countries are to return to a gold basis, they must have our surplus gold. It is certainly not to our advantage to stand in the way of a restoration of the economic world to its normal state. On the other hand, the classic mode of transfer involves for us a disastrous price revolution proportionate in extent to the volume which needs to be moved. According to this logic we must sicken before the world can be made well. But it would be extremely unintelligent to consider that matters must be allowed to take their natural course and that the redistribution of gold, if necessary, can take place only through such a calamity. Surely something can be done about it!

For the regulation of our money and the prevention of inflation, we are now depending upon an apparent informal policy of the Federal Reserve System to avoid putting to use our surplus reserves.

For the eventual redistribution of gold where it is needed, there seems to be a general assumption that the time-honored process will in time take place of its own accord. It is expected that the presence of the gold will produce a price advance, imports will begin to exceed exports, and gold shipments will offset the unfavourable balance of trade.

But these two ideas are absolutely inconsistent. If the informal policy prevents a rise of prices above world levels, the gold cannot escape. Moreover, the tariff is another impediment to gold exports, since it tends to prevent our imports from exceeding our exports even if internal prices are higher. Still a third ob-

stacle is the high interest rates which we are maintaining in order to curb the tendency to inflation. These rates attract foreign funds for investment and help to establish in this way a favourable balance of trade.

The fact that two such incompatible purposes can be generally advocated indicates how little those immediately concerned have thought out our most essential monetary problem. At this time no workable plan is even under serious or general discussion. Yet a satisfactory and early solution concerns not only the bankers, but is of most serious import to everyone. If it is possible to avoid these fluctuations in price levels that threaten us, whether or not the world returns to a gold basis, and to pursue the even tenor of our way without the harassing fear of them, then there is no undertaking which can more profitably engage the will and intelligence of every citizen, nor any which, when generally understood, will arouse more hearty approval and support.

Out of the welter of monetary theorizing which the world crisis has produced, there have appeared two remedial measures which seem to meet the needs of the situation in a constructive way, and which may be of such character that they will form foundations upon which the natural developments of the future may be built. They are methods of reinforcing the remaining effectiveness of gold, not substitutes therefor. But they are premised upon the admission that we, having too much gold, must definitely suspend the control of gold over money, just as other nations, having too little, have been compelled to do.

In principle the first proposal is that we set up machinery for the international transfer of ownership in gold without necessarily going to the expense of moving it, and without submitting either seller or buyer to the more or less regular consequence of a primary inflation or deflation of money. The second is the formal adoption of means and policies to regulate the issuance of currency and bank credit, in order to stabilize, so far as may be, the purchasing power of money.

At a time when the machinery of gold movements is not operating, it may be opportune to examine the necessity of repairs and replacements, so that in money, as in all other institutions, progress may keep pace with changing conditions. This is a breath-

ing space in which the necessary discussions and negotiations may be carried on. It is also advisable that we prepare now against the day when we may be made parties, willy-nilly, to the operation of the Gold Exchange Standard upon the part of recuperating Europeans. This would subject our money and exchange markets to quite unaccustomed strains unless its operation could be divorced, to a degree, from all internal finance. In the absence of metallic reserves of their own, European banking systems would be almost certain to elect reserves in American dollars, carried in the form of sight balances and negotiable securities. In an unsettled world such responsibilities would be onerous.

Trade between nations is balanced each day. If the movements of goods and services both ways do not equalize each other, then the banker steps in and through arbitrage operations, the transfer of balances, loans, and the purchase or sale of securities, produces the necessary equilibrium. As these secondary means fail, the rate of exchange varies from its parity. At a certain degree of aberration, as between nations on a free gold basis,—which equals the cost of carriage, insurance and interest while in transit,—gold moves. This point, the gold point, is now further from parity than in pre-war times, because the freights and insurance which establish it are somewhat higher than in pre-war times. What is needed is to interpose before the gold point a third means of absorbing temporary fluctuations in trade balances. This means must, by its economy and speed, avoid the costs and delays of gold shipments; by its magnitude, prevent private transactions in gold from becoming profitable; and, at the same time, eliminate the direct connection between the internal and external use of gold reserves.

Such results could be secured if that portion of the gold reserves of participating nations, which they could safely spare for international settlements, were segregated in the hands of a set of Foreign Trade Banks, each owned and operated by the central or reserve bank of the same country. These banks could sell drafts on each other's gold reserves at a commission which would establish a new gold point closer to par than the present point. The ownership of the gold would then change without necessarily shipping the metal itself.

And this practice would undoubtedly lead to international credits, in excess of the gold reserves themselves, based on rediscountable paper. Since such reserves would not be available for use against domestic currency and bank deposits, they could fluctuate in size without affecting the internal situation. Thus an excess or a deficiency in foreign demand would be reflected only directly in the volume of outstanding money, and would not be magnified many times, as may occur at present through varying the reserve behind this money. But the direct effect would be quantitative, for the remitting bank would retire from circulation the bank money paid in for the drafts it sold, thus contracting the money of the debtor nation; and the drawee bank would need to sell its certificates to its national commercial banks in order to create deposits with which to honor the drafts, thus expanding the credit issues of the creditor nation. And any excessive movement either way would compel the central banks to initiate counteracting measures through their discount policies, and thus restore the equilibrium.

This plan proposes the same economy in the international use of metal that we have already accomplished in its internal use. The remedial effects of gold shipments would be secured in another way, tempered to less drastic and sudden changes. Moreover it would do the least possible damage to private interests since it would eliminate only the occasional small profits derived from gold shipments and would place no limitation on the freedom of individual initiative in all secondary methods of effecting international settlements. Such banks would remain outside of the ordinary exchange markets just as central banks remain outside of the discount market. They would be, in effect, a resort for rediscounts in international banking. They would temper the fluctuations in exchange and give time for money markets and price levels in participating countries to adjust themselves to changing balances of trade.

The introduction of such a mechanism in international banking is only possible where mutual confidence and credit is unimpaired by any suspicions of fiscal repudiation, of commercial dishonesty, or of militaristic ambitions. England has just substantiated her national credit in the most striking way, and it is

quite certain that our relations with England would justify such trust. If a beginning were made by the two great English-speaking peoples, it is likely that, in time, others would endeavour to qualify for participation and the operation could gradually be extended.

The internal problem of the stabilization of the purchasing power of money would also be partially solved by this plan, for the removal of the present surplus reserve from the immediate possession of the Federal Reserve Banks would, in itself, terminate the imminent danger of further increase of money through secondary inflation. Moreover, an end would be put to the import by private interests or member banks, of further supplies of gold which under the present practice flows at once into reserves and results in an almost immediate and automatic primary inflation.

We are not only glutted with gold, lying fallow as reserve, but we are glutted with idle money induced by the primary inflation of the last two years. There is, without further use of reserves, a towering volume of bank deposits and fiduciary currency which is quite sufficient in itself, if the turnover were to become more rapid, to maintain a volume of business and a price level equal to that of 1920. At the end of 1914 individual deposits of reporting banks stood at 18,318 millions. By the end of 1920 they had increased over 100 per cent to 37,315 millions. At the end of 1922, in spite of a moderate fall in the mean time, they had risen again to 37,194 millions. This has been made possible, in spite of the fact that total liabilities of reporting banks have declined over 2,500 millions from the peak, because, in effect, the recent influx of gold has retired the excessive rediscounts of the post-war boom. During the same period the volume of currency in circulation outside of reporting banks has more than doubled.

Regardless of what is done with the surplus gold or the rediscount rate there is then, already in the hands of the public, sufficient paper and bank money to support a general advance in prices of 25 per cent. The failure of contraction to take place is due to the hoarding of bank credit by holders who converted commodities into money before and during the fall, when prices were declining and money, therefore, advancing in value. If another

rise in prices once gained headway these holders (or withholders) would reverse their positions. They would sell money and buy goods. And the activity in trade which would result, would engender another great boom culminating in the usual crash.

Most of these holders of excessive cash reserves are not identical with the borrowers of the credit which created these deposits. If they were, contraction of bank credit would have been more effectual than it has been. In other words, these surplus hoards of money exist because of the immense amount of frozen loans in the banks, and these debtors cannot now obtain ownership of deposits with which to pay them off. Only patient, insistent liquidation and, perhaps, another period of prosperity during which unsalable collateral and assets can be turned into money and new profits can be earned, will reduce this vast accumulation of surplus money.

We would be in a much more certainly stable condition if the existing volume of money could be reduced 20 per cent. But, until the normal contraction through liquidation takes place, what means is there by which to control and stabilize the purchasing power of money? Even the time-honoured method of raising the rediscount rate would not be sufficiently effective if the redundant bank credits are already in existence.

The first and most important temporary means of price control is through the tariff. A large portion of our commodities and the principle wage scales are now maintained at an internal level of fictitious values, out of all relation to those in the world at large, by means of the high tariff barrier. Should this be gradually removed it would successfully circumvent any tendency toward a general rise in prices, regardless of any movement upward of the limited number of free commodities.

The second temporary control is through Government financing. If there develops a price trend upwards the Treasury can, in effect, purchase the existing surplus bank money, so far as proves necessary to curb the movement. It can do this by selling its own short term securities in the open market and depositing the money received with the Federal Reserve Banks. Similar expedients have been used before.

The third means is in the hands of the Federal Reserve Banks.

There are in these banks about 170 millions in purchased bills. The dumping of these would effect a certain absorption of surplus funds. In addition there is now over 800 millions in rediscounts and the Federal Reserve rate, working through even this limited and normal volume, could contract outstanding bank deposits by a considerably larger amount.

Finally, the discontinuance of all emergency credit bodies as rapidly as the need for them is ended, would undoubtedly affect, to a considerable degree, the volume of outstanding money.

These measures are proposed as possible emergency means to remove the present danger of a rise in prices, until the liquidation of frozen loans permits the contraction of the volume of outstanding money to the point required by present price levels. Events may prove that no such extraordinary stratagems are needed.

But what of the future? If the volume of money is gradually reduced to a normal level, and the alluring temptation to inflation resulting from the surplus gold reserves, is removed, it will still be necessary to set up permanent methods of control to maintain during normal times the advantages we have learned to desire through painful experience.

In order permanently to stabilize the internal purchasing power of money there must be formal legislative action requiring that the Federal Reserve Board and the Secretary of the Treasury so regulate the rediscount rate, and enforce its effect by the sale of securities in the open market, that the fluctuations of price levels would be tempered to the greatest degree possible. The economic millenium is not at hand and it will be impossible to eliminate the so-called business cycle, which is so largely a product of innate, human, psychological processes. Therefore, all schemes, such as have been proposed, which provide that there should be laid down by law a hard and fast rule for varying the rediscount rate according to each per cent. of variation in the official commodity index, are quite utopian. We have not arrived at the stage when the value of the dollar can be controlled by the Bureau of Standards. Our prices must necessarily follow, to a large extent, the fluctuations of the world level, and must be permitted to do so with some freedom. Nevertheless, a Federal Reserve Board, composed of wise and public-spirited bankers,

can, if they understand what is expected of them, exercise a potent influence in stabilizing price levels. And the mere public recognition that such a policy was in effect would do much to moderate the psychological factors of boom and panic.

The machinery necessary to measure price levels is already in existence. It would only require to be concentrated under the immediate control of the Reserve Board so that the data might be official, unbiased, complete and accurate. The discount policy necessary to fulfill this function is the classic one. It must be varied in each of the four phases of the business cycle, so as to limit the force and extent of each deviation from the mean. In the phase of prosperity, credit should be increasingly restricted and rates advanced, to call a halt on expansion. In the phase of panic rates should be high but credit very free, in order to restore confidence. In the phase of depression credit should be limited and liquidation forced, but rates should be declining. And in the phase of recovery credit should be freely extended and rates should continue low, to encourage the renewal of enterprise.

To the reader who has followed through to this point, the foregoing somewhat technical discussion of the most profound economic problem of our day, it may seem doubtful that this is the stuff out of which to construct a political campaign. Surely the subject seems to be over the heads of the voters. But remember that so technical a question as Bimetallism became the most promiscuous political battle-field of a half century! Is it not true that today the stage is set for another campaign of education?

This country is possessed of a vastly larger number of intelligent men and women than the politicians are accustomed to give it credit for. The radicals are now exploiting their discovery of this fact. Reasoned, logical argument on a problem of such moment will find an unexpectedly large and interested audience. But perhaps the old-line political war horse is incapable of appealing to the intellect and finds it desirable always to play on his home grounds. Then let his method continue to be that of slogans and catch phrases. For those who cannot see beneath the surface of words these will serve well enough. By such means emotional reflexes are conjured up and the voter can be moved to

an intuitive decision which is conservative or otherwise according to his disposition. "Sound Money" and the "Gold Standard" were once linked together into the armoury of a victorious political campaign. "Sound Money," again, linked this time to Professor Fisher's striking phrase, "Stabilizing the Dollar," would doubtless prove as effective.

The detailed legislative and administrative programme by which the stabilizing of money can be effected is a matter to occupy economists, bankers and legislators for a decade. But the mandate of the voters can be secured for the purpose rather than for the method. And the purpose is one which will be of wide appeal. The intelligent will understand its essential importance and for them its presentation need be neither technical nor specific. The unintelligent can be talked to in terms of the pocketbook.

If the Republican Party is to be the standard bearer of Conservatism, here lies ready to its hand a great constructive policy out of which to make its fundamental issue. It is not a class policy, though it is of primary importance to those who "have". The object lesson of Germany, destroying its entire middle class and pauperizing "labour", by means of inflation carried out *ad absurdum*, must have impressed our people. Only the pirates of the business world and those inveterate enemies of all *bourgeoisie*, the Communists, could knowingly oppose a programme of such general benefit. No doubt the details of legislative measures would be made the butt of party politics, but the policy itself would be a difficult one with which to find fault, once it was generally understood.

From the standpoint of internal welfare the whole people, as consumers, would benefit by stable prices. This is all that can be accomplished through monetary reform. There remain inequalities among the people as producers. The prices of different groups of goods and services do not at present bear a normal relation to each other, because the period of readjustment is not yet complete. But this is not due to monetary causes and cannot be cured by monetary means. It is a problem by itself—primarily a problem of Protection or Prosperity, as I shall try to demonstrate in the next number of this REVIEW.

In its international aspect there is no greater service that the United States can perform toward the restoration of general prosperity than to set itself up as a great "governor" in the commodity markets of the world. Our influence is immense. The deflation of 1920, encouraged by a profoundly wise policy of our Federal Reserve Board, rapidly spread to other nations, and was generally considered abroad to have been the first step in the world-wide depression which inevitably followed. No better example can be found to prove our international responsibilities and the impossibility of economic isolation. The interests of the whole world require that we have a solid, secure banking system capable of handling, without risk of strain or disturbance, transactions of the first magnitude, for only in this way can we exercise to the full our potential influence in helping to absorb and reduce the financial shocks and tremors inherent in the coming period of convalescence.

The Republican Party has been the "Sound Money" Party. Its mission should be to undertake this task of research and the reform of the monetary system, as the first and greatest of the economic-political policies of the new era. Will it assume the offensive in this campaign, or merely await the attack of the inflationists behind the antiquated fortifications of bygone principles and institutions?

C. Reinold Noyes.

WEALTH OF FORESTS

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

Professor in the Massachusetts Agricultural College

SEVERAL years ago, when conservation was the catchword, there was a great deal of talk about forestry and the National Forests. A part of this was due to the fact that Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, protagonists of conservation, were especially interested in forestry—were indeed the creators of the National Forests. But wholly apart from this personal connection, forestry on its own deserts held a prominent place in every conservation programme. Our national wealth in forests had been very great, it had been obviously and disgracefully wasted, and the dangers to the future in continuing such policies were only too plain. The creation of National Forests for the protection of remaining timber stands was one large and concrete undertaking which suited the times, pleased the public temper and gave widespread satisfaction.

It may be noted that when this step was taken, when the large reservations were proclaimed and an administrative bureau was formed capable of supervising these forests, a highly significant change of nomenclature was adopted. The tracts set aside by Presidents Cleveland and McKinley had been called Forest Reserves; but now they were all officially renamed National Forests. This carefully considered change was meant to set forth another great idea, the complement of conservation; that is, utilization. A forest may be reserved forever, as the Adirondack forests are by the New York State Constitution. There we have conservation "with teeth in it". But the Roosevelt-Pinchot idea quite plainly is that conservation is of little purport unless it some day makes possible a larger utilization.

To understand the present administration of National Forests even superficially it is necessary to think of them as operating upon these two complementary principles, conservation and

utilization. Of these the latter is obviously the superior principle, as it supplies the only justification for the former. Thus we have to think of forestry as an active development of resources. Forestry opens up many productive utilities; it puts upon the market a great variety of valuable goods. Few persons have any idea of the great value of these properties or of their products; still fewer have any conception of the great variety of utilities developed in well-managed forests like those now under Federal administration.

The popular idea of forestry attaches chiefly if not exclusively to the production of lumber. Historically this is not the original purpose of the forest, but in American thinking and American legislation it has always taken first place. No one need question its primary importance.

At the present time the National Forests are harvesting about two per cent of the lumber used in this country. Yet they are producing roughly ten per cent of the annual effective timber growth. This is merely another way of saying that on the National Forests timber is being grown more rapidly than it is being harvested, while in practically all other forest areas it is being cut very much faster than it is being produced.

That portion of the forest timber which is being harvested is sold on the stump to contractors who cut it, under careful regulations, and manufacture it into lumber and other commodities. Sales are made to the highest bidders and the money received is covered into the United States Treasury. These sales now produce a revenue of about two million dollars a year. This does not seem a very large amount when compared with the enormous sums paid for lumber by ultimate consumers; but in this field more than in most others the costs of manufacture, transportation and selling are many times as great as the initial cost of production, and that even though it may take one hundred years to grow a tree and only a day to cut it down. For the sake, therefore, of shifting this comparison to more familiar grounds, we may say that the present timber cut of the National Forests averages about 800,000,000 board feet, worth about $20,000,000 in its final markets.

It will not suffice, however, to think of the lumber industry

only in terms of building material. Vast quantities of lumber are used for furniture, for spindles in looms, for spools, barrels, brushes, boxes, toys, matches, toothpicks, shoe pegs, pencils, silos, coffins, felloes and spokes, agricultural implements, wooden legs, musical instruments, and a thousand other manufactured articles of daily use. Millions of cubic feet of wood are used for railroad ties. The use of wooden ties is practically universal in our American railroad system.

Next should be remembered the use of wood pulp in the manufacture of paper. All our enormous bulk of newspapers and most of our books grew first in the forests; and if one has a thought as to the significance of the printed page in modern civilization he holds another index to the fundamental importance of forestry. Now the present supply of paper pulp comes principally from private forests; but as these sources are being rapidly exhausted with no serious effort for their perpetuation it seems certain that more remote supplies now held in the National Forests will be drawn upon in increasing degree. Steps are actually being taken to bring into use large reserves of pulp wood from the National Forests of Alaska.

Another group of forest products of which the layman has little conception includes many valuable commodities secured by distillation. This list includes wood alcohol, acetone, the basis of modern gunpowder, and charcoal.

Certainly few persons think of beef, mutton and wool as forest products, yet at the present moment the National Forests are harvesting more meat and wool than lumber. Within the forest boundaries are millions of acres of grazing land, some good, some poor, some just middling. These ranges are grazed under competent supervision, the fees to the amount of approximately two and a half million dollars a year being returned to the Treasury as forest income. The carrying capacity of these ranges has been greatly increased under government administration. At the present time sheep, cattle, horses, goats and swine to the number of some 16,000,000 yearly harvest the forage crop and convert it into beef, mutton, wool, and shoe leather.

The forest exerts a large measure of control upon water and this fact is exceedingly important in several different ways. First

of all the forest regulates stream flow, and the equalization thus effected is important to manufacture, navigation and agriculture. The crucial argument, as publicly made, for the establishment of the National Forests in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the southern Appalachians was this consideration of utilizing to the utmost the flow of the many and enormously valuable streams which have their sources in these mountains.

In other sections water is required for irrigation. Many thousands of acres of farm land draw from the National Forests the water which is necessary to their cultivation. The domestic water supply for 1,200 cities and towns also comes from the National Forest areas. Roughly estimated the water daily used by 2,265,000 American citizens is dependent for its continuance and for its purity on the protection afforded by the National Forests and the forest administration. It will readily appear that, if a reasonable cash valuation were placed upon the water thus used, the forests would have to be credited with several millions of dollars not now shown on the government balance sheet; for wholly without exception, this water is delivered to the users without a cent of return to the Federal forest owners.

There remains to be considered the supply of "white coal". The National Forests contain an enormous undeveloped capital of water power, estimated at 16,000,000 horse power or about one-fourth the amount to be found in the entire United States. Some sources have already been put to use, and under legislation recently passed by Congress it is fairly expected that further extensive developments will promptly follow. If one pictures therefore the multifarious rôle of water in forest economy,—the regulation of stream flow for navigation and manufacture, the supply of water for irrigation, the immeasurably valuable supplies for domestic uses, and the enormous possibilities of water power development,—one must conclude that water is a forest product hardly second in value to timber itself.

Unquestionably the first forests ever set aside as such were used for the royal chase. That is, they were established for the protection of fish and game. These utilities still have substantial value and possibilities far beyond present American practice. In short, fish and game, which are important now chiefly as

sources of recreation, may yet be made to yield very considerable additions to our national food supply.

It hardly needs to be said that the best hunting and fishing in the country is found in the National Forests. That fact is almost self-evident, since these forests contain the largest areas of wild land and the best of the mountain lakes and streams. In coöperation with the United States Bureau of Fisheries and the various State fish and game commissions, these streams are stocked with fish, and as much is done as circumstances allow for the protection of game. Several game refuges have been delimited within the forest areas and are protected by joint action of the United States Forest Service and the various State authorities.

Along with hunting and fishing go camping, hiking, mountain climbing and other outdoor sports. These forms of recreation are peculiarly dear to Americans, and the extent to which they have been developed may be indicated by the fact that more than 4,000,000 persons annually visit the National Forests for such purposes. The ultimate human value of all this recreation can only be guessed, but it has a market value reaching well into millions of dollars.

The National Forest areas include many geological, archæological and other features of large scientific importance. Let a single example illustrate a wide range of facts. In the Rito de los Frijoles, thirty-five miles northwest of Santa Fé, New Mexico, lie the glorious ruins of the Tyu-onyi, one of the most interesting and remarkable homes of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers, second only to the remains found in Mesa Verde National Park. This valley of magnificent treasures lies within the boundaries of the Santa Fé National Forest, but has been set aside by Presidential proclamation as the Bandelier National Monument under administration of the Federal officers in charge of the Forest. Under this protection it is visited by many tourists and has been the scene of much fruitful archælogical exploration and study. It may seem strange that the Forest Service should thus be made the custodian of scientific and archælogical treasures, but it has all come about quite naturally and very much in the public interest.

The value of forests as reservoirs of health has never been fully

appreciated. In fact this function of the forest has hardly received serious study. Yet it may be readily recalled that when Dr. Detweiler established the first successful outdoor sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis he settled in the Black Forest of Baden, and that he and his associates called their treatment the "forest cure". In this country the famous work of Dr. Trudeau in the Adirondacks might be called the "forest cure" with equal justice. Of course we do not think now that the spruce trees shed any "balm" or secrete any "essence" which serves as a specific for the cure of tuberculosis; but we do believe that the quiet outdoor spaces of the woods are good for soul and body, and that an environment bearing the forest character is especially helpful in the treatment of tuberculosis, nervous disorders and other maladies in which environment, instead of drugs, incontestably plays a leading rôle.

The National Forests have already supplied sites for various sanatoria and health camps, and it may reasonably be predicted that these forest uses will be largely multiplied in the future.

There have also been established several recreation camps and summer schools on the National Forest areas, all of which have considerable value from the standpoints both of health and education. It must be allowed, too, that the supply of domestic water and the amelioration of climate both contribute directly and substantially to the protection of human health.

The major utilities of the forest may thus, roughly speaking, be regarded of somewhat equal value, and any one of them is worth enough to justify the entire enterprise.

FRANK A. WAUGH.

LEAH

BY THEDA KENYON

THE STRANGER

Leah stood erect at Laban's door.
The coarse stuff of her single loose-draped garment
Flowed in colorful inconsistencies
From her square, strong shoulders, to the earthen floor.
Her heavy hair, bound back,
Was jetted through with lights that lit its black
And sombre mass. . . . But there was no man there
To tell her of the beauty of her hair. . . .

The crystal dawn-light hurt her eyes; she raised
Her long and nervous-fingered hand to shade
Their tenderness, and peered across to where
A stranger lifted back the heavy stone
That sealed the precious water in the well.
. . . And . . . Rachel stood beside him, unafraid,
Her deep, dark eyes upcast in wonderment,
She watched him, while the supple shoulders bent
And the sleek muscles moved beneath the skin. . . .
But when his eyes met hers, her pale lids fell:
Thus—silently—and doubly loud—she praised. . . .

And Leah knew at last she was alone. . . .

THE SONG OF JACOB

"I sing to thy beauty upon a harp: yea, upon a harp of many chords;
For thou hast set quivering the multitude of chords within my bosom!

White are thy hands as the sheep that thou tendest: soft as the fleece of the
sheep are the hands of my beloved;
Yea, and gentle is her heart as the ewe of her father's flock. . . .

Her eyes are bright as the sunlight upon the hills where she shepherds them,
So that my spirit is burned by the fierce white light of her glances,

Even as the grass of the field is seared by the sun;

Unless my beloved come quickly, and water my spirit with her nearness
I shall be utterly consumed with the flame of my longing for her!"

So Jacob sang . . . and Leah listened . . . knowing
The song was made for Rachel, for her beauty
And little useless hands, and fluttering laughter;
Knowing that Rachel's heart was like a sparrow,
Picking up tiny crumbs of adulation,
Eagerly, restlessly, and not completing
Down to the end, a single full emotion. . . .

LEAH AND LABAN

Leah knew well the essence of the bargain:
Knew that for seven years, Jacob had given
All of his strength, all of his youth and vigor,
For the pale guerdon of a wife like Rachel. . . .
So she went out, and sought the old man, Laban,
And found him sitting in a pool of sunlight,
Wooing the warmth that blesses ancient weakness;
She flung herself upon her knees beside him,
Her young, strong arms about him:
"Ah, my father,
For seven years, your house has held a stranger. . . ."

"Nay, Leah . . . not a stranger but a kinsman:
Now doubly welcome—Rachel's future husband."

Leah winced then; her voice, to hide its trembling,
Was very low; yet—she spoke clearly, coldly:
"You know it is not meet the younger daughter
Should wed, and leave the elder yet a virgin.
It is our custom. I have served you truly
For more than seven years—years that passed quickly
For Jacob, in the glow of Rachel's presence;
Years that were in my mouth as dust and ashes
Because I dwelt within our kinsman's shadow."

Then Laban's arm, thin, heavy veined, and wrinkled,
Crept to his daughter's shoulders and his tears fell
On her sleek hair:

"So . . . you, too, would have Jacob?"
Her head bowed lower, and her hands were twisted
Together . . .
"But—he loves your sister, Rachel. . . ."
"What of it? God would let me bear his children!"
Then Laban bowed, and simply said, "So be it."

DAWN

Dawn! Little eager tufts of it
Flung across a crimson sky,
Leaping high,
Like thistledown, as the shadows fly!

In through the lattice leap,
Challenging sleep;
Hang the chamber with gold,
Where, fold on fold,
The night-shades stealthy creep. . . .

Wake, Jacob and behold
The unbound gold
Of Rachel's hair,
Tentative, lying there,
Across your eager cheek. . . .
Wake! Wake and speak!

Jacob caught the strand
Of hair, within his hand,
And kissed it . . . held it there against his lips
With tremulous, eager-tender finger tips. . . .
But . . . Leah only quivered in her sleep. . . .

Then Jacob oped his eyes
And flung back, in surprise,
The suppliant hair—
Black as the night, to where
Leah's arm, strong and young,
Over her breasts was flung,
Leah's breasts, round and white,
All of her . . . pale and slight . . .
And . . . Jacob shivered, thinking of the night. . . .

LABAN AND JACOB

Laban raised his ruminative gaze
From the round patch of shadow at his feet.

"My son," he said, "the ways of youth are strange:
Impulsive, over-zealous, counting much
On every little moment's toll of pleasure.
Some day . . . I pray God it be far removed!—
You too will sit like me, within the sun
And find that, whether wooing or shunning it,
The shade will overtake you in the end."

Jacob flung up his chin, his ruddy curls
Catching the sunlight and reflecting it.

"But seven years are not a flittering moment!
All of my youth, my strength and my desire,
I gave you freely—and—you cheated me!"

"Cheated! A harsh word on the lips of youth . . .
Say rather that I gave you something more
Than the mean, grudging letter of the bargain.
It is our custom that the younger daughter
Cannot be claimed until the elder wed."

"You should have said so, seven years ago!"

"How could I tell no husband would be found
For Leah?"
"Had you asked, I could have told!"
"All men are not as blind as you, my son."

"Blind! Do you think I cannot see the flush
Of Rachel's cheek? The way the morning light
Jewels her hair?"
"And can you also see
The cry in Leah's heart? The motherhood
That surges in her bosom? There are men
Who balance these above the worth of beauty!
Nevertheless—your claim is right and just;
Fulfil now Leah's week, and at the end
You shall have Rachel, also; but, as you
Have spoken in youth's haste, for seven years

Longer shall you remain here, serving for her.
Perhaps your sense of values will have changed
Before this other seven years shall pass!"

Jacob bowed his head, and turned away.

Then Laban lowered his gaze, to where the shade
Had fluttered up, and rested on his feet.
Then, patiently, he rose . . . and moved to where
The sun would shine a little longer on him. . . .

JUDAH

"Sleep, sleep, the great sun is low,
Crooning the earth things to sleep;
Slowly they shut their tired eyes, and we know
As night-shadows cover them, gentle and slow,
That angels their vigil will keep. . . ."

So Leah sang, although she heard without
Rachel's shrill voice rise in expostulation:

"You hear her singing lullabies, and you
Say that you love me . . . but . . . where is *my* son?"
Why am I barren, a reproach, a shame,
When she has four sons? Ah, it is not just!
Have I not been a loyal wife to you?
Her lullabies are insults! When one child
Passes the age for crooning, she gives birth
To others, and I am left desolate!"

Then Jacob's voice, goaded, rose angrily:
"And am I God, that I should give you sons?
What would you? Do you think I have not prayed
That you should bear me children? What are these
Leah's four boys, beside the ones I crave
And Rachel cannot give me?"
Rachel's voice
Was low, and very sweet now, as she answered,
And Leah knew that Jacob was as clay
Within those little, useless, powerful hands. . . .

"Then . . . take my handmaid, and the son she bears
Shall be to you my son. So says the Law!"

Leah caught Judah closer to her breast.
He whimpered at the hot touch of her breath.

"Judah!" she whispered fiercely, "Judah! Hear!
Thou and thy brothers, freeborn, to be made
Lowlier than the children of a bondmaid!"

She crept across the shadows to the place
Where Levi lay, his curly baby head
Pillowed upon the firstborn Reuben's shoulder.
"Reuben!" she whispered . . . "Simeon . . . Levi . . . there,
Within your names, I sent my woman's heart
A suppliant to your father's feet; and then
When God still looked upon my sorrowing,
And gave me Judah, also, I still thought
That Jacob's heart might turn . . . Well—be it so!
You will not always be these helpless babes
You will be men—men greater than your father
Because your mother's sufferings will give
Hearts to your breasts . . . where Jacob has—a stone!"
A little gleam of starlight flickered in
A crevice . . . played about the baby's head,
A diadem of gold . . . Leah looked up.

"Judah!" she said. "I wonder!" And her soul
Yearned down the centuries—to Bethlehem. . . .

ARNOLD BENNETT

BY BRIAN W. DOWNS

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Bennett ranks to-day as one of our foremost men of letters. *The Times Literary Supplement* devotes one and a half of its precious columns to his frothiest effusions; a contribution to the *feuilleton* of our more Philistine sheets sends his name into the contents' bill, otherwise consecrated to crime and blood stock; he joins in public appeals for the endowment of scholarships and for congratulating the University of Oxford on publishing a complete edition of Tolstoi; it is said that that impoverished and harassed class of men, the theatrical managers, have to disburse one thousand gold or paper pounds before they can so much as put one of his new plays into rehearsal. On the reverse side, the medal of his fame is as remarkable. Less ill is spoken of him than of any other personality of the day, except perhaps Mr. Conrad. Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie may be arraigned for stickiness, the philosophy of Professor Bury or Dr. Inge be found wanting in the right Promethean fire, Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. H. G. Wells be banned as subversive of all that is true and right, but before Mr. Bennett *les jeunes* are hushed, the optimists reassured, and the upholders of tradition reduced to reflection. For once the satire of "Max" glances harmless, and Mr. Mencken almost hangs his head.

It must, however, be admitted that those who thus (as it were) perform the civilized salute before him, quickly replace their headgear and do not bore their companions with much laudation of him who has passed by. The titles which mob-emotion acting through State or University can bestow, are not for him; the household is innocent of him as a word; and though a general average of literate readers' preferences might put him top, the figure 1 would, in the compilation of the aggregate, occur less often than in the score of many finally placed lower.

The reason for this lies partly in the nature of Mr. Bennett's

literary character; it is neither bawdy nor sanctimonious, neither sentimental nor doctrinaire, neither revolutionary nor conservative, neither paradoxical nor pompous. It waves no red rag before the passionate of any kind. Equally responsible is the slowness and steadiness of its growth. If *The Pretty Lady* had been published when its author was less known, or when other interests had pressed lighter, the public estimate might figure out differently: but as the work of the man with *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, *The Old Wives' Tale* and about half a hundred other works to his credit, it provoked little more than a ripple on the surface of public consciousness in Armistice year.

Mr. Bennett came upon the town in the year of his majority, as far back as 1888, nurturing an urgent ambition to win money and fame in some other walk of life than that of the law on which his feet were then set. To some Chelsea friends, the architect E. A. Richards among them, he owes the suggestion of literature as the life and the way. The year 1893 represents the first epoch: the man from Hanley (via Burslem) becomes sub-editor of *Woman*, a periodical now defunct; 1895 the second, when *The Yellow Book*, shrine of Beardsley and "Max", printed his short story, *A Letter Home;* 1898 the third, when Mr. John Lane published *A Man from the North*, his first adult novel.

A Man from the North might be the firstling of almost any novelist destined to achieve celebrity in the reign of the last Edward. The god-parents summoned to the font are the Goncourt brothers, Flaubert, de Maupassant and Turgenieff; appearance and character hint that George Gissing and the earlier Huysmans stood in the relation of a less ghostly paternity. It is a story of frustrated literary and social ambition.

In *Anna of the Five Towns* (1902) and *Leonora* (1903), though not deploying all his power yet, Mr. Bennett has advanced in self-realization sufficiently to give scope to characteristics at once more individual and more pregnant of success. It is undeniable that Willie Price, the "simple and meek soul" who commits suicide at the end of *Anna of the Five Towns*, is still symptomatic of the pessimistic outlook his creator had adopted in *A Man from the North;* and that the courtship of Anna Tellwright and Henry Mynors, which might stir Mr. Galsworthy to

condonation of arson and homicide, is related in the glacially detached manner approved by the heresiarchs of the Continent. But over against these telltale trailing clouds we notice an exultation of the author in the strength and worldly success of his characters, still subdued in the approval which he bestows upon the pushful Henry Mynors, but truly effulgent at the conclusion of *Leonora*, when the widowed heroine of forty gives her hand to her lover. It is clear, too, that in shifting his scene from a rather vague London to the precisely described Potteries, Mr. Bennett has opened up a new province—adjacent to "Wessex" —in English literature; and we cannot but remark with what vigour the pulses of *Anna* and *Leonora* beat, as they snuff their author's native air. We observe also a changed attitude toward poor mortal flesh and blood, first in the thumb-nail sketch of Alderman Sutton, the benevolent, pottering father of Anna's only friend, then in the full-length portrait of Leonora herself, for whom the self-styled disciple of Flaubert and the Goncourts comes forward to claim indulgence in his own person—an intervention as flabbergasting as that in which Jane Austen indulges when suddenly, at the end of *Mansfield Park*, she begins a paragraph with "My Fanny".

For all its advance on *A Man from the North*, *Leonora*, though published in the author's six-and-thirtieth year, was but pioneer work, in view of what followed. Not until five years later, after a prolonged sojourn in France and marriage to a French wife, did Mr. Bennett appear before his public in the stature for which it respects him now. That year, 1908, inaugurated what, at a superior distance of a decade and a half, we can style his Great Period, which covers about five years and comprises the publication of masterpieces in almost all his multifarious *genres*, notably *The Old Wives' Tale* (1908).

The Old Wives are manifestly kin to Anna of the Five Towns and to Leonora: most of the scene which they animate lies in Burslem, and the part enacted in France is essentially racy of the English North Midlands. The main thread of the story is again sombre of hue and roughish to the touch, nor does it weave itself into arresting patterns; and, in a sense, the author has quite detached himself from his creation. But in doing so,

he has enabled himself to see, beside the individual triviality of the characters and of the parts for which they are cast in the cosmic drama, also their significance as symbols. "Of such, after all," he and the sympathetic reader reflect, "is the Kingdom of Earth." Further, the new notes we caught from *Leonora* add in places a rich embroidery to the sober central theme. As Leonora's dancing of the *Blue Danube* waltz with Arthur Twemlow was the greatest moment of her life, and is shown in a passage of unique beauty, comparable in intensity with the emotional experience of any Jane Eyre or Saint-Preux or Richard Feverel, so in *The Old Wives' Tale* Mr. Bennett exhibits, and appraises to the full, not only the decency and endurance of ordinary existences, but their moments of beauty and terror and heroism as well—which some of his literary kindred hardly do. He shows us Sophia Baines bending and brooding over the corpse of the aged tramp who is her husband and the love of her youth; he shows us Sophia in her teens the self-accusing murderer of her father; he shows us Samuel Povey, the flat-chested little draper, untiring in his efforts to secure acquittal or reprieve for the criminal Daniel Povey, and the bereaved, half-crippled Constance catching her death at the Five Towns' plebiscite—the husband (that is to say) laying down his life for his friend, the wife for a political principle. Such revelations of the wonderful in things ordinarily passed by as trivialities, are in *The Old Wives' Tale* rendered more impressive than in the earlier books by interweaving them with incidents, not merely "of a certain magnitude" (as Aristotle might say) in the eyes of the actors in them or, more generally, by symbolical extension, but also great in themselves, or at least of the kind deemed so by lovers of romance: the guillotining at Auxerre, for instance, and the siege of Paris by the Germans, with the incomparable Thackerayesque flash of a scene when, at the height of excitement before Sedan, a great singer stands up in her carriage to sing the *Marseillaise*. The true Grand Manner touches the whole.

His major novels in the line of *The Old Wives' Tale* all develop its philosophical theme, the adaptation of an individual organism to its environment, which, to a devout disciple of Herbert Spencer like Mr. Bennett, means naught else but Life itself. But in

none of these has his imagination caught fire at that and its poetic complement, the theme of the Stealth of Time, so completely as in *The Old Wives' Tale.* This may be gauged by what some would think obscured it, namely the mordancy, intensity and continuance of the irony which, in a preponderantly intellectual personality such as Mr. Bennett's, is its natural expression. In *Clayhanger* (1910) already the irony is less incisive, less compelling and less sustained than in *The Old Wives' Tale;* and we certainly find that the story of Edwin Clayhanger's frustration is less arresting than that of the Baines girls; the episodes both less significant and less vividly coloured. In the same way *These Twain* (1916) ranks below *Clayhanger,* and *Hilda Lessways* (1911) below its pendant *These Twain.*

Mr. Bennett, in his Malthusian zeal, has much to say in reprobation of the Victorian writers' great output; but he is a writer of disconcerting fertility himself. The Great Period of 1908–12, as we have seen, produced *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger,* and the latter's sequel, *Hilda Lessways.* But it produced also a notable series of works in other domains. In that of drama there appeared *Cupid and Commonsense, What the Public Wants* and *The Honeymoon;* in that of the lighter continuous narrative *Buried Alive, The Glimpse, Helen of the High Hand, The Card;* in that of the short story the collection entitled *The Matador of the Five Towns and Other Stories.* In addition to these there are the *causeries* collected as *Books and Persons,* a number of lay-sermons, including the very valuable *Literary Taste and How to Form it,* and a travel sketch-book from *Those United States.* And this catalogue raises a very insistent question.

In *The Great Adventure* Mr. Bennett presents a painter who made his name with the portrait of a policeman blowing a whistle, and who scandalized the public by not continuing to paint policemen blowing whistles until his death or disablement. Similarly, those for whom Mr. Bennett himself primarily exists as the author of *Anna of the Five Towns, The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger,* when confronted with most of his remaining works, are cast into a bewilderment of surprise, suspicion and resentment, unable to find any reply to their (largely rhetorical) question: Why doesn't the man stick to his job?

Before dealing with this question of Why, directly, it may be as well to canvass its companion: How does he do his secondary job or jobs? The true answer is "variously". To his failure in one of them at least he confesses tacitly by the silence of a decade; that is the short story. It is patent that no "World's Classics" anthology of 1973 will put anything of his, not even by far and away his best,—*The Death of Simon Fuge*,—by the side of selections from Henry James, Rudyard Kipling and Hubert Crackenthorpe. Nor are his travel-sketches of very great moment. But the plays and the minor fiction and what Mr. Harvey Darton calls the "Pocket Philosophies" deserve closer attention.

Of the plays, *The Great Adventure* (1913), running for 674 performances in London, gained the greatest success, largely because of the fine acting of Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. Ion Swinley in the part of Ilam Carve, and of Miss Wish Wynne and Miss Sara Allgood in that of Janet Cannot. But *The Honeymoon* (1911) is intrinsically the best. Moreover, it is very typical of Mr. Bennett's play-making. Its seven principal parts exude "fat" for the players: it has a promising general situation turning on sexual complications, and a number of secondary ones, all deftly handled. The dialogue sparkles; people eat and drink on the stage and appear in different clothes almost in every act—in other words it is good stage-fodder. Moreover, the characters, their situation and to some extent even their talk, are things in which one can believe: in other words, it is literature. But the weak denouement betrays intellectual indolence, and there is more than a suspicion of caricature about the two chief comic characters. The impression that the play finally leaves on the memory is a fine acting part for Miss Marie Tempest or Miss Ellis Jeffreys, some clever repartees and "scenes", and the guying of a prominent woman novelist since deceased. In other words, the prominent features are those which appeal to the low taste of the average theatrical audience to the exclusion of other qualities which a more cultivated taste might expect from the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*. It should at once be added, however, that Mr. Bennett contrives his appeal legitimately: he does not pander, but honestly gives an inferior public the best it can enjoy.

Exactly the same must be said of his second-rank fiction: a legitimate if lowly taste is honestly satisfied. The public, for no vicious reasons, like the "Ruritania" stories after the manner of Stevenson and "Anthony Hope"; hence *The Grand Babylon Hotel.* It likes a clever, clean-living, lovable rogue; hence *The Card.* It is interested in the spectacular side of Theosophy; hence *The Glimpse;* it likes to believe in virtue as well as vice among the idle rich: hence *Mr. Prohack.*

Having now glanced at the secondary How, let us return to the original Why. However efficient the result, why does Mr. Bennett waste time and talent on work palpably and almost avowedly below the best of which he is capable? In attempting an adequate answer, we should in the first place remember that what in our impressive moments we are pleased to designate as the side-alleys and even subways of literature provided Mr. Bennett's approach and ingress to that Sacred Mount: he wrote *Pithy Pars* for a local paper before leaving Burslem in the 'eighties, and the earliest signed work of his which research has turned up is the amateur detective story for children, *Well Caught,* contributed to *Chatterbox.* In the second place, we must allow for his theory, set forth with scandalizing pertinacity, that by "pot-boiling" an unknown and ambitious author can obtain greater prosperity than by single devotion to the work nearest his heart—a theory which, by the way, carries a curious corollary with it in this instance. If Mr. Bennett has made more money by his "side-shows" in the sum total of his income, the excess is very largely due to the fame of his major work, and the *Old Wives' Tale* in the long run boils the pot to more purpose for *The Card* and *The Lion's Share,* than confections like *The City of Pleasure* did for *The Old Wives' Tale.*

But infinitely more important than considerations like these are Mr. Bennett's genuine catholicity and tolerance of outlook, which far more effectively than the desire for lucre have enabled him to gain a genuine success with so many publics. For no one merely by sticking his tongue in his cheek can add a shilling to his income. Of these primary qualities the "pocket philosophies" afford the most complete and practical illustration. They are lay sermons of the best kind. So long as from time to time

he is sincere with himself, Man, Mr. Bennett declares, is a good creature—his wishes, ambitions and appetites not despicable. He, Mr. Bennett, wishes him well; he wants to help him all he can—not in a "superior" way, but as a brother who has enjoyed better chances. He sees what he misses and is convinced that he misses the best and the most pleasurable thing of the world (to him these are all but synonymous), namely, the skilled exercise of the intellectual faculties; and he then proceeds by practical directions to make accessible and attractive to the Plain Man and his Wife this road to the happiness of knowledge and of self-respect which all can acquire with a little determination and routine.

Mr. Bennett's "side-shows" are thus no deplorable or merely negligible items of output which a student of his personality and methods had better ignore, but provide the best indication of several most important characteristics of his: his breadth of outlook, his public spirit; his optimism, which sees infinite possibilities of self-betterment in every class of society; and the anti-materialist principle which makes him acclaim intellectual activity and meditation as the summits of human felicity.

"How!" the incredulous may here exclaim, "do you wish to turn this self-confessed disciple of Zola, Turgenieff and the Goncourts, the acolyte of the 'miraculous Henry James', into the Victorian good boy after Huxley and Leslie Stephen had got at him, a sort of Dickens plus Ruskin minus God?" And the said incredulous will, after more or less ado, point a triumphant finger at *The Pretty Lady* (1918) as an impossible child of a virtuous Victorian father.

After *The Old Wives' Tale*, *The Pretty Lady* certainly demands fuller consideration than any other of the author's works. It has many features in common with the serious novels already touched on: for example, the sobering and spiritual hardening of a wealthy man-about-town under the stress of War, a sufficiently unromantic central theme, garnished once more by a number of luridly-lit and primarily episodic scenes; the Zeppelin raid on London, for instance, and the funeral of Lord Roberts, a piece of prose with a sonorous, solemn magnificence that recalls Bossuet. The ironical sense of the characters' infinite insignifi-

cance is ubiquitous, as specially befits a War book. Such general characteristics we noted in *The Old Wives' Tale*, but there are others. Most important of all, as in a measure embracing the others, is the abeyance of ethical judgment. Mr. Bennett at no time in his career made a practice of buttonholing his readers, like Thackeray, to canvass the rights and wrongs of the actions he portrayed, but it was always clear what his own ideas under this head might be. Already in *The Price of Love* (1914), the story of an honest girl who finds she has married a shifty rogue but resolves to go on loving him all the same, we can notice, beside a diminished use of contrast, which approximates once more to the practice of the Goncourts, an extraordinary reserve of the author as to the ethics of his tale; Mr. Bennett is here unusually reticent about his characters' emotional states, on which he is generally fond of expatiating in a somewhat hyperbolical manner. It is further to be remarked that the main "action" in the plot of *The Price of Love* is a sordid and mean theft, with its consequences. Similarly, the ostensible theme of *The Pretty Lady*, the experiences of a harlot, is *prima facie* sordid, as befits its environment in society and history; and it is presented with an almost absolute lack of ethical orientation.

These facts cannot be denied; but they need supplementing and, in places, interpreting. While it is true that in the details of the story, and, shall we say, in the manner of approach, the ethical sense appears suspended, the general "lessons" which a morality-monger could derive from *The Pretty Lady* are sound enough, and very certainly not accidental. Work hardens the character and alienates from harlotry; superstition leads into disaster; a decadent society perishes. And while the author, conscious of the infinitesimal difference it would have made in the world's history if, for instance, a certain Zeppelin bomb had forthwith killed Christine and G. J., has every excuse for the comparative insufficiency of his emotional analysis, it is very plain (much plainer than it was in *The Price of Love*) that he has another, stronger one—his desire to avoid incredulous mockery at descriptions of the tenderness and complexities of a love affair which had so disreputable an inception. His apparent aloofness is the result of a love such as may be seen in an elder

brother who allows his junior to fight his own battles rather than be made to appear ridiculous or cowardly by his intervention. And this great love of the author's is abundantly visible to any who look carefully enough and do not permit themselves to be put off by isolated phrases like "the negligible Christine".

To appreciate this we need only compare *The Pretty Lady* with (say) *Coquette* by Mr. Frank Swinnerton, whom many deem Mr. Bennett's foremost disciple. As an admiring reviewer pointed out, the heroine of this interesting book is treated all through with the detachment of a scientist experimenting with a bacterion somewhat repulsive in its habits (as the lay might think) and of no noticeable benefit to anyone. But Mr. Bennett, whatever he may say, never really looks on Christine in this way: his mind tells him that she is of no account, perhaps noxious. But he himself, who directs that mind (as the Stoic in him repeatedly insists), feels her to be his sister; he delights in all that is good in her, her own standard of loyalty and straight dealing, her grace and her devotion, and almost with pride he recounts the slow evolution of the woman from the sexual machine.

So *The Pretty Lady* and its pendant, *Lilian* (1923) and, less perfectly perhaps, *The Price of Love*, really fall into line with the other novels in confirming Mr. Bennett as an Anglo-Saxon realist. This definition is no specious paradox, even though the shortness of the public memory derives everything that today is classed as 'realistic' from France—and not always even *via* Mr. George Moore. But in England it has as long an ancestry and perhaps a more respectable one, in that it derives from the Father of English Poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, himself; De Foe, Fielding, Smollett, Crabbe, Miss Austen and Sir Walter figure in it; and if an unbiassed critic, say a Swiss, during the hundred years after 1760 had been asked to point to the most undeniably realistic literature of Europe, he would without hesitation have singled out the English.

It is of course an attractive and possibly valuable "label", an author like this; but such summary methods fall short, not merely in subtlety, but in fairness and accuracy also. By virtue of his charity, optimism and relish for life, Mr. Bennett may be an Anglo-Saxon realist, but he is many other things as well and at

the same time. All men's characters harbour seeming incompatibilities; and as Mr. Bennett's is an extremely many-sided, interested one, with multifarious outlets and contacts with life, such apparent antinomies are more numerous than in poorer souls. Thus while he may be an Anglo-Saxon realist on the strength of those qualities which would still have characterized him if he had become a professional cricketer or a solicitor of Lincoln's Inn Fields, those qualities which on turning writer he made his own are definitely Latin: his artistic restraint, his impatience of irrelevance in structure and ornament, his determination to envisage the whole truth, even where he does not put it all down in black and white. He is an Englishman who has been to school in France; his nature, one apprehends, would have been one-sided, incomplete, without such an education. But a certain very attractive, very interesting and not disharmonious dualism in his character and opinions may, in great part, be referred to it. Thus we find in him side by side the apostle of the gospel of work and the champion of meditation; the traditionalist insisting on form and convention as the bases of art and society, and the modernist ever breaking a generous lance for his contemporaries; the romanticist with his determination to celebrate the extraordinary in the ordinary, and the realist with his staunch adherence to the usual; the advocate in Art of opportunism and ascetic rectitude; the individualist with his hatred of dogma and institutions, and the anti-individualist with his defense of the family as the bed-rock of civilization and human happiness.

So it is not unfitting that this *deraciné*, who wrought his greatest work in the Forest of Fontainebleau, who takes his ease in two civilizations as only Mr. George Moore and Mr. Lytton Strachey can do among his contemporaries, and who glories in *trains-de-luxe* and Ocean Greyhounds and the general apparatus of civilization and luxury, if he be named at all, will probably survive in the world's memory as an English North Midlander, the painter of a smallish conglomerate of smallish towns, supreme in his delineation of the narrowish virtues of the narrowish lives characteristic of the community which gave him birth.

BRIAN W. DOWNS.

THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

ELEONORA DUSE stood on the stage of one of our largest New York theatres—a fragile, exquisite exemplification of acting at its highest. A multitude packed the house from pit to dome, held in the magic of her matchless hands. The play was Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and around it the sensitive network of inevitable reactions was spun. The cavernous house of silence held the trembling intonations of her voice, the vast spaces of distance from the farthest spectator to the footlights could not dim the restless sweep of her walk, the revealing reality of her gesture. The bare shell of this wonderful artist, past sixty, did not matter, though the rhythm of her was still supreme. Her eyes, deep sunk with the tragedy of time, glowed with that inner life of spirit which showed how she grasps her art to the uttermost depths, and gives it forth, not according to the formula of the regular theatre, but according to the intense life of the play. Everywhere in the vast house, this sense of Duse was carried. She moved against a very old-fashioned background, bad enough to set the teeth of the new scenery artists on edge. The rocky banks of fiords waved in the breeze behind stage. Nothing mattered but Duse. One felt the full force of the Power of the Theatre.

Two stages, so small as to throw the human figure out of all proportions. An auditorium so small in each case as to hold a bare handful, conscious of their nearness. Two plays of North Carolina folk quality, written by a retiring little woman who had had small training in the subterfuges of the theatre, and yet whose sense of the mystic quality of mountain life was so consuming as to be palpitantly felt in two stories of elemental power. As the curtains rose on Miss Lula Vollmer's *The Shame Woman* and *Sun Up*, nothing mattered but the plays—simple stories of aloof civilization eating inward on its own passion, its own ideas of law and justice, its own human nature unhampered by world

standards. Breathlessly, the handful in each audience had revealed to them a life unfathomed before on our stage with such burning reality. Yet for years we have been wondering of what materials our native drama was to consist. Miss Vollmer, to me, is in line for the Pulitzer Drama Prize. My feeling, while witnessing her plays, was the same as when seeing Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* and *Anna Christie*. The play counted. Another aspect of the Power of the Theatre.

A tall man, with the graceful dignity of the aristocrat in tradition—a humour about the eyes that sober kindly into earnestness when the theatre is discussed: white haired, sensitive, powerful. I shall never forget the manner in which Constantin Stanislavsky—the heart and head of the Moscow Art Theatre—talked of the actor's art as it was defined for him through years of arduous experience. Here was one pursuing something clearly impressed upon his inner being: the declaration of artistic faith in the inner content and outward expression. Few men of the theatre have talked with the same passion for reality on a spiritual basis that he has. The art of the theatre is no simulation to such a man as he: it is a philosophy by which the theatre should live; it is a method of study by which the actor should grow; it is an angle of approach by which the Moscow Art Theatre became what it is. The Power of the Theatre as exemplified in the Director.

It seems to me that such is the human way to approach the subject of what is happening in our theatre today. We are surrounded by healthy contacts. The bare statement of what is being done to save us from the past is an old story. Myriad are the books and articles written to catalogue the steps by which the manacles that bound the theatre were cut away. We know about the Little Theatres, about what our colleges have done, about the civic attempts in pageantry and masques. But what we do not know is how the country at large responds to the reams of print exploiting the theories of the scenic artist. No one has told how eagerly localities isolated from the things of the theatre, how earnestly, they desire the theatre. We hear plenty of studio talk, but we want an inventory taken of how the country at large feels about the Power of the Theatre—they who will probably never

see Duse (unless they come East), and never will, under present condition, see Miss Vollmer's plays, and who will only be able, in the future, to read the artistic credo of Stanislavsky.

I am tired of having enumerated for me the number of Little Theatres in the country. What I want to know is how any theatre exists in its particular locality, whether it has entered into the sinew of the community as a necessity, along with the school and the church; whether the acting is done as much in the spirit of giving to others the best in amusement, as of affording to the amateur an outlet for self-expression. I have been told time and time again of Professor Arvold's theatre in North Dakota, but the fact means nothing to me unless I know that in this playhouse of his, amidst an agricultural population, the plays hold his audience with the same power—if not in the same manner—that Duse swayed her vast auditorium, or Miss Vollmer's plays held as in a vice of interest her nightly audiences.

Mr. Arvold has written graphically of the population that hailed his efforts to bring drama to them; Professor Frederick Koch, of the University of North Carolina, has added to the human data by describing the themes that gripped most powerfully his classes in drama writing, when asked to dip their pens in problems, characters, passions, nearest home.

I look, therefore, for a book to be written defining these social forces which will tend sooner or later to give us a drama of our own expression, the measure of our own rhythms, acceptable because of their closeness to us.

It might with truth be said that the revolution which has taken place in the Theatre has been of foreign origin. Our younger men have gone abroad, studied in European studios, worked on European stages, been steeped in European drama. They are just beginning to be interested in the nation-wide response to what they have been fighting for. They are only just now beginning to confess that there is a far cry from what they have imbibed in foreign lands to what they still have to learn from the land of their birth. When those two points of vantage are fused, or at least intimately connected, then we shall have reached the place in the theatre revolution which is distinctively our own, because we shall have felt it in our own way.

Is it the Russian side of Stanislavsky that I have tried in a preceding paragraph to suggest? Not at all. It is the serious approach of any man toward his art which turns what the average American delights in calling a "show" into an offering—on the altar of high Art—of all that is best and highest in one's nature as man and artist. Such an attitude, while it has not reached many culminations in America, is growing. And it is that community attitude throughout these vast States that I am more anxious to know of than the fact that Capek's expressionism in *R. U. R.* is the next developed phase in playwriting.

Some years ago, New York and Boston published "surveys" of the amusement situations in their cities—the types of theatres, the character of the amusements, the audiences, and so on. It is now time for the Sage Foundation to repeat its New York experiment on a national scale. For the present, theatre activity is concentrated in New York, yet the real country is outside. The reformations in the theatre have had preachments outside New York,—in a few instances in notable Little Theatres,—but their working exemplification has been largely confined to the metropolis. Print has carried broadcast the aims and objects of the Theatre Guild, the art philosophies of such scenic men as Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson and Norman Bel-Geddes. Professor Baker's Workshop 47, at Harvard, has drawn drama students from the legislature of Kentucky and the cow-punching plains. The magnet impels eastward, where the best usually remains, the market being strongest here. Yet the country at large—wiped off the commercial manager's map—what of its fate? The American reformer in the theatre, having satisfied himself as to the true elements of this reform for which he has been partly responsible, cannot stop there. He has not saved the situation for our American Theatre until he personally becomes evangelist for what he upholds. And so I plead for these reformers to take an inventory of what they have which will fit our national emotions and ideals outside New York.

I have just read a new book on *Our American Theatre* by Oliver Sayler, which is an argument for what I plead. It is dominated by foreign accent—a flip repetition of well-beaten paths, a heterogeneous jumbling together of those diverse elements which

now constitute our theatrical life. The mere recorder has traced the obvious path: the calm, far-seeing critic is not there. He has no sense of the country at large. This author is merely one of a type, bitten by foreign travel. Take for instance the advent of Balieff to America—a glorified vaudeville, audience and entertainment closely in touch. Sayler grasps at the *Chauve Souris:* in such form we could reign supreme, and we have the native talent for it, and our audiences are speedily nerved for it. Call the roll of those actors who could flourish supremely for it. All aboard for an American *Chauve Souris!* It may be true that we have in our midst an incipient *Commedia dell' arte* or a *Chauve Souris*, but to live it must not be manufactured. Weber and Fields was a growth, and it could have become a national contribution if personal reasons had not poisoned the roots. Imitation will get us nowhere in our national theatre art. We tried a *Comedie Française*, pouring literally "millions in it", but the New Theatre failed because it did not grow out of us. We tried to infuse into weekly journalism the art of *Simplicissimus*, but such art thrives on the cabaret spirit, where it had its birth. We hear the exclamation: "There are several Moscow Art Theatres among our actors, if . . .", and there it stops. That is why I say the reformers have evangelistic work to do. They have been inspired by Craig, Reinhardt, Stanislavsky, but they have not suffered as these men suffered for their theories. Our reformers have imbibed the philosophies of the art studios abroad. But they are now at home, and must apply the spirit of what they have seen and learned. They must study this country with the same ardour with which they went abroad.

Our national consciousness cannot be satisfied with any other national substitute. We can take the outward form, but the inward spirit must be ours, otherwise the art is aloof and imitative. For that reason, Norman Bel-Geddes refused to study foreign ways: he entered the movement of ideas, but applied them to home issues. Even when selected by Reinhardt to transform the Century Theatre into a mediaeval cathedral for *The Miracle*, he refused to visit Reinhardt till all his ideas were formulated and his scenery built. My criticism of the reformer in the American theatre at the present time is that he has yet to make his theories

fit throughout the broad land before he himself may be accounted American. He must travel, as Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay have traveled, to feel the open spaces which are not Broadway. He must get away from the sophistication of Vienna to sense our national temperament, and background.

Such books as *Our American Theatre* do not touch the real subject at all; they evade the matter by unrelating the development with life, and attaching it merely to names. We who are so eager to organize for everything of a practical nature have as yet failed to obey Matthew Arnold's injunction: "Organize the theatre." We have tried to under various names—Art Societies and Theatre Leagues that have degenerated into cliques of jealous groups eager to knife each other for particular ends. The one good that has come from such puerile organization has been the steady spread of interest in drama as drama, which has made the reading of a play, the study of a play, and the writing of a play common occurrence. The Little Theatre movement is the practical outlet for this growing interest; it was also partly the outcome of a need for theatre amusement in neglected localities. Imitative in its structure, in its organization, in its establishment of "workshops", each theatre has been jealous of its neighbor, headstrong, and there has been no endeavor to draw them together in artistic brotherhood of common endeavour. Through organization, it is these groups—upon which countless money has been expended—that could have hastened a wider spread of the principles for which a few reformers have been fighting in their studios. As it is, we have some vital principles in our theatre, but the country at large is still barren; its thirst for theatrical art still unslaked and unmeasured. Go to any average city in the Union, with a population over fifty thousand, and note what is offered in the way of amusement.

We should not rest content by saying: "Here are the principles; leave them or take them, as you will." We must organize to spread the gospel of the theatre. The Department of Agriculture sends a demonstration car through country districts. *Scribner's Magazine*, in the early 'eighties, sent a car through the South to discover Southern authors, with the result that Cable, Harris, James Lane Allen and Thomas Nelson Page were brought to

light. It is time that a car, labelled "The American Theatre", be sent from coast to coast, correlating and coördinating those diverse elements in the nation interested in the theatre and its future. The Theatre Guild, in accord with the desire of many centres outside New York, has sent upon the road a repertory company of its own. And in its wake may come salutary effect. But I doubt whether this company will go outside the beaten track of big cities. What is needed is evangelistic work on the part of the Guild—to spread the Gospel by which they live, if it be other than to be a success for the small band of its organizers, and to pay a commendable interest on the bonds which have recently been sold to buy for itself a playhouse in New York. There is need of some sacrifice in this work of organizing the theatre—not the theatre of New York, but of what the New York manager likes to call "the provinces".

In this investigation of the American Theatre, I think it just as necessary to examine into the state of soul of the reformer as of the reformed. Granting the salutary good of their revolution, we should ask if their efforts are sincere or merely accomplished in the spirit of wanting to be advanced and bizarre. Is there not urging them on an unstable emotionalism which makes them unbalanced in their observation and unwise in their application? They may have brought to the theatre certain symptoms of inhibitions in themselves which they try to inflict upon others. They overpraise John Barrymore as the *Hamlet* of this radio-charged age, they undervalue Walter Hampden as the journeyman artist, when at least the latter's effort toward encouraging repertory is fundamentally more sincere and effective than the former's. There is a great deal of theatrical log-rolling being done these days in the theatre, and such reformers have no national concern.

During all these years of attempting to broaden interest in the theatre, in cities, in college faculties, in Leagues, there has been no actual opening of territory, no actual training of audiences, no permanent establishment of anything. Orchestras have been endowed in the meantime, concerts have been given by the great artists in out of the way centres where passion for music is as great as it is in Carnegie Hall. But if there is a passion for art

like Duse's in an isolated community, it must be starved. There is no way to give it succor. One reads of Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Pelléas and Mélisande;* but one must see them and their youthful romance to be imbued with the sense of flowering things in the theatre. It would be different if the United States were a small territory; then radiating lines would draw the population more to the big cities; it would be less of a railroad expense to take a production to the most isolated community. That those who attain eminence in their art should be brought into the widest contact possible for the good of themselves and the country goes without saying. But how?

The American Theatre cannot hope to be represented adequately by a few institutional playhouses, as in the case of the countries abroad. The chain system has thus far proved to be the only one wherewith the whole country can be served—from groceries to art! Thus it is that for a solution of the country's amusement ills I look to the establishment of local repertory or stock houses, either supported by group initiative, as in the case of the Theatre Guild in New York, or by communal appropriation or by private endowment. I believe that, by one of these methods, centres could be taken care of, and would support such houses, run wisely, in the spirit the revolution has designated.

Our very limited experience with small groups of people banded together for the presentation of plays indicates that they can only breed good. Eugene O'Neill was fathered by the Provincetown Players, Jones first came into note with the Washington Square Players, Dunsany was rescued by the Neighborhood Playhouse. Such small groups as rush to give Synge, Lady Gregory and Yeats; as yearn for a chance to present Schnitzler's *Anatol* and Andreyeff's *The Life of Man*, are just the groups that should welcome a writer of Miss Vollmer's intensity. And such groups should, in themselves, dig the soil of their own environment, and write from experience. A course like Professor Baker's can show one the short cuts to dramatic effectiveness, can indicate how to shape materials, but the stuff from which plays are made comes from probing one's own experience, one's own spiritual values, one's own ideals, and subjecting them to the flame by which all real art is forged.

In the meantime we are finding some strange happenings in the only organized theatre there is at present: the playhouse run on commercial lines. The insurgent has trained the commercial manager who, with the instinct of the showman, sees the artistic pays, since there is a public for it. Our decorators have been called in for the preparation of Revues; they have adorned dance halls and restaurants. It is becoming easier year by year for the art reformer to find outlet for his expression, even though as yet he has not gained absolute control in the theatre. For the control of the theatre has shifted to a much more insidious power than the commercial producer: it has to do largely with real estate values. The manager of the old régime is still true to type; he has never swerved from his competitive system of running the theatre at a profit to himself, and when he finds, as he has been finding for some years, that others are willing to run the expense of production, he stands by with an occasional venture in the field of actual production, and reaps his reward in ground rent, the payment of which the "attraction" has to assure, otherwise it must get out. Stanislavsky, Duse, Reinhardt, Sir John Martin-Harvey, come to this country under the management of that firm which can best assure them adequate returns. There is no organized theatre of the revolutionary type to take them through the country, and so they will travel only to those centres where it will be most profitable to the manager. In this respect the reform movement has thus far failed.

For many years there has been a desire on the part of Gordon Craig to come to this country, but no one has ventured thus far to assure him of the support necessary to bring him. Yet upon his statements, upon his vision, upon his philosophies, the whole modern movement of art and artist in the theatre has depended. He might be the evangelist throughout this land, as he was in Russia and Germany. We need a Preacher of the Power of the Theatre to stir us with a love of the theatre which may be inherent in us but which, because of the parched condition of the road theatrically, has not become powerfully manifest. We need someone like Emerson, who raised the common man's eyes to the stars, to invest the theatre with a soul and with an urge that makes it part of the national life. When Duse, during

Ghosts, lifted her hands in despair over Oswald's degeneracy, when the Widow Cagle, in *Sun Up*, sat smoking in the inarticulate agony of her grief over her boy's going to war, when Stanislavsky probed for me to the centre of what he considered artistic creativeness, and its starting point, I got the full meaning of what the theatre, when it is sincere, can do to stir. The country needs to be stirred. Unfortunately it will not see Duse, or Martin-Harvey, or the Moscow Art Theatre, or Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. But it can for itself present such drama as Miss Vollmer's *Sun Up* and *The Shame Woman*, because easily within its scope.

The old theatrical circuit system has fallen down; the high cost of production and transportation has closed the road. A new zoning of the vast territory is requisite. There should be more circuits, independent and self-supporting, that take care of their own quota of theatre population. A way then could be found of keeping in permanent circulation many a play which, though having marketable value, when it has finished its limited run of profit-making cities, is sent to the warehouse. Then it might be profitable to have a visiting "star" go to Indianapolis or Atlanta or New Orleans, just as the "star" now goes to the Theatre Guild. Our American Theatre must be as fluent as that.

So, regarding New York purely as a laboratory for the New Movement in the Theatre, it is well still to feel concern for the disorganized condition of the Broad High Way. There has been no effort anywhere to give articulation to the theatrical artistic needs of the country at large. The reformer is making the theatre very technical in his writing; he is only really understood by his brother artist, or by a few critics whose specialty is the theatre. He has professional fervour but no social fervour at all. There is much gabble about the American Theatre, but not much lucid squaring with the demands of American life. There has been no real psychologist among these theorists to tell them that the realistic habit has a basis in physical organism: that the stimuli which made Berkeley say "ouch!" when Dr. Johnson kicked his shin were not the same which made him deny the existence of matter. Matthew Arnold's injunction still holds good: Organize the theatre. The country is in dire need of it.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

THE BLISS OF SOLITUDE

BY WILLIAM CHASE GREENE

One of the most delightful experiences that I know comes to me whenever I leave the city and plunge for a time into the wilderness. It does not matter how prosaic the transition; I may stumble, laden with baggage, to a hot and crowded train, in which stodgy men are forever bowed over the sporting page, and tired women are scolding peevish children, and scattered fragments of their too generous lunches cover the floor; the train may snort and fume its tedious way through leagues of suburban ugliness. All that does not matter. I can shut my eyes with the sense of a blessed release; for I know that at the end of the journey there is tranquillity. Long before I have actually reached the hills I can feel the breath of the pine forest; I can already feel the coolness of that first dip in the lake closing about me; already I am standing at the edge of a cliff, watching the cloud-shadows on the distant range.

The peculiar delight of the adventure, however, is that realization always surpasses anticipation. That dip in the lake is always more deliciously cool than I had imagined; the stillness of the mountain side, the broken chorus of bird notes, the hushed voice of a hidden waterfall, the whiteness of the forest flowers, always overcome me with a new surprise. The very sense of remoteness, though eagerly expected, seems unexpected.

Then comes a reaction; something is lacking. This remoteness was what I longed for; yes, but not only this. I begin rapidly to make a mental adjustment. What I craved was not merely the absence of crowds and heat and confusion; that is too negative. Nor was it merely a desire for the more positive delights of unspoiled nature: for nature itself soon palls unless there is something interfused. What I really sought was not mere emptiness, however oppressive the contacts of city life might have appeared, but rather an unobtrusive companionship, a world of give and

take, a sympathetic atmosphere in which things appear in their true colours.

Whether the escape to the wilderness can of itself provide such a satisfaction, I greatly doubt. Except in those rare moods in which we really lose ourselves in the presence of nature, finding, like the religious mystic, a real gain in our abasement, we experience only a temporary relief from the pressure of civilization; then, human beings that we are, we seek human companionship. In fact, even when I most crave solitude, it is seldom utter solitude; it is rather fellowship in solitude. So the mountain ramble that is shared with a human companion satisfies several successive longings: first there is the release from the crowded human environment, and the sympathetic companionship with nature; then comes a sense of frustration and a return to the more intimate human level, followed, perhaps, by a final stage in which the new human relationship is absorbed in its larger environment. We might phrase the experience in a monologue: "At last I am free from Them; I am Myself. No, there is this Other, that seems to feel with Me; or am I indeed not part of It? No, It cannot care for Me; It is Other, and I am I. But here is One like Me; We are not Other; We are One. Yet, if We are One, there must be Other; or are We not perhaps part of yonder Other?"

I venture to believe that not a few of those who may chance to read these words will set down as foolishness what I have just written, but that they do nevertheless in their own practice bear witness to its essential truth. They like to tramp in the mountains; but they are afraid of being bored if they go alone. Yet, when they have come to the end of a climb and the long-sought vista lifts before them, a certain tact keeps them, for a moment at least, from bursting into banal conversation, even from obvious comment on the view. They know instinctively that the ground on which they stand is holy. But reticence soon gives place to conversation and the reassertion of human relationships. So they oscillate between the fellowship that words cannot express and the fellowship that must have voice.

Men have always sought in solitude and in the wilderness something that they failed to find in society. Sometimes they

have succeeded in their quest, especially if theirs was a definite object, such as mere freedom from distraction, for the performance of a task. The younger Pliny, a proper and a kindly man, had a room constructed in a distant tower of his villa; and there, even during the noisy festivities of the Saturnalia that turned topsy-turvy the other parts of the house, he was able to continue his literary labours with ever-increasing self-esteem. Certain it is that concentration of mind depends largely on occasional solitude; but for this the physical surroundings matter surprisingly little, if only they are not distracting. One may find solitude and room for desultory meditation in the armchair of a club; even, I dare affirm, in the dentist's chair. But a lasting peace of mind will come only to one whose solitude, however found, affords opportunity for deliberate and continuous pursuit of a single aim.

In the monastic life of the middle ages, nearness to God was not wholly a matter of remoteness from men, though the occasional practice of solitude surely had something to do with the beauty and simplicity of character of a Thomas à Kempis. Recently Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick has made an eloquent plea for a place in our lives for this ideal.[1] Yet he is free to admit that "like unchartered freedom, solitude unregulated becomes a burden." The monk did not spend his time wholly in idle meditation; he had his regular tasks in garden or library or cell; and his life distilled from the tranquillity of his tasks something of their sober sweetness. How grievous a mistake, however, it is to suppose that such tranquillity is confined to the monastic life! Senancour, writes Mr. Sedgwick, "achieved nothing because he wandered about in search of a monastery built by human hands out of bricks and clay, and did not learn that each man must build a silent sanctuary for himself out of spiritual materials, and that the physical monastery is merely of value according as it shall serve that end."

No less grievous is the mistake of those who have sought to find in the wilderness something ready-made, a panacea for all troubles. This is a modern failing, rarely to be found, I think, in the ancient world. However deeply the beauty of nature

[1] *Pro Vita Monastica:* An Essay in Defence of the Contemplative Virtues.

sank into the minds of the Greeks, they knew that the world of nature and the world of men are somehow different; and it was seldom except in the hour of extreme distress, perhaps only in the hour of desertion by their fellow-men, that it seemed possible to them to call upon nature as a kindred being. It is the deserted Philoctetes, in the play of Sophocles, who cries, "O ye creeks and headlands, O ye wild creatures of the hills with whom I dwell, O ye steep cliffs! to you—for to whom else can I speak?—to you, my wonted listeners, I bewail my treatment by the son of Achilles."[1] Even this outcry is far from the pose of a Manfred. And it was only by the conventions of a later and more sophisticated age that lovers confided their happiness and their sorrows to a sympathetic nature.

I have been dealing just now with the creations of poets. But we can find more trustworthy evidence in the lives and the writings of two poets who made a practice of solitude. Some have thought that Petrarch's cult of solitude was largely a pose, intended to impress his contemporaries. He did indeed write to a friend: "We will withdraw from the world and live concealed, but not without glory. Unless I am deceived in my hopes, our fame will resound all the more glorious, coming from a solitary retreat rather than from a populous city." But we must not forget that the first time that he saw Vaucluse, when he was only a boy, he said, "Here, now, is a retirement suited to my taste, and preferable in my eyes to the greatest and most splendid cities." Not unnaturally, then, it was to Vaucluse that he fled in his early thirties, determined to forget Laura and to shun the iniquities of Avignon; determined, too, to write. Here is his own account of the choice, contained in his *Letter to Posterity:* "Having returned from my travels, and being overcome by my innate disgust and dislike of all cities (but above all of that most detestable one), I looked about for some retreat, some harbour, as it were; and I discovered a very small, but lonely and delightful valley called Vaucluse, where the Sorgue, queen of all streams, takes its rise. Captivated by the beauty of the place, I transplanted thither myself and my books." In this lovely and secluded valley beside the gushing Sorgue, overshadowed by towering cliffs, with

[1] Translated by Jebb.

only a dog for companion and only an old fisherman and his wife for neighbours, he lived a labourious, even an ascetic life.

"Here I make war upon my senses," he writes, "and treat them as my enemies. My eyes, which have drawn me into a thousand difficulties, see no longer either gold, or precious stones, or ivory or purple; they behold nothing save the water, the firmament, and the rocks. . . . My ears are no longer courted by those harmonious instruments and voices which have so often transported my soul; they hear nothing but the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds, and the murmurs of the river. I keep silence from noon till night. There is no one to converse with; for the good people, employed in spreading their nets, or tending their vines and orchards, are no great adepts at conversation." He tells of his hard fare,— coarse bread, with figs, raisins, and nuts for luxuries,—and his rough dress. He writes affectionately of his two gardens. One, which he calls his "Transalpine Helicon", is "shady, formed for contemplation and sacred to Apollo. It overhangs the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks and by places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus; and, what is very singular, it is in the midst of a rapid river. . . . It invites to study. Hither I retreat during the noontide hours; my mornings are engaged upon the hills, or in the garden sacred to Apollo."

There can be no question that Petrarch loved Vaucluse. We find him spending whole years there, or returning there at Lent. Other retreats he had, from time to time, near Parma and near Milan; but his first love was Vaucluse. Nor can there be any doubt that he loved nature in a manner that was strange to most of the ancients and that anticipates the modern attitude. He was a climber of mountains in a day when most men were repelled by the thought of mountain-climbing; he would get up at midnight in summer to ramble in the fields or on the hills. Industrious student though he was, he nevertheless had an eye for the loveliness around him. And his richly sensitive temperament found at times in the natural world a sympathetic answer.

Whether Petrarch was happy in his solitude is a wholly different question. He wrote of Vaucluse, to be sure, "When a

child, I visited it, and it nourished my youth in its sunny bosom. When grown to manhood, I passed some of the pleasantest years of my life in the shut-up valley. Grown old, I wish to pass in it my last years." But these lines were written when Petrarch was absent from the enchantments of Vaucluse. Again, while absent, he wrote, "My country-house is the temple of peace and the home of repose." Yet whenever he was there, he betrayed restlessness. He had few visitors, and showed a pathetic anxiety to have his friends visit him; even Horace at the Sabine Farm could not have been more sociably inclined than Petrarch sometimes was,—when he had no company. It was unfortunate for him, too, that Vaucluse was so near to Avignon and Laura, whom he could not forget. "It was there," he wrote, "that I sought to moderate my passion for Laura, which, alas, solitude only cherished." He affected to believe that it was chiefly the proximity to the iniquity of Avignon that disturbed him; however that may be, it was while he was staying at Vaucluse that he wrote most about Laura; and he returned to Vaucluse even while he had his other retreat near Parma. He was troubled, as Thomas Campbell remarked, by a "perpetual belief that he should be happier in some other place than where he chanced to be." Petrarch himself half guessed the truth; at any rate, his reply to the Cardinal of Boulogne shows us what was at work in his mind. They were contemplating the Lake of Garda. "It must be confessed," said the Cardinal, "that your country is more beautiful than ours. But you must agree," he continued, observing Petrarch's delight, "that ours is more tranquil." "That is true," replied Petrarch; "but we can obtain tranquillity whenever we choose to come to our senses and desire peace, whereas you cannot procure those beauties which nature has lavished on us." Here Petrarch fell short but little of the Horatian *aperçu:* "They who cross the seas change their sky, but not themselves."

After the death of Laura, habit and a fondness for the place, now endeared by old associations, led him often to revisit Vaucluse. He had not wholly learned his lesson even yet. He wrote to Italy, to excuse himself for lingering at Vaucluse: "The inconstancy of the human mind must serve as my excuse. I have now learned that change of place is the only thing which can

long keep from us the *ennui* that is inseparable from a sedentary life." His fine words to the Cardinal seem to have been forgotten. A little later we find him writing that he could accustom himself to any habitation in the world, except Avignon.

During these years he has had much to say not only about Vaucluse but about solitude. In the letter just mentioned, he tells of his occupations. "I rise at midnight; I go out at break of day; I study in the fields as in my library; I read, I write, I dream; I struggle against indolence, luxury, and pleasure. I wander all day among the arid mountains, the fresh valleys, and the deep caverns. I walk much on the banks of the Sorgue, where I meet no one to distract me. I recall the past, I deliberate on the future; and in this contemplation, I find a resource against my solitude." By a constant struggle, then, he renders solitude supportable. Yet he often seems to be in love with solitude. He advises his brother to go into a monastery. He writes a treatise, *De Vita Solitaria*, on solitude considered chiefly from the religious point of view. This little book became the subject of an amusing conversation between its author and the Emperor. On being asked what kind of life best pleased him, Petrarch replied without hesitation, "The life of solitude; for no existence can be safer, or more peaceful and happy . . . I love to pursue solitude, when I may, into her own haunts—the forests and mountains. Often in the past I have done this, and when, as at present, it is impossible, I do the best I can, and seek such seclusion as is to be found in the city itself." The Emperor disagreed. On Petrarch's mention of his own treatise on solitude, the Emperor interrupted, declaring that he knew of the book, and that if it ever fell into his hands he would promptly throw it into the fire. Petrarch took the retort in a good-natured fashion, and admitted afterwards his surprise at the energy displayed by the Emperor in the ensuing argument, though neither convinced the other.

For by this time Petrarch had developed a more dependable philosophy; it was no longer Vaucluse, or any other place, on which he staked his happiness. He had learned that it was solitude itself, or rather the attitude of mind which solitude nourishes, that gave him comfort. From his retreat near Milan

he writes, "Though I have often changed my place of abode, I have always led nearly the same kind of life. . . . I read and write night and day; the one occupation refreshes me from the fatigue of the other. These are my employments, these are my pleasures. . . . Though I have always loved solitude and silence, I am a great gossip with my friends, which arises, perhaps, from my seeing them but rarely. . . . I resemble that class of people of whom Seneca speaks, who seize life in detail, and not by the gross."

If these words seem to show that Petrarch has at last achieved the secret of tranquillity, they hardly betray the struggle that the achievement cost him. In order to witness the struggle, we have only to turn back to his *Secretum*, written in his prime, before the death of Laura. This is the most remarkable piece of courageous self-dissection that has been written since the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. It is appropriate therefore that it should be in the form of a series of three imaginary dialogues, in which St. Augustine enacts the *rôle* of Petrarch's own conscience. Finding that Petrarch is the victim of melancholy, the saint puts his finger on the difficulty; it is the result of weakness of will and an imperfect sublimation of his desires. With relentless attack, and occasionally with the display of a testy temper, he probes the hidden weakness of his disciple; he presses him hard with argument, pointing the way to peace by means of the familiar doctrines of the Platonic and ascetic tradition, and barbing his arrows with an armory of quotations from Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and the writings of the two speakers. The pride of learning and the pride of the body, ambition and respect for the standards of the world, passion and the devotion to an earthly love—these are what stand in the way of peace. They have even taken from him his untroubled enjoyment of rustic solitude. "Do you remember with what delight you used to wander in the depth of the country? Sometimes, laying yourself down on a bed of turf, you would listen to the water of a brook murmuring over the stones; at another time, seated on some open hill, you would let your eye wander freely over the plain stretched at your feet; at others, again, you enjoyed a sweet slumber beneath the shady trees of some valley in the noontide heat, and revelled in the delicious

silence."[1] But that is all gone, and it is Petrarch's own fault. "It is, indeed, your own spirit and none other which too long has not dared to follow the true law of its nature, and has thought itself a prisoner only because it would not break its chain." What, then, is the remedy? It is real humility and self-abnegation, the discipline of the passions, that leads to an inner serenity that "the thunder of the world" cannot disturb. Petrarch retreats, step by step, and admits that "it depends only on myself to get away from towns." And St. Augustine proceeds in a new sort of *Remedium Amoris* to counsel a change of scene, provided that it be attended by a change of heart, even quoting the remark of Horace that I have already mentioned. And he adds a further word of caution: "You must avoid solitude, until you are quite sure that you have not a trace of your old ailment left."

So poor Petrarch lays bare the secret of his inner lack of harmony. And I suspect that he was very near the truth of the matter. We may discount, if we choose, the extreme opposition of the two conceptions of life that were at war within him, the ancient ideal of life as a preparation for death and the perennial ideal of the enjoyment of the world around us; that is a theological issue which Petrarch was not ready to dodge. But, waiving the particular form of conflict, it remains true that Petrarch's imperfect happiness in his hours of solitude came, as he knew, from a lack of inward harmony and serenity. Granted that any reconciliation could be found, solitude whether at Vaucluse or in the city would only have enhanced it.

Beside the figure of Petrarch, therefore, I am tempted to set that of another man, like him troubled at times by a mind not at peace with itself, yet immeasurably nearer to harmony, and for this very reason able to find in solitude a friendly environment. The hermit of Vaucluse and the recluse of Dove Cottage, though each in due season a laureate, have little enough in common; but one must not forget that Wordsworth, like Petrarch, was enamoured as a boy of the retreat to which he was later to betake himself, as we are told in the opening lines of *The Recluse*. And it was with something of the same sense of relief that he fled thither,

[1] Translated by W. H. Draper.

> . . . escaped
> From the vast city, where I long had pined
> A discontented sojourner: now free,
> Free as a bird to settle where I will.

Nevertheless, although Wordsworth was able to speak of "the self-sufficing power of solitude", it was not loneliness that he sought; for him even London, with its heartless indifference to humanity, was a "crowded solitude". Much as he has to say of solitude,—and the very word, in various forms, is to be found in his poems several hundred times,—he recurs again and again to the fact that the delights of Grasmere were not his alone, but were shared with his devoted sister; later, with his wife also, and with dear friends. More than this, he was constantly haunted by a sense that the valley was peopled with other beings, human and animal, whose everlasting round of labour, of joy and sorrow, bound the region and bound him fast with a chain of memories and associations. This, then, was for him no solitude, save as he chose to withdraw into himself, as he could easily do, from time to time, both in the geographical and in the figurative sense. But a relative release from insistent and unsympathetic demands, Wordsworth could and did find.

Thus released, he was free to let his mind steep in intuitions and impressions from without, in what he calls a "wise passiveness". He dwells constantly on this quality of mind: "The heart that watches and receives;" "The harvest of a quiet eye, That broods and sleeps on his own heart;"

> . . . That serene and blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body; and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

The very subject of the poem on the daffodils, he writes, "is rather an elementary feeling and simple impression . . . upon the imaginative faculty, than an exertion of it." Yet this

"passiveness" is not wholly passive; it is rather a mood in which a mind, already prepared by previous states of feeling, curiously observes what is before it, and does not distinguish clearly between observation and interpretation. More and more the poet projects himself into the world about him. "An auxiliar light Came from my mind, which on the setting sun Bestowed new splendours." "To inorganic natures were transferred My own enjoyments." The process was perhaps the work of what he terms "an internal brightness", meaning his poetic faculty. If it seems dangerously near to the "pathetic fallacy", we must notice that Wordsworth's aim is not merely a scientific account of nature as it is in and by itself, but the record of its influence on himself.

Not only in the *Prelude*, his most nearly continuous commentary on this give and take between his own mind and nature, but in countless other poems he gives voice to his settled conviction. Let a few lines from *The Recluse* serve to show his belief; he hopes to proclaim—

> How exquisitely the individual Mind
> . . . . . to the external World
> Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too—
> Theme this but little heard of among men—
> The external World is fitted to the Mind.

Now this creed is not the result of abstract reasoning; indeed, reason would often point to a different conclusion. It is the result of a long-continued emotional attitude toward the common things about the poet; it proceeds from the poet rather than from nature. In his prose writings he shows clearly enough that he knows at least part of the time what he is about. He tells us that the object of his poems is to throw over incidents and situations chosen from common life "a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." He is interested in the "manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement." The feeling "gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling." One group of his poems, the *Moods of My Own Mind*, "taken collectively, fix the attention upon a subject eminently poetical, viz., the interest which objects in

Nature derive from the predominance of certain affections, more or less permanent, more or less capable of salutary renewal in the mind of the being contemplating these objects." Nor does the eye or the mind approach nature without prepossessions; for the emotions that are by the poet "recollected in tranquillity" are themselves the result of previous emotional states, as Wordsworth himself observes.

I have been at pains to quote somewhat extensively from Wordsworth's own language, in order to exhibit the process by which the poet's humanity asserted its dominance over inanimate nature. Let us not forget that he proclaims the Mind of Man as "My haunt and the main region of my song"; here he speaks with a more intimate knowledge of the character of his theme than many careless readers of his poems on nature have attributed to him. He did not idly assign to nature an inferior and an intermediate position in enumerating the subjects to be treated in *The Recluse*,—his "views of Man, Nature, and Society",—or in describing his method:

> On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
> Musing in Solitude, I oft perceive
> Fair trains of imagery before me rise.

The truth of the matter is that Wordsworth, like most of us, found in nature very largely what he took to her. If nature was for him not exactly a jolly companion, but rather a tranquilly joyous spirit, it was because Wordsworth himself was at heart calm. If she was a benevolent power, it was perhaps chiefly because his intuitions and emotions had already predisposed him to find her benevolent and to shut his eyes to cruelty and indifference. Often what he takes for the voice of nature is in reality the imagined echo of his own voice.

What, then of solitude? Why, surely it can do nothing more than give nutriment to what is already in one; it may allow one to gaze into an unclouded pool and see one's real face that has been almost forgotten when the pool was troubled by the presence of others.

> When from our better selves we have too long
> Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,

> Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
> How gracious, how benign, is Solitude.

Even so, Wordsworth holds, it is most potent when its image is embodied in human form, or, as he elsewhere urges, in human sympathies.

> Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
> And solitude, that they do favour most,
> Most frequently call forth, and best sustain
> These pure sensations.

But all this must exist, at least in the germ, before solitude can do anything to stimulate it; and those who expect to find happiness in a rustic retreat had better be sure that their minds are disciplined for solitude. "People come to the Lakes," Wordsworth remarks, "and are charmed with a particular spot, and build a house, and find themselves discontented, forgetting that these things are only the sauce and garnish of life."

How few people are really good company for themselves! Most of us, when left alone for more than the briefest space of time, are bored. That is not in itself a grave matter; for most people are not often left alone. Their real misfortune is that they lack the curious eye, the active imagination that can create for them anywhere and at any time—even in society—a solitude, with the outlook and the mood that solitude best fosters. It is only the poet, active or potential, for whom the vacant or the pensive mood means pleasure.

> The outward shows of sky and earth,
> Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
> And impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude.
>
> In common things that round us lie
> Some random truths he can impart,—
> The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

His natural habit has prepared him; for "the bliss of solitude" depends, Mrs. Wordsworth knew as well as her husband, not on solitude, but on the "inward eye".

William Chase Greene.

SOME RECENT FRENCH NOVELS

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

THE characteristics of the new literature in France, which were hardly discernible in the first two years of the peace, have become more sharply defined during the last eighteen months. The war has created a new public. It is, of course, well known that the literature of a nation is always influenced or led by the actual feelings or aspirations of the public, and the changes which have taken place in the very soul of France itself are reflected in her literature of today.

Looking at these recent changes, one is startled by the analogy they offer to those which occurred after another great French and European shock, after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. Our public today is as different to the public of 1914 as the public of 1815 was to the one of 1789, and for similar causes. In 1815 the public was larger, more scattered, than the limited and disciplined public of the salons in the time of Louis XV and Louis XVI. This new public was, therefore, less known to the authors, who no longer wrote for a special *coterie*, but found matter for their inspiration in the genius of the whole nation, such as was reflected in themselves. Consequently, the literature of 1815 was both more personal, because the personality of the authors was more strongly marked upon it, and more diversified, because it reflected through different characters the various shades of the complex soul of the nation.

Today, as in 1815, the public has freed itself from all those literary preferences which all the writers of 1914, young and old alike, felt bound to reflect. It is a public more dependent upon its own experiences and aspirations, and one that had the training of the hard school of the war, which widened its understanding of life and men. It is, therefore, better able to see in their true light the many sides which constitute art and life. As a result,

the conventional novel, which conferred no honour upon either literature or France from 1880 to 1914, the novel of the eternal triangle, is today, except in the books of aged authors, no more to be found.

Another consequence of the Great War, but seen too in 1815, is that many of the literary young men turned towards history and historical research. Their aspiration to and desire of knowledge outran their time, and they no longer found themselves interested only in the conditions and conduct of their contemporaries. They were lured by the great problems of humanity. They sought to understand why such awful cataclysms as war were, how peaceful men could be changed over night into murderers, and could become, in the course of a few weeks, indifferent to the sufferings of others, and become used to kill. Unable to find a satisfactory answer in what they themselves had seen or what others said, they interrogated the past. Through history they wanted to know what man really is and what are his true relations to the Universe.

Finally, as in 1789–1815, when conditions created what Madame de Staël termed "an European spirit", so today there has evolved an international spirit. Each people has learned to know the habits and feelings of other peoples. But it must be said that in this great interpenetration, it is the influence of the American spirit which has been felt more strongly in France than that of any other nation.

These features can easily be discovered in one or the other of the books which were most successful during this last year with the French public. They are more in evidence in the novel which seems to have focussed the interest of all readers at the beginning of this last summer, *Le Réveil des Morts*, by Roland Dorgelès. M. Dorgelès is the young author of *Les Croix de Bois*, published during the war, which gave the most acute vision of the terror as well as the mercy of that conflict, and made its author immediately famous. He wrote a second book, *Saint Magloire*, which was not up to what his first book promised. But this third work is in the same vein as the first and, in its ending, is very near to a masterpiece. It is the story of a part of France, the devastated region, after the peace has been signed

and during the period of its evolution toward restoration. But it is much more the story of all the passions, rivalries, cheatings, profiteerings, of all the fights which have arisen simultaneously with the sincere and immense national effort to repair the damages resulting from the war, in eastern and northern France. A gloomy love story crosses from time to time the main action, but does not really attach itself to the interest, or, if it does, only in so far as it can illustrate and reënforce the dominant idea of the book, i.e., that the highest inspirations of men are ephemeral, sacrifice is useless, great principles are lost in individual egoisms, and in the universal lust for gold men forget, and the lesson of war is never retained.

The centre of interest might have been with the immense, astonishing effort of a badly wounded people to revive from the ruins of the Great War. But such a scheme would not accommodate the acute and pessimistic view of the author. He preferred rather to depict the realistic conditions of such a revival. The real centre of interest is, therefore, in the resumption by this fraction of humanity of its lowest instincts, its basest aspirations, this same bit of humanity that had been raised above itself for a brief term through probably the most severe shock known in history, past danger, past too the spirit of sacrifice, past even the remembrance of the unarmed heroism which inspired the million and a half men who died in order that this country might be saved. Harsh competition for money, tacit agreement to keep silence about these same troublesome heroisms, an imperative desire to take up the old and narrow paths of life, to resume the old ways of mutual distrust, of conflicting egoisms and hatred—this, in M. Dorgelès's view, is all the dead died for. Their voices are not heard, because they are drowned under the overwhelming cries of the living for money. The dead have died in vain.

But can this really be? Shall no protest be raised, in order to remind those who forget the great purpose for which so many of their countrymen gallantly fought and for which so many lives were lost? Shall no call ever come from the dead? It shall. And if the living refuse to hear this call, then will the dead rise from their graves and themselves make their voices to be heard.

The last chapter of the book is a sublime evocation of all these forgotten dead, rising from the soil where they have been hastily buried, from the trenches where they have continued their long-uninterrupted vigil, from the swamp where they have been engulfed, from the tunnel where they have been interred, while fighting, by the explosion of a shell. They rise, innumerable, silent, with their emaciated faces, empty eye-sockets, impassive and terrible in their coats of mud. But let us transcribe some passages of this grand rising of the dead who come to call to account those who have forgotten:

. . . The peasant was looking at these gloomy fields, while pushing his plow. When he came to the end of the ridge, he stopped and made his horse turn round. At this moment, before his feet he saw the ground move.

. . . "Well! a field mouse."

And with his wooden shoe he trampled down the clod which was moving. The shudder of the soil did not stop. On the contrary, it stretched. The earth seemed to try to rise. And the plowman looked, stupefied, at the ridge which was widening.

The horse had propped itself on its stiffened legs, its hair bristling, and snuffed with fright. The peasant, frightened too, began to recede, his temples wet with perspiration. Now, a kind of pit was before him. A little more earth glided and a form began to move at the bottom of the hole. It shook the soil, and the terrified plowman saw a soldier, a dead soldier with his blue coat, supporting himself on his elbows and looking at him.

He could not even call. His arms were twisted with fright, his convulsed face was worse than livid. He raised his eyes and the dizziness made everything swim before him. The whole land was moving as though a great underground force were working it. Hillocks were rising, and the valleys were widening with a great, wave-like motion. There was a stirring almost at the surface of the earth; something below wanted to live. The dead wanted to rise.

The ground hardened itself on them as if in order not to yield. But they bent their muscles, they stretched their stiff legs and the earth creaked everywhere under the pushing of their shoulders: the trenches gave way, broken by their heavy boots. And they were coming out, they were coming out. . . .

In one moment, the deserted field was full of them. Vacillating, still blind, they stood and the sandy soil flowed away from them.

"The dead!" tried to yell the peasant.

But not a sound came out of his throat. His paralyzed mouth articulated in silence. He ran to the village. All the inhabitants were there, gathered in a yelling mob.

A clamor of panic filled the streets. Some people fled, half-clad. Horse-

drawn cars and motors were speeding on the road. . . . At a glance, one could see all the Chemin des Dames, from the ruins of Craonne to the tombs of the Ange Gardien and, on all the slopes were swarms of muddy soldiers who were approaching, in unequipped, armless bands as though the bugle had called for the Great Reveille at last.

. . . . . .

The news had run faster than those who fled. The whole of France already knew the miracle and all were shivering, some from hope, some from fright.

Everybody all of a sudden understood that he had among them his dead, a dead who would call him to account, a dead whose hideous look he could not withstand when they would come and ask:

"What have you done?"

All those who had lied, stolen, disgraced, betrayed, felt the pangs of death when realizing that their dead were coming back.

Their terror made them hideous. They accused each other. The unfaithful wife fought her accomplice: the profiteers ran to church and prayed, or rushed to the stations, their pocketbooks full, their pearls in their handbags, and the most abject among them began putting streamers on the fronts of the houses which they had robbed:

"Honor to our beloved dead."

. . . . . .

"What have you done?"—cried the ghosts to their comrades of the trenches —"What have you changed, you who came back alive?"

"What have you done to save my wife and my children from death and from starvation?"—asked a territorial with grey whiskers.

"What had been done for others: seventeen cents for each child?"

"How many profiteers are in jail?"

"Could they tell them that no one had been sentenced? . . ."

. . . . . .

They had been promised that this was to be the last war. Lies! . . . That the oppressed people should be free. Lies! . . . That the thieves would be made to give back their booty, that the incapable officials, that the pitiless chiefs would be tried and punished. Lies! . . . Lies! . . .

—"Then you have changed nothing and we have died for nothing."

The war had only helped the business men; the only aristocracy that it created was the aristocracy of money—the treaties spoke but of money!

What had been done after the slaughter, when the peoples tired of hating, tired of killing, put their arms down? What had been done to ensure the peace of the world? Nothing! . . . The peace, based on millions of corpses bore in itself the germs of future hecatombs. All the dead had not yet been gathered up on all the fields, and already something like a great shivering of arms was passing over Europe.

"Ah! When we come back!" . . . had sworn the threatening soldiers in the trenches.

They had come back, but they had done nothing. And this is why the dead had risen. . . .

Although of quite a different inspiration, *La Brière*, by M. Alphonse de Chateaubriant, the book to which the French Academy awarded this year its highest distinction, presents some similitude in its composition to *Le Réveil des Morts*, in the quiet and somewhat immutable pessimism of the author in his method of dealing with his subject and in his conclusions. But the plot of the book is far from having so wide a scope. M. de Chateaubriant, although he was born in 1877, has written so far but two novels. Living most of the time in the country, he seems indifferent to the judgment of his contemporaries, is apparently without ambition, and is a lover of pure Art. His first book, written fourteen years ago, *Monsieur de Lourdines*, created a sensation when first published.

La Brière, written after the war, is free from all religious preoccupation. Sentiment, too, is almost ignored. It is a cold, cruel and depressing picture of rural life in its most matter of fact expression. As in *Le Réveil des Morts*, a love story appears from time to time, but only to turn to crime, attempted murder, madness and suicide. And as in M. Dorgelès's book, this meagre intrigue is only ephemeral. The real interest of the book, of the author, is elsewhere. It fastens on the small passions, rivalries, terrible hatreds of man to man, family to family, of the dwellers, turf workers and poachers who inhabit a marshland interspersed with islands, located in the Vendée near the River Loire. The property and independence of their land had been conferred upon the Brièrois by ducal privilege and letters patent long ago, at the time of the Duchesse Anne. Since that time, the Brièrois, proud and jealous of their independence, have refused to submit to any law but their own. They forbid to all strangers the access to their marsh, where they live like beavers, always rambling and roving over the wet plain in their flat boats, leaning on the boat-hook fishing for eels, or cutting down weeds. They live wild, fierce and proud, aloof from the world.

M. de Chateaubriant has symbolized and incarnated the soul of this land in one man, Aoustin, a turf worker who becomes a keeper and leads the fight for the independence of the land

against the *préfet* of the Department. This *préfet* has planned to improve the Brière by giving a license to some industrial societies so that they may establish factories and work the marsh on a grand scale. The announcement of the plan puts the Brière in turmoil, with the result that the letters patent of the Duchesse which ensure their right are lost. Aoustin starts an inquiry in all the villages for the recovery of these lost letters patent. They are finally found, and Aoustin forces the *préfet* to disown his plans. But just at this moment the people, instructed from the outside, address a petition to the same *préfet* asking for the building of factories which will pay high wages and provide for movies and dancing.

While this rural tragedy is going on, another drama occurs in the house of Aoustin. The daughter of Aoustin, Thèotiste, falls in love with a half-stranger, Jeanin, despised by her father, who of course refuses his consent to the marriage. This refusal only strengthens the love of Thèotiste and she joins Jeanin. The child born to them dies, and public scandal, started by the speech of a jealous neighbor, accuses Thèotiste of having killed it. She is sent to jail. Her lover, seeking revenge, shoots and nearly kills her father. Jeanin is judged, not by a regular tribunal, but by his own people, and after being subjected to a day of agony is banished and dies from shame and exposure. Thèotiste, upon completing her term in prison, comes out only to find that Jeanin had loved another woman. She becomes mad, and drowns herself before the eyes of her father, now a physical and moral wreck who can do nothing to help or save her.

In this harsh, cruel book, written in the most moderate and restrained tone, there is not one moment of relief. But the depressing emotion does not reside so much for the reader in the development of the fight of the Brièrois for their liberties and independence, nor in the brief, sad episodical idyll of Thèotiste and Jeanin. The real tragedy is in the very existence of those dwellers in the forlorn Brière. That such ugly humanity lives, makes one doubt life and its Creator. But in the unquestioned art and rare talent of Chateaubriant one feels they certainly live.

The same impression of sadness in the meanness of human sentiments and deeds, even of sacrifice, is felt in the very skilful

book of M. Estaunié, *L'Infirme aux mains de lumière.* M. Estaunié has given a soul to *things*, a language to furniture, the silent witnesses of so many crimes. He likes the half-shadows of life and the mediocrity in humanity. It is that weak, mean humanity, capable, at certain moments and under certain conditions that it does not even realize itself, of astonishing heroisms, that sublime humanity, which he depicts with his customary sober, delicate and strong art in this touching story.

To this same pitiless school belongs the last, and, from a literary viewpoint, the strongest book of M. Pierre Benoît, *Mademoiselle de la Ferté.* The great talent of the author of *L'Atlantide* is constantly shown here at its best. This calm, everyday story, with but few events, is the gray life of a country girl, who, after a short idyll and an apparently not serious disappointment, turns to works of charity in the confinement of her lonely home. Until the last pages, the reader may have no notion that the proud half-angel is a demon and that she has all along quietly, in cold blood, pursued the most terrible work of hatred and revenge that can be conceived. The great art of the author is shown in his delineation of Anne de la Ferté. Nothing of her character can be foreseen from the first part of the book. Nothing is even explained, or even suggested. It can only be deduced from certain attitudes, from a deed apparently insignificant, more even from silences. Never at any moment does this enigmatic woman betray herself. All the drama is restrained, and this is what makes it more terrible and anguishing.

A volume, the *Vie Hereuse* prize winner, *Silbermann*, by Jacques de Lacretelle, belongs to the same impassive type. In this case it presents the tragedy of a race. A schoolboy, of a Methodist family, tells the story of one of his schoolfellows, the young Silbermann, who is the perfect type of the clever, intellectual, hard-working and successful Jew. Silbermann is hated by his schoolfellows because he has, with all his qualities, the defects of his race. He is humble and insolent; sarcastic and flattering. Conscious himself that he is without a fatherland, he has chosen France, believing that there he will secure more intellectual as well as material profit. "To be French and Jewish," he exclaims, "what a dream!" But his schoolfellows

make him pay dear for this dream, though he copes with his tormentors and dominates them with his arguments while escaping their blows. He leads his class, but boasts of his brilliancy, and withal proclaims his ambition "to assimilate and absorb all the best of France". But this ambition is not to materialize. His father, half banker, half usurer, is accused of robbery. The judge before whom he is to appear is the father of his defender at school, the young Methodist. Because of the old schoolday friendship, Silbermann seeks to have his friend persuade his father, the Judge, to try to obtain a "not guilty" verdict. To this the Judge refuses to listen, and forbids his son to associate further with Silbermann. But the Judge does accept, in order to please an influential politician, what he has refused for the sake of Christian morals. Young Silbermann, discouraged, decides to leave France and sails for the United States, the land of equal opportunity, where he will find a field to develop his ambition. This is really a monograph on the characteristics of a race.

Other monographs which have received popular favour during the last year are, *Vauban*, by Daniel Halévy, and one on *Shelley*, by André Maurois, more charming than many novels, and of course interesting as life and history. Then, too, there is the curious novel of passion as well as gloomy Oriental tragedy, *Yamileh sous les cèdres*, by Henry Bordeaux, which markedly shows his great talent, and the one by the brothers Tharaud, which gives a most vivid description of the country of Lebanon, its poetry, religion and art, *Le Chemin de Damas*.

Of course, the great success of the past summer has been the delightful novel, *Le Roman des Quatre*, by Paul Bourget, Mme. Gérard d'Houville, Henri Duvernois and Pierre Benoît. This literary form—a novel of collaboration—is always difficult, and the most famous in France until this last one was *La Croix de Berny*, by Mme. de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau and Mery, which was published in the middle of the last century. But this suffered from the method followed in collaborating, whereas in *Le Roman des Quatre* each author took a character of the plot and wrote it from beginning to end according to his own temper and inspiration.

Thus Mme. Gérard d'Houville sketches the most exquisite

character of a girl, a French girl who shows the influence of the now spreading American education; M. Paul Bourget pictures the father of this girl; M. Pierre Benoît, the cousin of the girl, a young and already prominent dramatic author, who finally marries the heroine; while to M. Duvernois falls the rather unpleasant task of depicting the other cousin, a grave, serious engineer who never has learned and never will learn anything about women, who constitutes himself as adviser to his pretty cousin and who, in his sincere and profound love for her, believes he has the right to tell her what she may and what she may not do. In short, a most undesirable bore. This book certainly deserves the unqualified success it has achieved.

In conclusion, two books dealing with art are conspicuous among the others, *L'Histoire des Arts*, by Louis Gillet, which won the *Grand Prix Gobert* of the French Academy, and the sixth volume of the great *History of Art*, published under the direction of a prominent member of the Academie des Beaux Arts, M. André Michel. These two works appear like rocks which rise out of that ever-flowing stream of imagination which the fiction we have been discussing symbolizes.

GEORGES LECHARTIER.

Paris, November, 1923.

"PLACING" STUDENTS IN COLONIAL DAYS

BY CAROLINE E. VOSE

PRESENT day university and college presidents, confronted with innumerable, ofttimes seemingly insuperable, difficulties, must occasionally think with envy of the light duties of their predecessors who served when American colleges were young. It is customary to sigh for the simplicity of earlier times, and to lament the complexity of our own. But just because times were earlier, were they of necessity simpler?

The college problems of the Colonies may have been different from ours, but they were none the less bothersome and perplexing. Surely nothing could be more delicate than the task of "placing" each student according to social position at recitation, at Commons, and in the chapel—a duty which had to be performed at Harvard and Yale until about the time of the Revolutionary War. What man today with that dire responsibility facing him would ever accept the presidency of a college? To determine a student's academic standing is hard enough, but to pass upon his social status is far more exacting. This custom of "placing" students—in force at Harvard from the beginning, and later adopted by Yale at its foundation in 1700—apparently originated at the former college, for foreign universities did not make use of this system, although Ebenezer Baldwin says the Yale statutes were chiefly modeled upon "those of European Universities, where the footsteps of monarchial regulation were discerned. . . . So difficult was it to divest the minds of wise men of the influence of venerable follies, that the printed catalogues of students [at Yale], until the year 1768, were arranged according to respectability of parentage." As a matter of fact the Yale statutes were modeled mostly upon those of Harvard.

It is odd that the two earliest colleges in the New England Colonies, where social distinctions might be least expected,

should be the ones—and the only ones—in which they were rigidly observed. Our New England forefathers were not entirely concerned, as we are often led to believe, with saving their own souls, or even with the more congenial occupation of saving other people's, but were spending some time and thought upon their social position in the community. Theodore Woolsey, President of Yale, in an historical address to the graduates in 1850, declared: "We at this day can hardly conceive to what extent the social distinctions were then acknowledged and cherished. In the manuscript laws of the infant college [Yale] we find the following regulation which was borrowed from an early ordinance of Harvard under President Dunster: 'Every student shall be called by his sirname except he be the son of a nobleman, or a knight's eldest son.' I know not whether such a *rara avis in terris* ever received the honours of the college; but a kind of colonial untitled aristocracy grew up composed of the families of chief magistrates, and of other civilians and ministers. In the second year of college life, precedency according to the aristocratic scale was determined, and the arrangement of names on the class roll was in accordance."

General John Winslow, whose son Pelham was in the class of 1753 at Harvard, was so impressed with his own and his son's superiority that in October, 1749, he wrote a long letter to President Holyoke in which he stated that "as. . . . Rank in Our way is Look[d] upon as a Sacred Thing and it is Generaly allowed That the Sons of the New England Cambridge are Placed according to the Degrees of their ancestors, I have therefore put in My Pretentions for my Son;" after which he went on to give many genealogical details, as well as a full account of his public offices. As his son's name is second in a list of seventeen, General Winslow's "Pretentions" were evidently satisfactory.

At Harvard the "placing" was done by the President and Fellows, and at Yale by the Rector—later called the President—and the resident Fellows or Tutors. The lives of these individuals can have been none too happy immediately after the "placing" announcement. They were doubtless deluged with protests, and were aware of the ill feelings directed against them, to say nothing of the Puritan conscience which tortured by inquir-

ing, "Are you sure you did right? Were you fair? Were you just?" Any one who has wrestled with academic grades, who after tossing sleeplessly on his bed has finally risen to change a student's *C+* to a *B−* can sympathize with these seventeenth and eighteenth century educators. To start in on an endowment campaign for millions is an immense undertaking, but to rank your contemporaries socially is in some ways equally stupendous.

It was virtually the parents who were "placed", for the son's ranking depended upon the father's position. At first, according to the late Franklin B. Dexter, family pedigree was very important, but later there was a gradual change in this respect. Wealth, too, was a consideration, while the father's business or profession and his public offices were vital factors. John Pickett, Yale 1705, was first in a class of six, his position being due to the prominence of his maternal grandfather, Captain Daniel Wetherell—entrusted with John's education—as a citizen of New London. Captain Joseph Wakeman was "a prominent civilian" in recognition of whose standing his son was put at the head of the 1720 class of ten at Yale. Clergymen's sons were often placed high, as one might expect, but so were the sons of laymen. Lawyers' sons could also lay claim to high ranking. President Woolsey of Yale, in 1850, told a delightful story that long was in circulation, of a shoemaker's son who upon being questioned as to his father's occupation answered that "he was upon the bench," which gave him, of course, a high place. Doctors' sons had little social standing unless they had reasons other than their fathers' profession for distinction, while the sons of teachers, curiously enough, were shown little consideration socially.

My own investigations lead me to agree with Mr. Dexter who, after careful study of the records, concluded that no definite system for "placing" students can be formulated. Such anomalies as the following are often found. The son of Governor Thomas Dudley was second in the class of 1665 at Harvard, while Benjamin Eliot, son of the apostle Eliot, was first. One might naturally expect a Governor's son to have precedence. Samuel Ruggles was number twelve in the class of 1702 at Harvard out of a group of thirteen, while his brother Timothy was

eighth on the list of seventeen students in the Harvard 1707 class, and another brother, Benjamin, was first in a class of fourteen at Yale in 1721. Such differences in the same family are hard to account for unless they are due to the father's possible rise in the social scale from 1698 to the year 1717.

Once a student was "placed", his ranking was almost never altered—unless he were expelled or "degraded" by way of punishment—and even great distinction in later life effected no change in the position of his name in the college catalogues. Chief Justice Benjamin Prat, for instance, Harvard 1737, who attained almost unprecedented eminence, always stood last in a class of thirty-four.

"Degradation," which was the next highest punishment to expulsion, consisted in lowering a student's name on the class list. The Harvard and Yale records show various offenses for which this was the penalty. Henry Flynt, in his *Commonplace Book* for November 4, 1717, notes the "degrading" of a Harvard student "below five in his class, because he had been before publicly admonished for card-playing". At a Yale Trustees' meeting on November 21, 1722, it was "agreed that if any Student shall go into a Tavern Victualling House or Inn to eat or drink except he be called by his parents or Guardians or some such Person as the Rector or Tutor shall accept of or spend his time there and be convicted thereof he shall . . . for the Second Offence of that Kind . . . be degraded." The firing of guns in 1731 was punishable at Yale by "degradation". In 1740 the Yale Trustees, in order to enforce the entering of freshmen earlier in the college year, decreed "that if any of them shal not attend before the End of the first Quarter, without being detained by Sickness or some extraordinary Reason, he shal be placed the lowest in the class." The case of Isaac Burr, Yale 1753, a clergyman's son, offers a chance for interesting speculation. He was six in a class of seventeen until his junior year when, alas, he was moved down three places "as part of his punishment for repeatedly kicking a senior, for what provocation is not given." Why did Isaac feel impelled to kick this senior? Was he merely prompted by a naturally pugnacious disposition, or did the senior deserve the chastisement? Was the punishment

compensated for by the satisfaction of having delivered the kicks? One longs to have these questions answered. Knowing none of the facts, my own sympathies are with Isaac.

In many cases, if he repented of and confessed his fault, the "degraded" student was after a certain period reinstated. For instance, on July 20, 1776, it was voted at Harvard "that Trumbal, a Middle Bachelor, who was degraded to the bottom of his class for his misdemeanors when an undergraduate, having presented an humble confession of his faults, with a petition to be restored to his place in the class in the Catalogue now printing, be restored agreeable to his request."

Sometimes, however, the offender was less fortunate than Trumbal, as is evidenced by Samuel Melyen's sad experience. Melyen, originally fifth in a group of eight in the class of 1696 at Harvard, was dropped in his second year four places to the end of the list. The following letter written two years after his graduation shows how seriously college "placing" was regarded. On May 19, 1698, Melyen thus addressed Cotton Mather:

One favo^{r}, Worthy S^{r}! I should be exceedingly rejoyced to obtain at yo^{r} benign hands, if it may not engage yo^{r} self in a too great a trouble, which I will manifest after I have p^{r}mised, y^{t} towards y^{e} End of o^{r} Sophymoreship by my audaciously calling freshmen at y^{e} door of y^{e} Worthy M^{r} Brattle in a way of contempt, y^{e} Venerable & Reverend President with my Tutor, y^{e} well deserving M^{r} Leverett saw it convenient to place me y^{e} Lowest in y^{e} class, whereas before I was placed between S^{r} Remington & S^{r} Whitman.

Now, S^{r} my humble request is . . . that you would be pleas'd to motion to y^{e} Reverend President, that I may be reduced into my former station—Nothing S^{r} can be more gratefull to my Father & Mother nor anything more encouraging to me—I am very Sorry (& desire to be very penitent) that in that as well as in many other things I have displeased so worthy a Gentleman as y^{e} President, & so kind a Tutor as M^{r}Leverett wth y^{e} Rev^{d} M^{r} Brattle, hoping that y^{e} remainder of my days may be so manidg'd that glory may redown to God, & thereby some satisfaction may be made for y^{e} wrong I offer'd them—I . . . humbly beg their Pardon . . . hoping they will . . . grant me this favour, which will much encourage me in my labour & lay me und^{r} fresh obligations to serve them & yo^{r} noble self . . . —Had I, S^{r}! been placed at first Inferio^{r} to y^{e} rest, I should have been contented & thought it my place, . . . but it being after such a nature as it was, makes me very desirous of reducem^{t}—S^{r} All our class y^{t} were placed at first beneath me, have voluntarily manifested unto me y^{t} they were very willing I should Enjoy my Antient standing. . . .

One can imagine the writer—as he anxiously awaited the outcome—hoping and praying that his plea might be heeded, feeling somehow that with his stain wiped out he could start again with fresh courage and vigour. Alas, it was not to be! He was never reinstated, but was even more humiliated by having the name of Cotton Mather's cousin, Roland Cotton—who had left college on account of ill health before taking his degree—inserted second on the class list. Thus in all the late catalogues Melyen is number nine instead of being eight as at first. His whole career was unsuccessful and unhappy. He died when he was young, his sensitive nature crushed perhaps by the severity of his punishment for a boyish indiscretion. One hesitates to comment upon Cotton Mather's action in this case.

As time went on the custom of grading students socially occasioned more and more dissatisfaction, so much so that in about 1762 a new college in Western Massachusetts was planned, all because—so rumour whispered—of the "placing" of Colonel Israel Williams's son. A little gossip of the times is available in a letter from Oxenbridge Thacher to Chief Justice Prat in 1762, in which the writer ironically says, ". . . what occasions y^e^ most gaping of late, (we are not awake enough to speak,) is a charter for a new college in y^e^ county of Hampshire. The monarch of y^e^ county [Col. Williams] . . . took great offence at his son's being placed some years ago something lower in a class at our college [Harvard] than befitted y^e^ son of a king. He therefore, & his privy council came down y^e^ last Sessions prepared with a pet-on to incorporate a college in y^t^ county which they modestly said was all they desired." The proposed college, however, was never established, and it is not known whether Col. Williams's feelings were ever assuaged.

Beginning with the class of 1768, Yale students' names were printed alphabetically. No definite reasons for this arrangement are assigned except the general trend of the times toward democracy. Harvard did not adopt the alphabetical order of names until a few years later, the class of 1773 being the first to be so arranged. While here too the growth of republican sentiments was probably the real cause, the immediate one seems to have been the case of Samuel Phillips, Jr., Harvard 1771, who later

became Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and founder of Phillips Andover Academy. At a Trustees' meeting of Harvard College in August, 1769, the complaint of Samuel Phillips, Sr., about the ranking of his son was brought up. He had not been ranked with the sons of the Justices of the Quorum, and was placed below John Murray's son, although Samuel Phillips had been put in the Commission of Peace, and been made Justice of the Quorum before John Murray. The authorities after looking into the matter ordered that in future Samuel Phillips, Jr., should take his place above young Murray.

Mr. Phillips's shrewd letter to his son, just the kind a father might write today, makes the Phillipses delightfully real and human. Dated August 29, 1769, it reads:

> You are now in the most difficult situation, & the eyes of all, above and below you, will be upon you, & I wish it might be that you could be at home till the talk about the change was a little over. Every word, action, and even your countenance, will be watched, particularly by those who envy you, and perhaps by those who do not. Therefore keep as much retired as possible, waive all conversation upon it, don't let it appear that you are in the least degree affected with the change. If any difficulties should arise with any of your classmates that now fall below you, treat them with all possible tenderness. If you want advice how to conduct consult Mr Eliot & Mr Hillyard, but let it be in the most private manner, & keep the advice to yourself. If Murray is uneasy and manifests it to you, say nothing to irritate him. What if you should ask him, whether it would be any ease to his mind if you should continue to stand below him in reciting? But by no means give the most distant hint of yielding your place. But don't begin with him upon it. On the whole say as little as possible.

The father had made too great an effort to secure this coveted place to be willing to have it resigned again, and the son probably had no intention of suggesting its surrender, for according to Timothy Dwight, who knew him well, he was no advocate of democratic ideals. "The modern doctrine of liberty and equality he considered as a senseless and at the same time a most mischievous absurdity." Give in to Daniel Murray? Never! Unfortunately no records of the feelings of that superseded lad remain. His side of the affair would doubtless be as interesting as the Phillipses'. What a pity it is lost!

Josiah Quincy in his *History of Harvard University* discusses the abolishing of the custom of "placing" students. "This," he says ". . . was the frequent cause of discontent among the students and their families; and, as the population of the Province increased, and republican principles began to prevail, the principles of discrimination became more difficult and exciting." Then after alluding to Mr. Phillips's protest he continues: "This complaint exhibits one of the principles on which this offensive discrimination was made, and the feelings it naturally excited. On the recommendation of their visiting committee, the Overseers passed a vote, that, 'for the future, the practice should be laid aside, and that the names of the scholars, in each class, should be placed in alphabetical order,'" a ruling which, as before mentioned, went into effect with the class of 1773. Thus was abandoned a time-honoured college custom, just when the American Colonies, ceasing to be Colonies, were becoming the United States, and were promulgating the doctrine of the equality of all men, a doctrine which, today, our colleges and universities claim—rightly or wrongly—to be upholding.

CAROLINE E. VOSE.

VACHEL LINDSAY: EVANGELIST OF POETRY

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

It does not compel any perversion of logic to regard Vachel Lindsay as an inclusive representative of one of the three major manifestations in contemporary American poetry. Likewise he is a pivotal point and his influence will, in some measure, establish one of the potential roads in the future of our autochthonous verse. It is a peculiar fact that he is the one important figure of our day who seems to have attracted to himself no disciples, at least to the obvious extent to which Mr. Robinson, Mr. Frost and Mr. Masters have surrounded themselves with lesser atomies. His influence is of a more general sort; it is an atmosphere and not an attitude. It is this atmosphere, this subtle impregnation of the surrounding scene, that will manifest itself in the unmistakably opening roads which lead to the future American poetry. One aspect of that future is implied in noting that the roads will be plural. Our native poetry does not concentrate as poetry has done in some countries; it does not travel toward a unified expression. Indeed, the opposite is true. The variety of poets and the immensely dissimilar modes of conception are far greater today than they have been at any time in our history. At the same time they are more essentially American, less dependent on the cultural impulses of England. This, of course, is one reason for the diffuseness and variability of our national inspiration today. We have eventually discovered (long after Walt Whitman) our amazing variety and virility. In order to intimate (generally, of course) why Vachel Lindsay is a pivotal point in this variegated literature—so much of it admittedly tentative—it is necessary to point out briefly what he represents.

There are certain intellectual traits and emotional urges which we regard as peculiarly American. It is from the reasonable juxtaposition and fine marriage of these urges that our native

literature is due to issue. For instance, there is that calm New England reticence revealing life by side-glances, which we associate with the name of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Another urge is the crude, often shapeless, dynamic utterance that is best represented by the poetry of Edgar Lee Masters. And the third manifestation, to which I attach the name of Vachel Lindsay, is a virile evangelism, the reforming and revivalistic spirit rarified into literature. Of course there are other modes of literary expression, but none, I think, so peculiarly our own as the three enumerated above. There is the mental attitude toward life, certainly not American; and there is the sentimental attitude, assuredly American, but (it may be affirmed with equal assurance) now a decaying tradition, the weapon of secondary practitioners and no longer to be discovered in the front rank of those writers who are formulating the basic premises for the literature of tomorrow. Assuming, therefore, that the three urges I have noted are the most important, it is easily perceptible how important the status of Vachel Lindsay may be in the development of our poetry. For some reason we expect the majority of manifestations of the evangelistic spirit to emanate from the Middle West. It comes more naturally from Hiram College, which is Mr. Lindsay's Alma Mater, than it does from Harvard University, for instance. It is not so much that the closely settled East is more effete or less religious; the real reason seems to be that the Middle West is more naïve, and naïveté is nearly always a necessary corollary to evangelism. A man must be simple to be convinced that he has a mission. It also requires a lack of self consciousness. Anyone who has ever heard Vachel Lindsay recite will bear witness to the fact that he is not self conscious.

Now this poet is a pivotal point in American poetry in so far as he possesses the power to impress the fascination of the evangelistic attitude upon younger writers. Evangelism, as I have written, is a form of spiritual activity particularly attractive to a certain type of the American mind. At its worst it results in professional reformers and Harold Bell Wrights; at its best it can climb to the heights of a Garrison, even an Abraham Lincoln. The evangelistic mind, after all, is only the intense desire to better

mankind which has upset individualism and expressed itself in actual exertion. Whether or not it is wise for too many creative artists to act under this impulse is a moot question. Indeed, it is still arguable whether or not letters have anything to do with social propaganda. At the same time, it is manifest that they did have a lot to do with it during the formative period of our letters. But the doubt remains. There were many prophets, it will be remembered, and not all of them were true prophets. And evangelism often has a deplorable way of hardening into an obsession. Some of the greatest tyrants were perverted evangelists.

There would be no need to dwell upon this subject if it were not for the fact that a well defined strain of American blood responds with the utmost alacrity to the evangelistic urge. Messianic delusions are a yearly crop in this country, and there are enough self appointed angels to reach from here to Mars. Vachel Lindsay has not progressed to that exalted state where he regards himself as a Messiah, and it is perfectly evident that he will never reach that perilous predicament because he possesses altogether too much common sense. Allied with his common sense is an uncommon sense of humour, a trait that is generally defunct in the typical reformer. But in spite of these agreeable possessions Lindsay very clearly gives evidence of the evangelistic streak. There is hardly a poem which he has written that is not marked with that impulse somewhere. His *Collected Poems*, for instance, is more than a mere book; it is a weapon, a whole armoury of weapons, with which he has steadfastly fought on the side of the angels against the Powers of Darkness. He slashes out against greed, political chicanery, militarism, alcohol, war, capitalistic oppression, and all preservations of unequalities. He is frankly religious time and again with a vehemence that is almost stentorian. An essentially modern knight, he whacks away at vice with a resounding rhythm that sounds like a stuffed club. Yet there is a horseshoe in that club. He is as vigourous in his love of humanity as Walt Whitman.

Many of his poems are hymns of praise, visions of a golden future (a Utopia of gentleness, justice, charity and skyscrapers) when the lion will lie down in cosy amity with the lamb; above all,

the high song of brotherliness and love. He has written a *Litany of the Heroes* in which he roundly praises all those great minds which have aided Mankind in its long and difficult progress up the bloody slopes of Time. Because Vachel Lindsay is adapted to this sort of expression, because it is born and bred in his bones and is woven like a golden thread through his mind, he is thoroughly successful in handling subjects that would be but jaded repetitions of old truisms from the pen of a lesser writer. Everything he writes is the direct result of a strong and authentic emotion. To this bold evangelism he has brought a sweet reasonableness, a rare and delightful sense of humour, and a metrical emphasis that has been, to say the least, unusual.

A word should be written about this metrical emphasis. Lindsay himself has pointed out that his readers have given his so-called "jazz" poems an importance far out of their due, that they form but a small proportion of his work, and that he desires in no wise to be regarded as an exponent of what has been termed "the higher vaudeville". Such poems as *The Kallyope Yell*, *The Congo* and several others occupy but a few pages in the *Collected Poems*. They are delicious, particularly so when Lindsay recites them in a sonorous voice, but they can hardly be regarded as the essential Lindsay. Like all revivalists, he has his loud moments; like most sincere revivalists he has those other more important moments when the voice is softer and the passion more intense. The real Lindsay is implicit in such poems as *The Chinese Nightingale*, *I Know All This When Gypsy Fiddles Cry*, *In Praise of Johnny Appleseed*, *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*, the delicately conceived series of moon poems, *When the Mississippi Flowed in Indiana*, and *The Eagle That is Forgotten*. He is to be found in such a personal revelation (although practically every poem which Lindsay has written is, in some measure, a personal revelation) as *My Fathers Came from Kentucky*, which is well worth setting down as a self-portrait:

> I was born in Illinois,—
> Have lived there many days.
> And I have Northern words,
> And thoughts,
> And ways.

But my great-grandfathers came
To the west with Daniel Boone,
And taught his babes to read,
And heard the redbird's tune;

And heard the turkey's call,
And stilled the panther's cry,
And rolled on the blue-grass hills,
And looked God in the eye.

And feud and Hell were theirs;
Love, like the moon's desire,
Love like a burning-mine,
Love like rifle-fire.

I tell tales out of school
Till these Yankees hate my style.
Why should the young cad cry,
Shout with joy for a mile?

Why do I faint with love
Till the prairies dip and reel?
My heart is a kicking horse
Shod with Kentucky steel.

No drop of my blood from north
Of Mason and Dixon's line.
And this racer in my breast
Tears my ribs for a sign.

But I ran in Kentucky hills
Last week. They were hearth and home. . . .
And the church at Grassy Springs,
Under the redbird's wings
Was peace and honeycomb.

In such a poem as this we find the vehemence (it takes a fine writer to flare naturally into such phrases as "love like rifle-fire" and "my heart is a kicking horse shod with Kentucky steel"), the intense ardour and passion of the real Lindsay. He does not require "boomlays" and such exclamations to drive the magic home.

I have said that naïveté is a necessary corollary of evangelism, and considered from certain aspects Vachel Lindsay is the most naïve poet that we have. His heart is always exposed. His

passions are unveiled. He is unique in his spontaneous giving of himself to the casual reader. There is a clean, childlike quality about him, and it comes most naturally when we observe him fashioning dance poems for children or moon poems which are first of all children's rhymes and only secondarily meant for adults. Like Rupert Brooke, although in a far different way, he is a great lover. Brooke's passions were mainly sensory. He loved bright colours, things he could see like plates and grasses and holes in the ground, things he could taste and smell and touch. Lindsay's love is more an adoration of the spirit, an intimate sensing of natures and personalities. This emotion floods the autobiographical introduction to his *Collected Poems*, and there, too, we find many hints concerning the genesis of his abilities and achievements. He was an art student for many years (no one knows Lindsay who has not seen his amusing drawings) and many of his shorter poems were written for pictures. He possesses unusual ideas about the alphabet, and he maintains that he is working toward an American hieroglyphic. His enthusiasm for these things is the enthusiasm of a boy; loud, infectious.

It is true that he has lapses as a poet. Sometimes his thought outruns his content and the result is a ragged poem. Many of his pieces are light as thistledown, unimportant bits flung off at random, and the fact that he includes them in his printed volumes has caused astonishment in some quarters. But Lindsay must be taken as he gives himself, whole-heartedly. It is part of his naïveté that he is not selective. He just pours out everything until the whole man is before the reader. No other American poet has so given himself to his readers. No other has been so confirmed in his conviction of a mission. If he does influence young men into an evangelistical type of literature, they cannot go far wrong if they go no farther than he does and with as exalted a spirit. But young men generally take a hint and then make their own road thereafter, and a good evangelist often has poor disciples who pervert their mission. After all, there can be but one touchstone for poetry, and that is art. If it is that, it may be anything else it pleases. Lindsay, when he is at his best, is art. The fact that it is often achieved unconsciously no whit lessens its value.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE tragedy which dominates American annals for 1923 conveys a useful lesson which thus far has been too little noted. It was the sixth removal of a President in mid-term by death. Three of those removals were by natural causes, and three by murder. No one of them produced, through the sudden change in the personnel of the Chief Executive, any menace to, or strain upon, the integrity of the Government, nor even any considerable political disturbance, such as some other countries suffer at changes of sovereign or of ministry. But—this is the lesson to which I have referred—in this last case there was far less change in the Government, in personnel, in policy, in spirit, than in any of its five predecessors. Indeed, we may say that, save for the occupancy of the White House, there was no change at all. And that highly desirable and grateful achievement was effected through the circumstance that for the first time in two generations the President and Vice-President had been selected on the same basis and from the same element of the party, and for the first time in our history the Vice-President had been associated with the Administration as a supernumerary member of the President's Cabinet. Thitherto the rule had generally been to choose the Vice-President from the opposite wing of the party from the President. The result was that in the first four successions of Vice-Presidents there was no attempt or serious pretense at continuing unchanged the policy of the late President, and in fact very marked changes promptly occurred. In the fifth case there was a sincere purpose to carry on the President's policy, though the radical difference between the two men in temperament and manner made its fulfilment impossible. If what occurred in that respect last year was beneficent and was

approved by the nation, as it certainly appears to have been, the lesson for the future is obvious.

In foreign relationships there was a resolute maintenance of the wise and generous policy which not only had been pursued by President Harding from the beginning of his Administration, but also had been epigrammatically enunciated by Washington a century and a third before, that in respect to the nations of Europe we should "administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels". All efforts or temptations to implicate us in European politics were successfully resisted, while both diplomatically and financially the United States aided or stood ready to aid those countries to an extent unparalleled in history. This altogether admirable policy was reënunciated in unmistakable terms by the Secretary of State on the centenary of the Monroe Doctrine. The pecuniary composition between this country and Great Britain disposed of the chief matter of possible controversy or friction between them, and served as a useful example to other debtor and creditor nations. The long-standing estrangement from Mexico, formerly marked with too much fault on both sides, was happily ended in a manner honourable and profitable to both countries. Mindful of the saying that he who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon, our Government wisely continued to hold that no spoon could be long enough for satisfactory or safe supping with Soviet Russia. The tedious and troublesome controversy over the rights of Asiatic aliens to acquire and hold real estate entered upon another phase through the decision of the Supreme Court affirming the right of States to make their own laws upon the subject; and incidentally placing hereafter upon the Federal Government the whole onus of the matter. Hitherto the complaint has been that certain States discriminated against aliens who were not citizens. Hereafter it will be against the United States for not permitting certain nationalities of aliens to become citizens.

The Secretary of the Treasury set up a new landmark in our fiscal history by proposing such a reduction of taxation as would, set forth by any lesser authority, have seemed visionary and

fantastic. There was nowhere expressed or felt, however, any serious doubt of the entire practicability of Mr. Mellon's plan; which was generally recognized, by thoughtful men of all parties, to be one of the greatest achievements in national finance since Hamilton, in Webster's words, "touched the dead corpse of Public Credit and it sprung upon its feet". The efforts of the Government, made sincerely and resolutely at enormous cost, to enforce the Volstead Act, were continued throughout the year, and were even increased in vigor and vigilance, but with scarcely perceptible effect upon the personal habits and appetites of the people. The anthracite coal strike, which caused much inconvenience and threatened wholesale disaster, was very properly referred by the President to the Governor of Pennsylvania for settlement; reserving, of course, the intervention of the Federal Government in an intra-State matter as a last recourse. Mr. Pinchot promptly effected a composition which replenished the coal bins, but at an increased cost to that hapless *tertium quid*, the consumer; giving added emphasis to the question how long the public is to be required to bear the burden of industrial warfare. The Ku Klux Klan continued its career, apparently decreasing in some States and increasing in others, and varying in its ways and means according to the varying popular characteristics of the States and communities where it exists. Its peak activity during the year was in Oklahoma, where its conflict with the Governor resulted in his impeachment and removal from office; a fate which his arbitrary course seemed to merit quite apart from the issue of the Klan.

Wars and rumors of wars marked the whole year in Europe; the storm centre, the *fons et origo* of the trouble, being in Germany's dishonest and hypocritical efforts to welsh upon her obligations under the Treaty of Versailles. Perhaps the best, and the best possible, characterization of her perfidious conduct was made by her greatest man of business, Hugo Stinnes, in commenting upon the default in reparations which led the French to occupy the Ruhr. He said:

> The German Government is responsible for the invasion of the Ruhr and for the difficulties which ensued. It was a trifle to keep on with the reparation

deliveries. But the German Government, whoever leads it, always does stupid things.

The French policy, the legality of which under the Treaty of Versailles is impregnable, has been maintained throughout the year with generally admirable judgment, and a fine blending of firmness and consideration, and has steadily made for ultimate success. Despite a German propaganda in both Great Britain and America of almost incredible virulence and mendacity, and despite innumerable menaces and forebodings, the political *entente* between Great Britain and France and the moral *entente* between the American people and France have been maintained; and M. Poincaré has been sustained by the French Chamber and by the nation in a manner for which French history scarcely provides a parallel.

The Irish Free State was fully organized under a Constitution containing some unique provisions but worthy of the highest respect and hopeful confidence, and, the last remains of British rule being withdrawn from the island, took its equal place as a member of the Commonwealth of British Nations. Mr. Mussolini rejoiced his friends and disappointed his foes by his development of strong self-control and deliberate judgment in his conduct of the Italian Government; tempering the early excesses of the Black Shirts, and emphasizing the good and minimizing the evil of Fascismo. When Greeks massacred the Italian members of the Albanian Boundary Commission, he acted with promptness and vigour for securing redress, in quite the old-fashioned way, practically resorting to acts of war just as if there never had been any League of Nations. The League happened to be in session at Geneva at the time, and could not avoid taking notice of his complete flouting of its authority. But instead of dealing with Italy as the Covenant prescribes, it dodged the whole issue with masterly agility, leaving it to the old-fashioned Council of Ambassadors to settle it in the old-fashioned way. The double victory, over Greece and over the League, notably confirmed Mr. Mussolini in his beneficent authority.

A revolution comparable in some respects with that of the

Fascisti in Italy occurred in Spain, under the leadership of Marshal Primo de Rivera and a junta of army officers. It was made clear at the beginning that it was not at all anti-dynastic. Indeed, the King so promptly and cordially fraternized with the revolutionists that he might almost have been suspected of having been one of them, or at least of having known and approved their plans. The purpose was to sweep away the politicians who for many years had made government in Spain a mere *mélange* of blundering and plundering, and to establish a practical, honest Government which would rehabilitate the economic prosperity and progress of the people. The success which the movement instantly attained, and which it has since steadfastly maintained, is auspicious of great good for a country of really vast possibilities which has had for centuries more bad government than almost any other in Christendom. A noteworthy movement occurred at the other end of the Mediterranean, in a country which has been for centuries as badly governed, though it is outside of Christendom. Under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who shows himself to be a man of real genius, Turkey has dismissed her last Sultan and established herself as a Republic, with a policy of "Occidentalizing" herself in the completest possible manner, so as to gain, she hopes, full equal recognition among the Powers of Europe. How long the blood of the exterminated Armenian nation will have to be drying upon her hands before she receives such recognition is an interesting question. Meanwhile, however, two circumstances stand assured. One is, that the Turk's return to Europe is confirmed with a title stronger than any he has enjoyed for a hundred years. The other is that in thus dispensing with the "Commander of the Faithful" Turkey has gravely compromised her place in the Moslem world and perhaps sacrificed her primacy in Islam. It would be a curious turn of fate if, after being restored to sovereignty in Europe by great Christian Powers which feared that otherwise she would make trouble for them among their Mohammedan subjects, Turkey should lose the ability thus to foment trouble or to proclaim a *Jehad*. A curious turn of fate, yet, if the lessons of history be true, probably the best that could happen for the Tribe of Othman.

China has spent a year of tribulation in the slow processes of finding her own soul. For many centuries at once the most despotic of monarchies and the most democratic of democracies, her problem is now to extend her ancient practices of democracy upward, from the village to the national capital and government, and to carry downward even to the individual villager the old imperial sentiment of national unity. Simple in terms, the task is arduous in achievement. Yet with the all but infinite patience and persistence of the race, progress is being made. The last year has seen little short of a marvel in the widespread popular recognition of the fact that the real interests of Peking and Canton are the same, and that the rivalries and frequent hostilities between North and South, between Manchuria and the Middle Kingdom, should now be as impossible of continuation as a revival of Norman and Saxon antagonisms in England. The old feud has for the last century and more been kept alive by the politicians rather than by the people, and there are now indications that the people will have no more of it. It is significant and auspicious that the new President comes not from the Mandarin caste, but has risen from the humblest social rank through sheer force of personality; a circumstance scarcely less noteworthy than the dismissal of the Emperor himself.

Japan has been the scene of an earthquake which must be accounted the greatest convulsion of nature at least since the explosion of Krakatoa, a generation ago, if not indeed in all recorded history. In destruction of life and property it is scarcely equaled in all our annals. All estimates of the time for which it will set back or hold at a standstill the military and commercial progress of the empire are chiefly guesswork. It is inevitable that it will act as such a check. Yet if it be true that Japan has been suffering seriously from over-population, the loss of life—I trust it will not seem heartless to suggest it—may in fact be to her advantage. As for the rest, the marvelous vitality and energy of the race will doubtless soon regain all that has been lost. It would be a mistake to regard Japan as in any sense disabled or "out of the running", in either commercial or military activities.

Science has lately been concerning itself alike and equally with the infinitely great and the infinitesimally small. I use those generally misused words advisedly, for, despite Professor Einstein, the latest researches among the stars emphasize the impossibility of conceiving a limit to either their numbers or their distances; an impossibility which is fully matched against the conception of things—electrons, or whatever we may call them—so minute that a whole "solar system" of them revolves with inexpressible velocity within the compass of an atom so small as to be invisible to the eye though aided by the most powerful microscope. Not the least wonderful corollary to these astounding propositions is this, that by simple application of the Rule of Three it is evident that to some inconceivably enormous Being the whole stellar universe, with what appear to us its immeasurably vast distances and voids, may seem to be a solid and impenetrable mass, as solid and impenetrable as a block of granite seems to us.

The quest for length of days continues unabated, with varying success. "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" cry speculators innumerable, sincere or charlatan; with transplantations of glands and inoculations with serums and what not else. I should hesitate to say how many of these "discoveries" of rejuvenation have been announced since that of Edouard Brown-Séquard, now nearly two generations ago; but I should have little hesitation in saying how many of them have fulfilled their promises. The fatal error in most of them has been that they have aimed—and pretended—to prolong or to restore a single function of the human organism. Of the supreme importance of that function to the perpetuation of the race there can be no question; but it would be preposterous to pretend that in its cultivation is comprised the whole secret of longevity. Immeasurably more hopeful, and indeed to a gratifying degree successful, have been the efforts of an entirely different kind—those which have aimed at the conquering of specific diseases, at the improvement of sanitation, and in brief the elimination of the causes of premature death. The increase of the average span of life effected by the labours of Louis Pasteur and of those who have learned from

him has been greater, in a single generation, than all such progress made in centuries before. In our own country, the average duration of life has in this one generation been extended by as much as ten years. In England, it is stated, two generations ago twenty-five per cent of all persons died in infancy, while now that proportion of mortality is not reached until middle life. With such gains actually achieved, the American Public Health Association may scarcely be condemned as visionary in dedicating itself to the task of adding twenty years to the average span of life.

Among the contrasts between the time of the World War and the time of unpeaceful peace which has followed it, scarcely any is more marked or, I shall not fear to add, more ominous, than the decline of spirituality. During the War there was universal recognition, in this country and among the Allies, of a vast accession of faith, of spiritual exaltation, of religious devotion in the noblest interpretation of the term. Today, that tide is at full ebb. Never before in present memory was this nation more deeply immersed in crass materialism than in the year just ended. That Vision, without which the people perish, has been supplanted by meretricious "movies", and the voice of wisdom has been silenced by the tumult of "jazz". Even those who might be supposed to cherish reverence and to exhort mankind to follow the Gleam seem too often to have joined the rout. We have recently seen eminent pulpiteers and leaders of the religious press applauding a brutal burlesque of Biblical narratives which tells us that "when Jesus entered the city gate on His little donkey the crowd lustily shouted hooray and threw flowers and generally made a great noise, as it will do whenever it finds an excuse for a celebration"; and the minister of a famous metropolitan church picturing a scene before the Throne of God comprising "the Cherub of the Flaming Sword, and Satan, Eve, Adam, in a ring-around-a-rosy", at which inspiring spectacle "All the Heavens cry: 'Allelujah, Amen!'" When such things prevail, it seems scarcely censorious to cite the inquiry, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

YOUNG FELIX. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It makes little difference whether one calls Mr. Swinnerton's *Young Felix* a realistic romance or a romantic piece of realism: it possesses all the interesting qualities that are inherent in both modes of writing. In the book, young Felix—who is an artist, though an incorruptible one—says of one of his pictures that it is not *real* but merely *recognizable.* The like cannot be truthfully said of Mr. Swinnerton's novel. Its realism is not the tedious recognizability of writers who love facts for their own sake: the book possesses reality. What actually allures us in romance is not its strangeness, but its appreciativeness of our desires and the importance which it attaches to our individual personalities. Realism may possess this attraction also, as such novels as this of Mr. Swinnerton abundantly prove. *Young Felix* is within its scope a finished artistic whole—a representation of life done with that peculiar intimacy and psychological ruthlessness which is characteristic of the modern school. When one says that it is artistic, one means that it possesses that power of inducing in the reader a state of rapt contemplation which belongs only to works of the imagination that have been justly conceived and fully realized. To speak of a frigid or feeble performance as artistic is an irony which is here by no means intended.

The life story of Felix is far from remarkable, nor does Felix himself strike one as an exceptional human being. He is neither good nor bad; neither dull nor brilliant; nor is he, despite what the author says of him, extraordinarily lucky or unlucky. It is true that he is the victim of a series of misfortunes; but poverty, a restricted childhood, failure to achieve one's ideal, or even bitter disappointment in marriage, are not so unusual in lives not happily circumstanced from the beginning as to excite surprise. Indeed, if there be an artistic flaw in the book, it is that the author too assiduously plays the showman to his central character and tells us too often how he "triumphs from failure to failure". Felix, to be sure, possesses a remarkable buoyance, a cheerfulness rooted in no principle and derived from no faith. But this extraordinary resilience is just one of the standing miracles of human nature. There is such a thing as conscious strength of character,—let us hope!—but what we mostly take for this appears on reflection to be an inherited gift. In some degree this singular *élan* is manifested by all sorts of people—though few men, indeed, possess Felix's almost feminine art of making the best of things and even fewer succeed in being, without self-consciousness, charming.

But if Felix himself does not impress one strongly as the subject of a biography, the people about him are remarkable enough. "Grumps," his grandfather, eccentric, sodden, dilapidated, and gay; "Pa," sensitive, uncouth, habitually unsuccessful; "Ma," a singularly convincing instance of the mother who miraculously combines humour and lively companionship with stoical endurance; Aunt Julie, the terribly human abnormal person of the story—a cause of pity, of jocose despair, of anger and of affection. All these people are portrayed unsparingly in their incompleteness, in their deterioration, physical or moral. They are not the same from day to day, from page to page. Ma is a little older, Pa more fatally discouraged, Grumps a degree more senile. They exist, moreover, in what certain biologists call a state of *semi-hostile symbiosis*, living on one another's strength, loving one another, suffering from one another. There is a constant effort at adjustment, a constant strain; the psychological drama never ceases.

Beyond doubt, the characters of this story are considerably less puppet-like than those we find in the classical English novelists. They are spontaneous and awfully real in their too-humanness. Instead of a Micawber, we have a Grumps! No doubt many a Micawber-like figure of fiction—if not Micawber himself—would be Grumps in real life. It is to be observed that Mr. Swinnerton's realism does not reject humour nor what has been called, in the case of Dickens, caricature. And there is no doubt that the story is true to about three-fourths or nine-tenths of our life.

When one suggests that it leaves out the remaining fourth or tenth or hundredth, one does not mean, of course, that the missing element is plot or dramatic conflict in the cruder sense. Felix cheerfully endures a wretched childhood, more or less blighted by poverty, and varied chiefly by removals from one neighbourhood to another slightly better or worse. Illness comes most inopportunely to spoil his happiness and to destroy his sense of security. Bad schooling deprives him of any real education beyond what his family life affords. Work turns out to be humdrum and more or less silly or sordid. His artistic talent never quite reaches fulfilment. It is all but a slight exaggeration of the common lot. The jealousy of his wife toward his mother puts an end to a love idyl rather too passionate to be enduring, and at last his wife deserts him for another man. All this as told by Mr. Swinnerton is dramatic enough. The story has not, it is true, the heights and depths of a Shakespearean play, but it has heights and depths.

It may be admitted that our older novelists overstressed the conventionally-rational element in life. They rationalized too much; they indulged in too many schematized reflections. It is for this reason that a Thackeray or a Meredith could feel that their fictitious personages were, after all, merely puppets. But then, they could admit this without a blush! Better, it may be thought, are puppets that really express something than the will-less creations of the psychological novelist. One quite agrees with the moderns, of course, that sentiment and special pleading and mere moralism should be

excluded from fiction. But one has an obstinate prepossession to the effect that human nature is not wholly represented by the workings of instinct, heredity and chance. To be wholly human, the novel should be somewhat rational, even a little schematic. Fiction should not abstract so much from life as psychology does.

The lack that one feels in *Young Felix* is thus the absence of the rational element. None of the people in the story appear to have wills of their own or ability to save themselves. They (most convincingly) drift. As for Felix himself, the early part of his career reminds one of a remark of Meredith: "Most youths are like Pope's women—they have no character at all. And indeed a character that does not wait for circumstances to shape it is of small worth in the race that must be run. To be set too early is to take the work out of the hands of the Sculptor who fashions men." But Felix is not shaped to any purpose even by circumstances. The apparent uniqueness of his personality is, moreover, to some extent an artifact, due to his contrast with other people in the story and to his will-lessness. He is quite *natural*, of course, and his behaviour, like that of most real people, is more or less unpredictable.

One may confess to a preference for the novel which is quite frankly a fable, a device serious or merry, for the criticism and better appreciation of life, as compared with the fiction that attempts to show life in forms that are, according to the Socratic phrase, "really real"—the realness usually implying some special point of view, psychological or philosophical. But Mr. Swinnerton's new novel is an artistic success and, in its way, a story of unusual interest and power.

A Son at the Front. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It seems as though a novel dealing even indirectly with the World War might be extraordinarily thrilling and deeply true. If a writer desires a theme of vast human significance, surely the war in some of its phases can provide it. Novels deal with character and with emotions, and they are the better for a background of events. The World War was the greatest of events; it strained every emotion to the breaking point; it was the most searching test of human character that has ever been made upon a great scale. Moreover, the war sifted ideas, caused a questioning of faiths, produced a tremendous effort toward fundamental thinking, an attempt to grasp larger meanings if perchance they might be found. It has been quite natural, therefore, to expect that the after-war period would produce literature of a new and powerful kind. Instead of this, we have begun about where we left off.

It would be quite unfair to find fault with Mrs. Wharton's *A Son at the Front* on the ground that it is not great and moving in proportion as the war itself was violent and impressive. It could not be. The mere truth is, that this long, incredibly cruel and horrifying struggle had, and still has, a benumbing

effect upon men's minds. The vast significance of it all has not yet been fully grasped: there is no reconciling of the mind to the thing, no real possibility of transforming it by art.

What a novelist can represent in such a novel as *A Son at the Front* is chiefly the benumbed war-mentality. This psychological task Mrs. Wharton has performed with her usual clearness and subtlety; yet it is almost inevitable that the result should partake of a certain dreariness pertaining to most war books; and if the reader has no right to complain of the author for not having achieved something nearly impossible, he is not to be blamed for preferring other stories of hers to this one.

The soul of the soldier, the secret of his heroism—that is something that cannot, in this instance, be convincingly portrayed. One has not the materials in his imagination wherewith to construct the picture. The sensitive soul who has been in the trenches will not and perhaps cannot give a clear account of his motives and feelings. Something like a blank mystery confronts us here; we have only a vague sense of something too big and too shocking for any but the most matter-of-fact speech. With all her art of suggestion and of understatement, Mrs. Wharton succeeds in depicting her young soldier, in his reserve and quiet heroism, only as a being mysteriously apart, "sealed to the thing," beyond ordinary motives of purely personal affection, removed as if already dead, yet with affections such as an angel might have. All this we must read into a youth whose behaviour is natural and commonplace enough so far as it is expressive at all. The dominant impression is that of the hopeless inadequacy of our imaginations and our emotions. We are perpetually under the strain of knowing that we should feel more than we do.

But what of the emotions of the father? These perhaps are more within our grasp. His state of mind is that of bewilderment, a perplexed reaching out after the personality of his son, which continually escapes him, because that son is no longer really his; a distressing alternation of hope and fear, of distraction and of obsessing dread. Here, too, what one principally feels is the inadequacy of the emotions. Superimposed upon the feeling that one ought to feel tremendously, is the disquieting thought that in such circumstances it is perfectly futile to feel at all. The paternal emotions are acute, but are suspected of a kind of irrelevance. The patriotic motive is an unknown quantity. There is no point of emotional rest—only doubt and dread, an attempt to be normal, and shame at the success of the effort.

It was, perhaps, a mistake on the part of Mrs. Wharton to make the father in the story an artist and something of an eccentric as well. The artistic temperament and all the vagaries of a somewhat jealous, hot-headed and wrong-headed man do not help to develop the essential theme; they merely complicate the situation to no particular purpose. Campton is not a person who thinks much or clearly. Whatever significance the story holds is with difficulty expressed through his somewhat twisted personality. Campton

fumbles with his own impressions; a great variety of people come and go and express their rather futile ideas; sentiments and poses are indulged in, for every one "carries on" in his own peculiar way; and at intervals come shocks in the form of news from the front. In such a story one is not carried on by the force of any clearly conceived theme or fully realized personality.

The book is a human document, in atmosphere like the war books, truthful in its delineation of character, veracious in its account of war psychology; admirable because of the sincerity with which it treats of a situation deeply interesting, but—not a great novel.

FANTASTICA. By Robert Nichols. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It has been maintained that the inspiration of poetry and of art generally comes from the subconscious or unconscious regions of the mind; and further, that genius is simply a process of externalizing one's inmost self so that the way to be great in literature is to give free rein through more or less symbolical expression to one's most intimate feelings—"to become in the highest degree oneself." Thus writing, like dreaming, becomes in considerable measure a matter of getting desires or resentments past the censor, of finding an outlet for the individual urge. A psychological justification for literature as having a value independent of science is thus reached. Certain psychologists, it is true, are inclined to disparage the idea. Whatever the actual *process* may be, say they, a subconscious origin gives no sanction to literary thought as a source of truth. To look for light and leading in the subconscious mind is, they point out, like going down into a dark cellar to take an observation of the sun.

It seems reasonable to suppose that both sides are right. It is true, subconsciousness often appears to give rise to nothing but rubbish, if not sewage. It is, however, difficult to deny that what we call inspiration in poetry is of subconscious origin and has an affinity with dreaming. A conservative view of the matter, stating no more than seems demonstrable, would be that whatever function the release of hidden or suppressed impulses may have in most forms of literature, in *satire* it plays an essential part. It is just the literary explosion of complexes that gives to great satire its diabolical energy and ingenuity, and it is worth noting that our greatest English satirist, Swift, was extremely fond of symbols or allegories.

In Mr. Nichols's book, *Fantastica*, the first two pieces, "The Smile of the Sphinx" and "Perseus and Andromeda," are rather sickly fantasies. The emotional complexes underlying them seem not to have been well organized by any definite emotion. The former is one of those yearning allegories which depict the search for truth and happiness on the part of those who know not what they seek; the soul dramatizes its own vague quest and makes the heroism of the quest itself the object of contemplation. It is a kind of painful and unwholesome day-dreaming. "Perseus and Andromeda" is a piece of

artificiality somewhat after the fashion of Disraeli's *Ixion in Heaven*, but not half so clever. The tasteless mingling of mediæval legend with Greek myth is the very mark of a want of genuine inspiration—if subconscious inspiration there be. It is what we get when we want to be inspired and the inspiration will not come.

But the third piece, "Golgotha & Company," is an example of inspired satire—tremendously fierce and tremendously amusing to all who can endure its superficial irreverence. Here a repressed resentment, a violent, deep-seated hatred of the scientific point of view—or rather of its abuse in the dominant thought of the day—finds an eloquent voice. Mr. Nichols attacks certain traits of our civilization with all the concentrated energy, the ingenious plausibility, the perfect command of his subject, that are characteristic of a paranoiac telling the tale of his persecutions; and with all the humour and poise of the perfectly sane personality that he is. No detail escapes him; no exposed cranium goes uncracked. Deliberately passing from point to point, he frames his indictment in the form of a suave fable. His picture of the disastrous consequences that come from the effort to *use* religion is one that could have arisen nowhere else, one thinks, than in a poetic subconsciousness set ablaze by passion. Mr. Nichols rivals Swift and out-Shaws Shaw.

THE FASCIST MOVEMENT IN ITALIAN LIFE. By Dr. Pietro Gorgolini. Translated by M. D. Petre. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Fascism is well called a movement rather than a theory. To understand it in terms of abstract principle is, one gathers, a hopeless undertaking. One could imagine our ingenious Mr. Dooley summing up the matter somewhat as follows (Mussolini *loquitur*): With a high degree of lawlessness and restraint let us march on until we have attained that exalted state of discipline tempered by violence which all my young friends, inspired by my words, are in favor of. Fascism is not for any class or group—'tis for everybody, whether they like it or not. 'Tis opposed to all theories. It has a practical programme, but (he says) 'tis subject to change without notice (he says).

Unfair, like all attempts at satire, some such crude and simplicist presentation of the case may at least reveal the difficulty of explaining Fascism in a manner that would make it understood by the framers of our Constitution.

The fact is, that there is no understanding Fascism apart from its origin; outside its own setting it is a political absurdity. Fascism is not so much a set of principles as an explosion. Take the after-effects of the war, Communistic propaganda, Socialism, and government incompetence; mix them in Italy as a crucible and there is a terrific reaction. This reaction is Fascism.

Dr. Gorgolini so bewilders one with his impassioned propaganda, his rhapsodic style, his repetitions (which seldom reach ultimate clearness), that it is a little difficult to comprehend Fascism in his pages, even as a movement. Certain general features, however, may be made out. Fascism is, in a general

way, Socialistic, but it is violently anti-Communistic and it is at odds with the Italian Socialist Party. Unlike the prevalent form of Socialism, it is not internationalist and pacifistic but strongly nationalistic and rather warlike and aggressive in temper. "Fascism maintains, above all, the cult of our immortal *Patria*." Fascism, again, is more practical than current Socialism. The chief difference is concerning the means of action rather than the objective, "and this difference would be in politics rather than in economics, for in this latter field, Fascism, by the boldness of its social reforms, is even in advance of Socialism." Moreover, instead of preaching class war, like the Marxian Socialists, it seeks to unite all classes. It is party of action. "Its programme," in the words of Mussolini, "is not like a gospel on which we swear. It is not ecclesiastical or hieratical. It is a kind of order of the day, the order of our own day, which may last for a year, for five years, or for a century." In short, Fascism is just Fascism—"that is, a force springing from the very soul of the nation, and it is the creature of no party or faction. . . . It has still to formulate its first principles." Mussolini is sure that some form of Socialism must ultimately triumph, though the movement must endure certain delays. Finally, to sum all up upon the dominant emotional note: "To call oneself a Fascist is to call oneself a soldier of the country, and one of its best soldiers. It is to call oneself the ideal citizen and hero."

On the whole, one gains from this book the impression that Fascism has very general support in Italy; that it results in practicable government; and that it is an indication of sound national vitality. That it is a definite and significant state of mind and that it is also more or less contagious, is obvious to all.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR. By Michael Pupin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Every autobiography has its dominant tone, and this tone is imparted to it by what we call the "ideals" of the writer. But "ideals" is an ambiguous word. It means to one man principles, to another virtue, and to another poetry. In any case, one's keenest interest is in the writer's individual ways of thinking and feeling, and in the sources of his disappointments and enthusiasms.

Professor Pupin's life-story is the record of a varied and eventful career and of an unusual personality. The narrative of how the little Serbian herder of cattle ran away from school and came to America; of how he worked his way in the country of his adoption, gained an education, and became in due time one of the foremost of our scientists and inventors—this narrative has all the charm of strangeness and contrast and all the sober yet intense interest of a struggle, moral, mental, and physical.

But it is not as a story of adventure, as a record of Americanization, or as an account of scientific achievements, that the book chiefly holds the reader.

Its distinctive trait is idealism. Some of his American associates, Pupin says, —men gifted with native enthusiasm and directness,—prevented him from "relapsing into the drowsy indefiniteness, sometimes called Idealism, of a temperamental and sentimental Slav." But if the temperament was, as he hints, a potential snare, it also explains his peculiar zest in living and thinking. The poet in him directed the man of science and made him see visions. It is a temperament almost non-existent among our matter-of-fact and facilely romantic Americans.

What other man of science could conceivably have written a passage like the following?—"Helmholtz threw the searchlight of his giant intellect upon the meaning of his experiments, and they blazed up like the brilliant colors of a flower garden when a beam of sunlight breaks through the clouds and tears up the dark shadows on a cloudy summer day." Not only does Professor Pupin delight us with simple yet fundamentally clear accounts of scientific principles and experiments, but he discloses, as few scientists do, the nature of his interest in them. And in so doing, he interprets to us in some measure the other scientists who are not so eloquent. To him, the great ones of science are truly as saints and prophets, and he conveys this spirit to his readers. There is no better fortune in life than to have discovered a satisfying view of existence, to have attained a large sense of reality. To perceive that another has found it, is likewise a satisfaction.

Because of its "idealism," its dominant feeling tone, and its imaginative grasp, this book possesses, in addition to the interest of its facts, a singular charm and a truly literary quality of its own.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PROHIBITION TANGLE

BY JOHN ERSKINE

I

"PROHIBITION is here," we are told, "and it is here to stay." It is time we considered frankly just what, under the name of Prohibition, is here, and whether this is what is going to stay. Even the Prohibitionist ought to aid in the inquiry, for unless the cause he believes in has really triumphed, he is on the way to something worse than failure; he will become an object of ridicule, perhaps even an unconscious help and comfort to the enemies, not of Prohibition, but of Temperance.

It is always an error for the leaders in a moral cause to claim a victory before they get it. Leaders in a moral cause shouldn't tell fibs, and besides, their followers may find them out. If Prohibition were here, drinking would be on the decline. We are told that drunkenness is on the decline, but no one makes any rash statements about drinking. The decline in drunkenness is the result of Temperance, and it had begun and got well under way before the Constitution was amended. If it is true, as they say, that the country has remained temperate in a state of so-called Prohibition, we can well be proud of the essential morality of our people. If Prohibition were really here, there ought to be some law of the land which forbade drinking hard liquor. There is none at present; the country as a whole has never said that drinking is wrong, and has never forbidden it. If Prohibition

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were really here, and by the will of the people, we should not be told that the fight has only just begun, and that more money is needed by Prohibition societies to convert us to the cause.

Some Americans sincerely believe in Prohibition; others of us do not believe in it at all. But so large a majority of us believe in temperance and realize the social as well as the moral peril of drunkenness, that we ought to be able to scrutinize our present condition in frankness and good faith. Most of us will agree that the law should be respected; however we joke about it, the bootlegger or the smuggler is no popular hero. Yet with all respect for law,—even just because of our desire that law should be respected,—we may hold that a given law is a bad one, bad for the purpose it is intended to serve, whether we agree with that purpose or not. If we had a prohibition law which represented the will of the people, which frankly forbade the thing it was intended to stop, then Prohibition would be here, and perhaps here to stay, and we who still prefer the Christian virtue of Temperance to the Mohammedan discipline of Prohibition, should be voted down, relegated to the past with a good many other vestiges of Christian civilization. We should be good sports, I hope, and should accept with some show of grace the passing of a civilization we loved. But at least we ought to know, for our comfort, that another civilization had arrived as a substitute for it, and that those who voted us down had now the satisfaction of trying out their new ideals; at least we ought not to be asked to give up a freedom we believed in for something the other side does not believe in either. As the matter now stands, when a Prohibitionist tells us that Prohibition is here, we know he is not content with what is here; and when he says it is here to stay, we know he hopes a condition very different will arrive to take its place. Some of us believe that the condition he hopes for cannot come under the laws he has got enacted, and we wonder how long it will be before he will reëxamine his favorite legislation, not as a concession to us but in the interest of his own cause.

The Prohibitionists have explained that the law as it now stands and the present system of enforcement are the result of compromise, the sort of compromise any wise man makes who

wants to get something accomplished in this contentious world. "Doing the sane, practical and successful thing" has brought criticism on them, they admit; but they believe that the majority of the people approve this plan. In the same spirit many Anti-Prohibitionists hope to effect a practical compromise by defining "intoxicating liquors" so liberally that without repealing the amendment they may drink what they like. I have little sympathy with either compromise. The Prohibition laws already passed have had a profound effect on the national attitude toward laws in general, even though they have not yet stopped the supply of liquor; they have started us off on a singular programme toward the shipping of other nations, which may lead us no one knows where; and anything that touches our life so deeply is worth being honest about. The most charitable judgment we can make of ourselves now is that we are confused; our wisest course would be to start again from the beginning and say—both sides say—just what we mean. Now I can say that the country never voted Prohibition, and you can retort that the country voted the present Amendment, and we both remain right, since the Amendment does not forbid drinking, and was not intended to produce a condition in which drinking should altogether cease.

When we suggest that the whole question be reopened, the Prohibitionist hastens to assure us that it is practically impossible to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. It is the Amendment, it seems, that has come to stay. The Prohibitionist, to say the least, shows no great confidence that the country would follow him if the thing were to do over again. But in time he will agree with us that his law as it now stands does him injustice, misrepresents his ideals, and encourages those so disposed to misjudge his motives. The Amendment forbids the "manufacture, sale or transportation" of intoxicating liquors, but says nothing about buying or drinking them. The courts might hold that if the seller is guilty the buyer is also, in the intention of the law, but in practice we observe, so far as prosecutions are reported in the press, that the Government moves according to the letter of the law, against the provider of liquor, not against the consumer. Moreover, Congress made it clear in subsequent legislation that the possession of liquor is quite legal, provided the liquor was ac-

quired before the Amendment went into effect. Those who had the means and the disposition to do so, could therefore lay in stock enough for a lifetime of moderate drinking, but those who lacked the money or the foresight would have difficulty now in getting a bottle of whiskey or gin for household medicinal purposes, unless they were willing to encourage the bootlegger. It is a serious knot in the whole tangle, therefore, that the present law made it easy for the rich man to supply himself legally with liquor, and very hard for the poor man. The Prohibitionist explains the situation by pleading that without this understanding in favour of the well-to-do and provident, the Amendment could not have been passed, and he adds that when this generation is gone there will remain little of the legally acquired stock, and from then on the rich and the poor will be on equal terms. From present indications I doubt whether rich or poor will lack a drink if they want it, and the unchangeable Amendment will always permit us to drink if anyone will sell us the liquor; but meanwhile the present generation knows that the poorer citizens have been put in a false position, so far as the law is concerned, and the conviction grows in the land that the Amendment owes its existence in part at least to the desire of the competitive employer to get more work out of his men. In France during the Armistice I heard some French statesmen twit an official in our Government about American Prohibition, then threatening; they told him that Puritans ought to know how honourable a part wine plays in the Bible, in the Jewish Passover, in the Christian Eucharist. He replied that for him Prohibition was not primarily a moral question but an economic one—the United States wanted a larger product out of its working class. I have not forgotten the astonished silence that fell on the Frenchmen. There has been for some time a strong temperance movement in France, but this other thing, apparently, they had not met before. One of the Frenchmen asked the American statesman which of our political parties was going to break the good news to our workingmen. Remembering this enlightening scene, I have observed since the type of manufacturer who has a name for quantity production, for that economy of process which takes the craftsmanship out of labour and reduces the worker to a monotony of repetition;

usually, though not always, that manufacturer believes in Prohibition. In fairness I must add that in some cases he abstains from liquor himself, not because the law prevents him from drinking, but because he has a sense of fair play, and perhaps wishes to set a good example to his men. We all know, however, the other kind of employer who will explain to you the advantage of Prohibition to the country, while sharing with you his private and perfectly legal stock.

If we were interested simply in opposing Prohibition, without any concern for the general happiness of our people, we might very well accept this grotesque situation with equanimity, for the supply of liquor among the rich does not diminish as the Prohibitionist said it would, the intention to discriminate against the workers grows more obvious, and a class resentment increases which will some day deal with the question in its own fashion. But meanwhile much more than Prohibition is being undermined; we have enough class resentments already, and the defeat of law and order, the defeat of that ideal often professed by the Prohibitionists, is in sight when a people come to believe that legislation and its enforcement are bent to the advantage of a class. The Prohibitionist says that any questioning, any repeal, of his laws is a blow at the heart of government itself. Only a few days ago a Bishop was quoted as saying that those of us who voted to repeal the Mullan-Gage Law were Anarchists. But there must be Prohibitionists also who know that a cause, however good, will be harmed by a bad law, by a law which weighs unequally on the various sections of society; they will agree with us that in a democracy a law which favours the rich is doomed. They may come to feel uneasy, as we do, when some eminent jurist or body of jurists admonishes us to obey the Eighteenth Amendment in the interest of law and order. They may come to mutter with us, "Dear Wardens of our Justice, of what complexion is this virtue of yours? Do you mean that we should drink nothing? Or drink with a legal foresight perhaps like your own?"

II

Whether or not the Prohibitionist is ready as yet to reconsider the Amendment, there are plenty of signs that he is badly worried

by the blunders made in the provisions for enforcing the law. Anyone with half an eye could see what would happen unless the Prohibition agents were men of the most reliable character. Some betrayal of the cause there was sure to be, since human nature is sometimes weak and the temptations would always be strong, but in justice to themselves the Prohibitionists should have done their best to secure honest enforcement. The constant exposures of corruption among the Prohibition agents is not the worst blot on the record, nor the tiresome shifting of the blame between Federal and State authorities; the indelible blot on the Prohibition record is the attitude toward Civil Service. When Prohibition was before Congress it was proposed to put the enforcement under Civil Service. The proposal came from a "wet", and the Prohibitionists regarded it as an unfriendly act, since the amendment could not be passed with this guarantee of honest enforcement. The facts have frequently been aired, and they are clearly admitted, with all the implications, in an exchange of letters which *The Outlook* printed, on October 24 last, between Wm. Dudley Foulke, of the Civil Service League, and Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America. Mr. Foulke, if I am correctly informed, is not opposed to Prohibition, and Mr. Wheeler makes it clear in his letter that he personally believes the agents should be in the Civil Service; the letters are therefore all the more significant as coming from men who do not, as I do, see in the Amendment the root of the whole trouble. This is Mr. Foulke's account of the compromise in Congress:

> When the Volstead Act (for which they were responsible) was up for consideration, they made not the slightest protest against the infamous clause which excepted all the field places in the enforcement bureau from the classified service. They secured the passage of the law with this clause in it, and thereby made all these places the spoils of Congressmen, many of whom unscrupulously secured the appointment of scoundrels who accepted bribes, dishonored the service, and made the enforcement bureau what President Harding himself called it, "a national scandal."

In other words, the sponsors for Prohibition, those who now tell us that Prohibition is here to stay, accepted a compromise which hamstrung their law, in order to get the law on the statute books.

As the scandal of "enforcement" goes merrily on its way, the Anti-Saloon League has a standing invitation from every good citizen, Prohibitionist or otherwise, to answer two questions: "Was it impossible to get your measure through Congress with the safeguard of Civil Service? If it was possible, why didn't you insist on it? Why didn't you at least ask for it?"

Mr. Wheeler's comment on the notorious compromise is as good as could be made by a spokesman for the Anti-Saloon League who personally agrees with Mr. Foulke about Civil Service:

> As the legislative representative of the League, I have been in favour of putting these agents under Civil Service. Practically all of the Anti-Saloon League leaders favour it. The National Prohibition Act puts the clerks and assistants under Civil Service, but *it was impossible to place all agents, inspectors, and clerks under Civil Service when the act was adopted.*

I italicize the significant sentence. The inference is inevitable that Mr. Wheeler for one does not think the people through their representatives spoke out unmistakably for Prohibition, and he has no higher opinion than Mr. Foulke of what has been going on under the prohibition that is "here":

> Under the present system, Prohibition agents are chosen, in most places, because of their political qualifications rather than their fitness for the position. When protests are filed and the dominant party leaders from the State insist upon the appointment of an agent, he is practically always appointed, regardless of his lack of qualifications. When the United States Senators of a dominant party and the party leaders are friendly to law enforcement, we secure, as a rule, good agents. When they are hostile, inefficient or corrupt agents are chosen. When bad agents are in the service and protests are filed against them, although the Department is convinced of their unfitness, political leaders have on many occasions required the Department to keep them in the service.

Mr. Wheeler does not say what power it is that the political leaders wield over the Department, but it is easy enough to guess; the kind of Prohibition we suffer under is the result of a deal, in which the Prohibitionists won a phantom victory at the price of political spoils; and to keep up the pretence of victory Prohibition must continue to pay the disgraceful price. An obvious remedy, even now, would be to start over again and

put the agents under Civil Service, and this is what both Mr. Foulke and Mr. Wheeler urge. But will the Prohibitionists take this obvious way out? Indeed, can they, after their previous compromises? What makes both Mr. Foulke and Mr. Wheeler a bit distrustful is that the Prohibitionists have already proposed to put the agents under Civil Service, but on condition that the agents now in service be accepted without examination! Mr. Foulke tells of this episode with some warmth:

> For a long time the advocates of the merit system could secure no coöperation from the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League in any measure of reform. When the Republican administration came into power Commissioner Haynes and the League reorganized the bureau, but wholly along political lines, Republican rascals being substituted for Democratic rascals; and it was only within the last year or so that, overcome by the ghastly conditions around them, they were willing to classify it at all, and then their scheme was to cover into the service the variegated assortment of criminals who had been appointed as spoils, a measure which would only lead to the perpetuation of the evils which the spoils system had inaugurated! The leaders of the Anti-Saloon League do not seem to realize that their own methods are disreputable in just the same way as those of the saloon-keepers whom they denounce.

Of this episode Mr. Wheeler does not speak directly, but it seems to be in his mind when he speaks of the possibility of adopting the Civil Service clause for Prohibition agents in the next Congress:

> The chief controversy that will arise when this measure comes up in the next session of Congress is whether all enforcement officers shall be placed under Civil Service, including State directors, or whether certain executive officers shall be excluded, as is done in other departments of the Government under Civil Service. *It will also be contended that agents in office should be exempt from the examination.* I believe that it will be better to require all of the agents to take the examination.

III

With such confusion in the law itself, and with conditions so deplorable in the enforcement of it, it is worse than unfortunate that the Amendment and the Volstead Act are the illustrations when we are urged to respect the law. The growing disrespect for law is the most serious menace to our society. Unjust laws should be resisted,—I have no disposition to censure the Colonists who opposed the Stamp Act,—yet there is little hope for a society

which takes all laws lightly, even those it is supposed to disapprove of, and much as I dislike the principle of Prohibition, I would rather have a genuine Prohibition law for the country, and have it enforced and obeyed, than watch the spread of the present contempt for all law. Yet having said so much, I must add that in my opinion no intelligent citizen could or should respect the Prohibition laws as they are at present enunciated and enforced. Obey them, yes, but not respect them. Of course, I intend no discourteous implication toward Mr. Bryan and the other supporters of the present laws; I am not trying to read them out of the list of intelligent citizens. I believe that in his heart Mr. Bryan respects the present laws no more than I do, and that they represent his ideals as little as they do mine.

If I personally am disturbed by this phase of the question, it is because my life-work is with students, with the younger generation, with a new younger generation each year, and having a high regard for their brains and for their character, I would not myself do anything, if I could help it, nor would I have my own generation do anything, that would make us seem in the eyes of the young stupid or insincere. We are told sometimes that there is a serious gulf between the younger generation and their elders. Even when they cannot state the grounds of the difference, the youngsters complain of it. But if their elders think the trouble is all with the young, with their free ways, with their disregard of time-honoured conventions, with their inexplicable lack of respect for us, it is salutary to remember that youth explains the difference as a triumph of that very intelligence and character we hoped to bequeath to them. We have educated them too well for them to respect our present goings-on. They know too much of the past to believe that our methods for securing Temperance will succeed, and when we tell them that Prohibition is here, they generously think us senile, to avoid having to think us liars. Many opponents of Prohibition have told us that because of it the evil of drink is spreading among young men and women, but I question whether this is true, of the country as a whole. Our young people have learned the wisdom of Temperance, partly through a wholesome interest in sport and consequently in training, partly through an interest in social problems and conse-

quently through some knowledge of the harm drunkenness does, and chiefly perhaps through wise teaching about the proper use of alcohol, such teaching as was imparted in many schools before Prohibition promised to make Temperance unnecessary. So far as Temperance is concerned, then, the standards of the young folks are probably higher just now than those of their elders; they have been trained to some ideas of hygiene, as their elders were not, and never having acquired the habit of the steak-pancake-pie kind of breakfast, and never having shared in the intoxication of the old-fashioned New Year calls which the word "liquor" conveys to their reformed elders, they find it sensible neither to eat nor to drink too much. They could be counted on in any crusade for Temperance. But the Prohibition régime leaves them cold, a little amused, at heart I think profoundly puzzled, for they know enough of history to recognize that the Prohibitionist is trying to do what from the experience of earlier men would seem impossible, and what the great moralists of Western civilization have condemned. They hear many appeals to return to the ways of the Fathers, to keep the old pieties and to honour the old institutions, but they have good reason to suspect it is the elders who have departed from the tradition—who perhaps are not entirely informed as to what the tradition is.

To me this has become one of the most serious aspects of the Prohibition tangle. The teacher who reveres the wisdom of the past and would hand it on to the younger generation is now in the unpleasant position of furnishing ammunition to the young against their elders, and the students watch this drama of the old folks with sharp eyes to see whether the teacher will let them come at the real doctrine of the past, even though it condemns such a programme as Prohibition, or whether he will try to disguise and trim the record to harmonize with the present performance. Whatever else he may learn from such inquiry, the student is not likely to become more docile when the authority of the past is cited. At the worst he will cultivate contempt for any wisdom older than his own. At the best he will use his intelligence to find out which faction of his conflicting elders he prefers to follow —Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, let us say, or Mr. Bryan, Mr. Ford and Mr. Anderson. If he honestly follows the moral

and political ideals of the first group, he must expect hard words from disciples of the second; his conservativeness will make him appear in their eyes inflammatory and dangerous. Before he can enroll with the second group he must renounce the first in the genial formula that "history is bunk". And how can the teacher help him without taking sides and increasing his dilemma?

If the student were encouraged to read the Bible or the words of great Christian leaders, he would find Prohibition condemned, as inconsistent with the cardinal virtue of Temperance; yet he knows that the most conspicuous Prohibition advocates have an extraordinary faith in the authority of the Bible, even holding to the literal inspiration of everything in it, and he knows also that many of the churches are now making Prohibition as it were a chief article of their creed. If he studies the American Constitution he learns that the Amendments were added to curb the Government and to secure the private rights of the individual citizen; if he reads Tom Paine or Jefferson or Franklin or Hamilton or Washington, he learns that the great experiment of this democracy was by way of protest against paternalism even for our good, against all despotism even when benevolent; and this in the interest of human nature, that there might be a land where character grows with self-respect and responsibility. Those rights of the individual which could be exercised best in common, like the right to protection, were to become the duties of Government, but Government could not take those rights away from the individual; the Constitution was amended, for example, to secure to the citizen the right to bear arms. Those matters in which individual rights cannot be delegated—food, drink, clothing, religion—were to remain outside the scope of Government, since the public servant who fights for us and conducts our domestic and foreign business for us is forever unable to eat or drink for us, or to believe in God for us. When he begins to fancy he can think for us, he needs looking to. And when Government develops the habit of such usurpations of private right, it is the right of citizens, "it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new guards for their future security". This counsel to revolution, at the proper time, will be read by the student in the Declaration of Independence. He will note—with what emo-

tions we can only guess—that the Prohibitionists frequently appeal for loyalty to the Constitution; and though they do not urge us to read it, they could have no objection to our doing so, or to our reading the Declaration as well, and when we do read it, we discover that they are the Radicals who have altered its first purpose and contradicted its spirit. They can reply, of course, in the argument of any wise Liberal, that documents like the Constitution must adapt themselves to changing conditions; but to reverse the meaning of the document, to turn from the ideal of constitutional liberty to the ideal of benevolent paternalism, is something more than adaptation.

That the younger generation are aware of this confusion is clear in their chance remarks. "They don't believe in Socialism," said one of my students, "but they love to practise it, provided they are in power. You remember, Professor, the time we were asked to save gasoline on Sunday, during the war? Just asked—and everyone stopped riding on Sunday. Rather a fine kind of morality, wasn't it! If drink is doing the country harm, why didn't they ask us to give up drink, in the same way? Of course some people would not give it up, but most would—many more than have given it up under Prohibition, and public opinion would have been against the drinkers. Now they say we mustn't drink, whether we want to or not, and they tell us we can't drink —which isn't true—and they tax the country heavily to stop drinking, and then they have the nerve to beg us as good citizens to help them out by not drinking. Why didn't they ask that in the first place, and save the fuss and the expense?"

I would not give the impression that these remarks and their like are made by students primarily as an attack on Prohibition; they come to my ears almost invariably as illustrations of the asininity of the elder generation. The young people, as I said, are disposed on the whole to back up a genuine and self-respecting programme of Temperance; nothing could be easier than to enlist them in warfare against drunkenness. They do not see, however, why so good an object should have been confused with stupid arguments, with incomplete or insincere statements, and with costly and questionable methods. They look at the matter from the outside, as something not their affair, as one more instance

of our genius for conducting the world's business the wrong way, and they speak of it chiefly in frank moments when they are moved to confide in us, as youth will, their opinion of the funny figure we are cutting. The ideal of Temperance is heroic and noble; youth can admire sacrifice for the good of others, and can see the moral beauty of moderation, of self-control, of abstinence for the sake of a fine end. The practice of Temperance leaves the mark of beauty on the temperate. But Prohibition, the passion for preventing other people from doing what they like, is essentially a mean passion, and devotion to it has never yet developed attractive or lovable character. The occasional pronouncements of the Prohibition leaders today are frequently lacking, to say the least, in sweetness and light. Insolence toward the public, vituperation toward the critics of Prohibition, are the manners of the cause, and though the younger generation are said to be rather free in its etiquette, they still judge a man and his philosophy by his conduct. With this spectacle before them of Prohibition advocated in the most intemperate terms, of Prohibition leaders resisting the order of the courts to give an account of the moneys they have collected from the public, of naval forces chasing bottles up and down the coast, of enforcement officers indicted from time to time for an improper interest in the bottles—with this vision of Cockayne spread before them, they are ready to agree with the Prohibitionist that the theory of evolution is unconvincing. "Virtue in her shape how lovely!" Man has not evolved. Not yet.

IV

One phase of the tangle has been too little noticed or discussed in the United States. Prohibition is ardently supported by many who are avowed Pacifists, and who on ordinary occasions lose no opportunity to plead for disarmament. I use the word "Pacifist" in its more recent sense, to describe one type only of the lover of peace. Man in his senses would do what he could to avoid wars, and from that point of view we are all Pacifists. A competent officer in Army or Navy would exercise the last degree of patience in the hope of avoiding a cause of war, or of postponing the beginning of hostilities. The Prohibiting Pacifist, how-

ever, makes no bones about forcing his wishes on other nations, and he will risk any amount of hostility in order to have his way. In his mind, it appears, armies and navies are not necessary for the defense of our homes or our liberties, but they should be used and if possible increased to prevent bottles of beer from entering the country. I do not wish to defend the smuggler any more than the bootlegger; it is not a glorious chapter in British naval history that so much liquor, as we are told, is smuggled here under the British flag. But it should be remembered that in dictating to foreign ships as to the spirits they might or might not bring into our ports, even under seal, we did all we could to offend proud nations with longer traditions of the sea than ours, and with a record for law and order which we have not begun to equal.

It was hardly becoming for us, at this moment of world history, to try to regulate, even indirectly, the morals of our great neighbours. The British smuggler knows that Prohibition "is here to stay, and by the will of the people", and he also knows that the people will pay a high price for all the liquor he can bring in. If we like to import liquor that way, at so much inconvenience to ourselves, what business is it of his? What we will not have, however,—no, not if it costs any amount of argument,—is the bringing in of liquor on foreign ships for the use of the foreign crews. Any one could see that in the land of Cockayne that is where the line would be drawn. Unless, of course, the foreign ship belongs to a country that is smuggling liquor into our ports. In that case we agree by treaty to allow liquor in our harbours under seal, in return for the right to search ships of that flag beyond the three mile limit. We once fought a war with England because she wanted to search our ships, but she was looking for her own citizens, whereas we are looking for some one else's whiskey. A captious person might say that we are penalizing those countries which do not smuggle liquor; since we have no interest in searching their ships, their crews must go without their accustomed wine. But the fine points of the paradox are as nothing compared with the single plain impression we are making on the rest of the world—the impression of bumptious pride, of disregard for the views of our neighbours, of conceit in our own virtue, and of ignorance of the nature of virtue and of manners alike.

I confess it is difficult to foresee how we shall mend our ways; the immediate danger is that we shall do as we please about drinking, and the Amendment will function only in the directions that will embarrass us. The ideal thing to do would be to begin again, intelligently and sincerely, and having found out just what the people want to see enforced, to frame a law that would cover that desire precisely. The Amendment is too vague, and it does not forbid drinking. If drinking is not wrong, we shall never feel that the manufacture of drink is wrong. If it is the saloons that should be abolished, let the law abolish the saloons. If we condemn whiskey but want wine and beer, let the law say so. And since there are people of varied habits in different sections of the country, let us allow for the differences by some form of local option. Such a programme could be carried out honestly, and if the people were consulted at each step, we should have a law which public opinion approved, and which therefore could be enforced.

But the wisest course we could take lies outside of legislation; we could return to the noble doctrine of Temperance, the doctrine of the great Greeks, of the great Hebrews, of the saints of the Middle Ages, of the founders of this country. The moderation of our elder patriots was partly at least urged upon them by the hardships of pioneer life; we need the virtue of Temperance more than they, since life heaps opportunities upon us to be prodigal and wasteful. The virtue of Temperance would protect us from the evils of liquor, and from how much besides! Surely we need not have a separate prohibition for each sin, when one central virtue would deliver us from them all! I could wish that the moralists in my generation might develop more love for virtue and less curiosity to hunt down vice, for we might then improve our relations with the young. To youth a positive virtue is attractive, as something chivalrous; the true warfaring Christian suggests sword and helmet and a blooded charger. Prohibition suggests nothing better than defensive prudence, a dread that something may happen to us, umbrella and rubbers.

JOHN ERSKINE.

REPARATIONS AND SANCTIONS

A DISCUSSION OF THE LEGALITY OF THE OCCUPATION OF THE RUHR

BY CHAS. ROBINSON SMITH

THE French and Belgians, in occupying and administering the Ruhr, have invoked the higher sanctions of International Law. There are those who deny their right. Even England, under the advice of the "highest legal authorities of Great Britain", has recently done so. It seems important that the nations which suffered most to uphold law and the right should not now be exposed to the accusation of violating these.

Upon no one thing were the Allied Powers more continuously united and insistent from the beginning of the war than Reparations. Mr. Asquith, speaking for the Allies at an early date, declared that their war aims were Restitution, Reparation and Security. Reparations were included in the Wilson points, they formed the underlying basis of the Armistice, and they were elaborately provided for in the Treaty of Versailles, wherein they were expressly made a *first charge upon assets and revenues.* As a guarantee for the execution of the Treaty in general, not merely for these money payments but for all other acts to be performed by Germany, military occupation of the Rhineland and bridgeheads was given in these words:

> As a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty by Germany, the German territory situated to the west of the Rhine, together with the bridgeheads, will be occupied by Allied and Associated troops for a period of fifteen years from the coming into force of the present treaty. (Article 428.)

No detailed method was prescribed for enforcing this First Charge in other parts of Germany outside the Rhineland, nor even there. But the remedies were in part left to the implied sanctions of the law and in part provided for by the sweeping provisions of Paragraph 18 of Annex II, Part VIII, which seems to

authorize even acts of war, and therefore perforce sanctions military occupation, to enforce this charge all over Germany.

The importance of Reparations is further seen in the considerable space given to it in the Treaty:

> . . . Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage . . . as a consequence of the war . . . by the aggression of Germany and her Allies. (Article 231.)
>
> . . . The Allied and Associated Governments require, and Germany undertakes, that she will make compensation for all damage done . . . as defined in Annex I hereto. (Article 232.)

Article 233 provides that the amount shall be determined by a Commission to be called the Reparation Commission. Then Part IX, comprising 16 Articles, entitled *Financial Clauses*, includes Article 248, which provides, as stated, that—

> a first charge upon all the assets and revenues of the German Empire and its constituent states shall be the cost of reparation, etc. . . .

If, in spite of all this, the Allies may not resort to force and the sanctions of law to enforce payment for their colossal damages, then indeed are the words of Lloyd George come true. This result—

> would mean that the victors will pay the price of defeat; and the vanquished will reap the fruits of victory.

Before considering the remedies expressly given in the Treaty (Paragraph 18, etc.), it will be desirable to dwell on those which the law implies from stipulations such as the foregoing. In a contract between individuals, such stipulations would mean that in case of default the creditor would be entitled to apply the force of the law in two ways. He might sue on the debt, or he might enforce his lien. Some may dispute that the First Charge is a lien. A whole Article is given to it (Article 248). Does this whole Article mean nothing? The very least it can mean and mean anything is an agreement for a lien—for a preference. In Anglo-Saxon law this could be enforced by a suit for specific performance. The French text says "*privilège de premier rang*". "Privilege" is defined in French dictionaries as "exclusive advantage", "advantage which certain debts have of being paid before

others," and as an illustration it is said: "The costs of litigation are the subject of a privilege." We all know that litigation costs are a first charge. In French law preferred shares are called "*actions privilégées*". If a corporation were to deny to a stockholder his preferred rights, it could be sued—we should imagine. Here, however, is not a preferred stock, but a preferred debt. If it was not a lien in the Treaty itself, it contained the promise and the germs of one—for enforcement, whether judicial or military, can mean nothing else. In any suit a receiver could be appointed to impound the revenues. And the sheriff, or the receiver, would take into his possession all the assets, whether in the Rhineland, or in Saxony, or in Bavaria.

These remedies do not have to be expressed in the instrument; the law implies them. This is the *Droit Commun*, or Common or Ordinary Law. Its analogy must be followed in International Law, unless that law is to be a vain thing. The sanction, the remedy, is the same in both—to realize by force on the assets mortgaged, to impound the revenues pledged. Only the arm of the law is different. In the one it is Courts and Sheriffs—in the other it is the Military. If the individual creditor could not send the sheriff to the Ruhr, or to Berlin, if this treaty creditor cannot send its military force there, where its engineers have been resisted, of what value is this charge? How is it to be enforced?

On such a contention it could not even be enforced in the Rhineland, for the provision regarding military occupation is silent over what the military shall do. If this silence prevents military action in other parts of Germany, it prevents such action in the Rhineland also, so that the soldiers in such case are limited to standing about with stacked arms.

That the Allies intended to reserve these remedies of International Law is clear from a letter dated December 8, 1919, which they sent to Baron Von Lersner, President of the German Delegation, at about the time of the exchange of ratifications when the treaty first came into effect in which they referred to their rights as being secured by the general stipulations of the Treaty *as well as by the ordinary methods recognized by the Law of Nations.*"

Von Lersner represented in 1919 that same nation which in

1871–2 had threatened to exercise these same powers against France. All this must have been present in the minds of the parties. France had only too good reason to remember and the Germans no reason to forget. The French are now but applying the same construction to the Treaty of Versailles that the Germans applied to the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871–4, when a provision for German occupation of French territory was given. On January 31, 1872, they wrote that they desired France formally to understand that "if we are not paid by the Spring of 1874 we shall *at the very least* take under our own administration the Departments now occupied". This meant that the Germans would exercise the right not only to administer the Departments then occupied, but would extend the administration to any other Departments they liked. Such administration would have meant collecting the revenues or taxes of those Departments and applying them to the indemnity. And this, although the Treaty of Frankfort gave no charge or lien on any assets or revenues whatever; and expressly provided that the military authority should have no rights over the parts of the country which it did not actually occupy.

But the Germans threatened to go further and even to resume hostilities. In 1871, when they feared lest the French Ministry, favourable to the Frankfort Treaty, would be overthrown, they telegraphed: "If the present crisis in France means a political upheaval, we believe we are authorized to strengthen the German Army in France in a measure necessary to our rights;" and they added a postscript threatening that, if the French political situation became uncertain, they would not await an actual aggression by the French, but would immediately proceed to the resumption of hostilities by the mobilization of 500,000 men; and this they followed up with a letter declaring that, as soon as the execution of the treaty seemed in peril, they would engage in military operations. And more to the same effect, showing that not only did the Germans rely on and interpret the text of the treaty as the French do now (though with far less justification), but that quite outside of that text they considered any default or even danger of a default as a ground for regarding the war as merely suspended and for thereupon resuming it.

And the Germans were right in their law. That occupation of towns and territory may be used to enforce payment of debts and performance of treaties is upheld by such German authorities as Vattel (1758), Klueber (1808), A. G. Hefter (1873), Holtzendorf (1873), Neumann (1874). Klueber, speaking of the non-execution of a treaty, says:

> A violation of the peace in general or in its particular arrangements frees the other party from the obligation to observe it on his side, or gives him the right to demand damages and reparations, as well as security for the future.

Neumann says:

> The party who does not perform his engagement . . . or who pretends to free himself from it without plausible excuse, *may be forced to perform it by all the measures known to the Law of Nations*—but with the right to the other party, if he so prefer, to withdraw on his side after annulling the contract.

Bluntschli, who was a Swiss jurist known for his pacifism, goes so far as to say:

> If it be no longer possible to depend on the execution of the treaty, the right to occupy provisionally a territory becomes changed into definitive sovereignty.

These authorities supported Germany then; they support France and Belgium now, to the effect that a simple default on a debt in a treaty giving no first charge on assets or revenues and no specific sanctions or remedies, and limiting occupation in express terms, could on a default justify what Germany threatened and what France and Belgium have done. A provision for a partial occupation of territory is regarded as restricted to the territory defined only so long as there is no default. That was the German view in 1872,—true then and correct today. The situation is doubtless similar to that of a mortgage covering several tracts of land, but with right to the mortgagee up to the time of default to occupy only one. On a default he may enter on all the others, or the Court would do so for him through a receiver.

For those who may think that the acts of nations speak louder than the voices of jurists, we may invoke besides the conduct of Germany in 1871 already cited a few of those examples where nations have made war upon, and occupied and administered the territory of, other nations for various acts of omission or

commission, including defaults on their debts due, not to Governments, but to private citizens.

The British occupation of Egypt is a conspicuous example of this. The remedy of seizure and occupation of national territory was used by France in her occupation of Formosa in 1884, by England at Corinto, Nicaragua, in 1905, by the United States at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1914, and by France at Mitylene, Greece, in 1901. There was a forced intervention in Egypt by France and England in 1879; and another by those same Powers in Turkey in 1859, and one by England alone in Crete in 1897–1898. From the earliest times it has been the practice of the nations to collect unpaid tribute through military force. The claim here, however, is not tribute but damages for confessed wrong-doing.

A Hague rule now restricts the collection of private debts by armed force, but there is no Hague rule against the continued right of a nation to use the military arm to enforce payment of a debt due not to its citizens but to itself from another nation, when a treaty admitting the debt makes it a contract charge on assets and revenues. How much more so when in the same treaty the debtor agrees not to resent acts of war!

These are the implied sanctions or remedies of International Law referred to in the Von Lersner letter, referred to by the German jurists, threatened by Germany in 1872, and invoked now by the French and Belgians. They find their analogy and their reason in the common law.

> A contract must be construed so as to include not only what the parties actually wrote down or said, but also all those things which the law implies as part of it. (9 Cyc. p. 582.)
>
> *Qui vult consequens vult etiam et disponit omne antecedens necessarium.*

If we were ever to have a League of Nations authorized to use force, the methods just discussed and hitherto employed by the individual nations would indubitably have to be the ones it would employ. But until that time the nations themselves must continue to employ them.

Perhaps we shall next be told that these implied sanctions were waived by the express ones now to be discussed. But apart from the notice to Von Lersner which reserved them, the words of Para-

graph 18, with their reference to acts of war, implicitly reserve them too. "The measures which the Allied Powers have the right to take may include," etc. What are the measures thus to be enlarged or defined by this inclusion but these implied sanctions?

The express sanctions of the treaty are contained in Paragraphs 17 and 18 of Annex II of Part VIII, Titles, Reparations, as follows:

> In case of default by Germany in the performance of any obligation under this part of the present treaty, the Commission will forthwith give notice of such default to each of the interested Powers and may make such recommendations as to the action to be taken in consequence of such default as it may think necessary. (17.)
>
> The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and *which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war*, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals, and *in general such other measures as the respective* Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances. (18.)

If the general words of this paragraph be given their "common and ordinary meaning" they confer remedies of enforcement adequate to the transcendent importance of Reparations. But Paragraph 18 is attacked by technical argument. The rule of *Ejusdem Generis* is invoked—one of many rules framed to aid but not to thwart the Courts in their interpretation of statutes and other documents. The rule is thus stated by authority:

> . . . Where general words follow the enumeration of particular classes of persons and things, the general words will be construed as applicable only to persons or to things of the same general nature or class as those enumerated. The particular words are presumed to describe certain species, and the general words to be used for the purpose of including other species of the same genus. (36 Cyc. p. 1119.)

So the argument runs that the words "in general such other measures, etc.", being preceded by such particular remedies as "economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals", must be limited to measures of the same kind or nature, meaning purely economic and financial ones. This argument overlooks the fact that this preceding phrase is itself preceded and characterized by a phrase clearly looking to acts of war and it overlooks the fact that Article 248 makes Reparation a first charge and that a first charge necessarily implies measures of force, whether judicial or

military. Paragraph 18 says: "The measures to be taken may *include*," thus assuming that the right to certain measures already existed—measures so forceful that they might include acts of war —"measures . . . which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war."

It says in effect not that such and such measures are granted, but that the measures taken for granted (the implied or other sanctions) "may *include* economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine".

To "whittle down" Paragraph 18 so as to include but purely economic and financial measures (if any such can be imagined) without the right to use force, is not only to limit the Allies to the German word; to make of the First Charge of Article 248 an empty gesture; to abandon all the implied remedies that would ordinarily follow the First Charge, even if Paragraph 18 had never existed, but also to disregard the clear expression of an intent that acts of war may be resorted to, and to elide this phrase from the Paragraph and to treat it and the broad phrase "all other measures" as pure redundancy.

If we would understand fully the rule in question, we must complete the statement of it:

> The doctrine of *Ejusdem Generis*, however, is only a rule of construction to be applied as an aid in ascertaining the legislative intent, and does not control where it clearly appears from the statute as a whole that no such limitation was intended. (36 Cyc. p. 1120.)

We have it on English legal authority that the word "other . . . always implies something additional". And an English judge has said: "*Prima facie*, the larger meaning is to be given to the words (general words) unless you find other words which show that they are used in a restricted sense." And another, also speaking of this rule, says: "The rule is that the *Court must give to general words their common and ordinary meaning unless it can be seen, with reasonable plainness, that it was not the intention*," etc., etc.

The modern tendency in the construction both of wills and of statutes has been to give to the word "other" its broad natural meaning. Treaties are similar to statute laws. The words

found in a criminal statute, "any dress or other disguise, or any other article or thing," were held to include even a crowbar. The words "tonnage, timber, stores or other goods", contained in the Mercantile Shipping Act, were held to include horses and cattle. A statute giving power to "summon overseers, constables, assessors, collectors, and any other persons", was held to include *all* persons. And the words "licensed victualler or person licensed to sell beer . . . or other person" have been held to include all the world other than the persons specified.

This goes to show that whether in a given case the word "other" shall be limited to things of the same kind as those previously enumerated, or shall have its full broad "common and ordinary" meaning, will depend on the context of the instrument, upon its main purposes and upon the attendant facts and circumstances. Only those can limit the use of the word here who belittle the importance of Reparations, as the Treaty assuredly does not.

But there are other rules of construction which must be observed. And when, as sometimes happens, the rules conflict, those must give way which are in evident opposition to the spirit and purpose of the instrument, or which lead to an absurdity:

> It is a cardinal rule in the construction of statutes that effect is to be given, if possible, to every word, clause and sentence. (36 Cyc., p. 1128.)

There is a presumption "against any unjust or absurd consequence" having been intended by the framers of the statute or the treaty. (36 Cyc. p. 1136.)

> No word of a contract is to be treated as a redundancy if any meaning reasonable and consistent with the other parts can be given to it. (9 Cyc. p. 583.)

The interpretations claimed for Paragraph 18 would render redundant all those several phrases whose importance we have discussed. As against this the worst that can be said is that some of its phrases are a little tautologous.

A correct application here of the rule of *Ejusdem Generis* involves no absurdity. Reflection will show that the economic and financial measures contemplated may be and in fact would be, *casus belli*, which if resented become acts of war. In the language of the rule these particular words "economic" etc., "acts of

war," describe certain species, and the "such other measures" are used to include "other species of the same genus". Purely financial measures, such as notice, demand and protest, would be futile. Reprisals, pacific blockades and occupation are contemplated. These are acts of war. And in general the other sweeping measures contemplated would also be acts of war, but they would at the same time be financial or economic—brought to enforce payment but aided by the military in place of the sheriff.

Incidentally what difference is there in kind between occupation of the Rhineland, specifically mentioned in Article 428 and surely included in the first words of Paragraph 18, and occupation of the Ruhr, claimed to be included in the words "such other measures" of that paragraph? They are *Ejusdem Generis*. If a blockade or a collection of customs dues, or a reprisal, can be conceived without military force, it is none the less an act of war. An act of war backed by military force to enforce a payment is none the less financial because it is also military. If these be different forms or species of acts of war, they all belong to the same genus. Should we have any doubts on a point so obvious, Sir Frederick Pollock will relieve us. In a letter to *The London Times* of October 10, 1923, he says:

> Reprisals, pacific blockades and other like measures of *constraint* applied to States denying or delaying justice, are doubtless in the nature of acts of war; but they do not create a state of war, unless the State against which they are exercised elects to treat them as definitely hostile. . . . A strong example is our interference . . . in Crete in 1897 and 1898. We proclaimed a blockade, we assumed jurisdiction in Turkish territory . . . , we fired on both Turks and insurgents; we forbade the landing of Turkish reinforcements. But the Sultan did not think fit to declare war. And Germany has expressly agreed not to declare war.

Some British authorities insist that Article 430 furnishes proof that military occupation was to be limited for every purpose to the Rhineland. That article is as follows:

> Article 430.—In case either during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years referred to above, the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present treaty with regard to reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will be reoccupied immediately by the Allied and Associated forces.

The argument runs thus:

> This language (Art. 430) indicates quite clearly that the military occupation provided for in this part of the Treaty is intended to enforce the reparation obligations of Germany and further establishes that this military occupation is limited to the whole or part of the areas which are defined by the Treaty; that is to say, German territory on the left bank of the Rhine together with certain bridgeheads. We have thus the subject of military occupation dealt with in a special part of the Treaty; on well recognized principles of construction these special provisions dealing with a specific subject prevent the extension to that subject of general words which are found in another part of the instrument.

Now, in all fairness, this Article indicates nothing of the kind. It was evidently inserted out of abundant caution to prevent the claim being made that, because Article 429 required evacuation after part performance, therefore no reoccupation might take place of territory evacuated, even in the event of a subsequent default. The doctrine of waiver plays an important part in jurisprudence and a careful draftsman will have a care, if possible, that important rights be not lost or omitted through conduct or provisions that might be construed as a waiver of these. That seems to have been the sole object of Article 430. Were there to be an evacuation in the future and no Article 430, some technical critic would be sure to claim (however absurd the claim) that, notwithstanding Paragraph 18, the explicit agreement of Article 429 to evacuate the bridgeheads would prevent the use of these same bridgeheads, even to reach other parts of the Empire covered by the first charge.

It is not true to say that the provisions of Article 430 are "special provisions dealing with a specific subject", whilst the provisions which they are claimed to limit are general words applied "to that subject". Both are special and both are general. They deal with different subjects, though these do partly overlap. Neither includes the whole of the other.

Article 430 is included in Articles 428–432, comprising Part XIV, the chapter dealing with Guarantees. The first words of this Part are, "as a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty"; that is, not reparations alone but all stipulations. This constitutes a sort of pledge that Germany will perform these stipulations and, doubtless, a spur to make her do so. This pledge

went into effect immediately and prior to and regardless of any default. This Part provides in express terms no remedies at all.

For remedies to enforce reparations we must look elsewhere—not to "general words" merely, but to the "special provisions dealing with a specific subject" under the chapter where we should expect to find them—Part VIII, entitled Reparations. Reparations are there dealt with in seventeen articles and seven long annexes—a length fully befitting the importance of what was one of the great aims of the War and is perhaps the principal aim of the Peace. Elsewhere the remedies are left to implication. Here and in Article 248 they are expressed. What these are has been sufficiently considered above. Manifestly they include acts of war and *a fortiori* further military occupation, if it shall be so determined.

If this were a mortgage to an individual on Rhineland property alone, the civil creditor might hold his lien on the Rhineland in abeyance and sue on the debt and levy on the debtor's other lands in Saxony and in Bavaria. But here we have what would be unusual in a civil case. We have, besides the Rhineland lien, an express first charge on all property in Germany, and the sweeping provisions of Paragraph 18 to enforce it. And these direct provisions we are asked to believe are annulled by a mere inference to be drawn from other provisions that touch them only indirectly.

Thus the provisions of Part XIV on Guarantees and those of Parts VIII and IX on Reparations and Financial are complementary. The one includes the period before a default, contemplates performance of all stipulations generally, and affords no express remedy for non-performance of any. The other speaks only from the time of a default, deals with Reparations alone, and specifies remedies. So far as language is concerned the one is passive, the other active.

Lord Curzon argues: "It would have been idle to stipulate expressly (in Article 430) for any such reoccupation in case of default on Reparations, if the Allies had already an unlimited right to occupy any German territory under another clause of the Treaty." This argument merely amounts to another charge of tautology—the tautology of a perhaps unnecessarily careful

draftsman. Even if we admit that on our construction of Paragraph 18, Article 430, was idle and unnecessary, and tautologous, how trivial is this consequence compared with reducing the "first charge" and all adequate remedies under it, to an empty gesture!

Article 430 does not say that other territory may not also be occupied under other clauses; it does not say that the implied sanctions of law may not be invoked; it does not say that the first charge on all Germany may not be enforced by occupation of all Germany; it does not say that the sweeping measures of Paragraph 18, including acts of war, may not be used; and yet, if the English lawyers are right, Article 430 really has this effect. What this Article does not say has the effect of annulling what the Treaty does say. Not the words, then, but the silence of Article 430, annuls all the principal remedies of the Treaty.

The French Prime Minister, in his letter of August 20 to Lord Crewe, has shown with cumulative force the interpretation given to the Treaty by England during four years prior to the Curzon note of August 11. In at least one case England joined with France in an extension of the occupation beyond the Rhineland. On three or four other occasions she threatened to do this and thereby brought Germany to terms. There never arose a doubt as to the legality of such acts. Lord Curzon now says in effect, after waiting three years, that the highest legal authorities find Germany right, and that these acts and threats were not a sanction authorized by the Treaty itself. He disclaims English inconsistency by saying that those British threats were not made under the express clauses of Paragraph 18, and were taken not in pursuance of the reparation clauses, but that "the Allies simply decided to threaten Germany with occupation of further territory just as they might have threatened her with renewal of the war for her failure to perform the Treaty obligations. . . ."

As the British did not denounce the Treaty but insisted on performance, what is this but another way of doing what Germany threatened in 1871—invoking the implied sanctions of the law? It matters little on which basis England founds the right to do as she did; whether on the implied sanctions or the expressed sanctions of the Treaty. The sanctions are there and

England has invoked them many times. In any case England considered she had the legal and moral right to commit these acts of war to secure payment under the Treaty, and if England was right then, why are not France and Belgium right in doing the same thing now?

In doing this England by no means went so far as she did in the case of Egypt. In 1882 England invaded Egypt on various grounds that seemed to her, and probably were, good and sufficient; but one reason was that the Khedive had failed to repay certain moneys he had borrowed from English citizens. Once in occupation, England has remained there ever since. Her right to occupation may have been questioned by some, but it has been supported by other similar cases. Let us suppose, however, that the case had been stronger, that the Khedive had borrowed the money, not from individuals but from the British Government, and had signed a treaty agreeing that this debt should be a first charge on all the assets and revenues of Egypt, and that in case of default England should have her Paragraph 18. Could there be any doubt but that these terms of security would have added ample justification for the English fleet to overcome resistance by its bombardment of Alexandria, for the occupation of the country then and *ever since*, for the splendid work of financial restoration, ending in the payment or rehabilitation of the Egyptian debt? These measures (or at least the continued occupation) would have been essentially financial ones; and yet they were acts of war.

The illustration shows that, in a case such as this, no effective financial measure can be conceived that would not create a *casus belli* but for the express agreement not to resent it. It also shows that if England would even now join her Allies in their military and financial occupation of Germany, following the precedent she set in Egypt with such conspicuous success, results equally brilliant might be expected for both debtor and creditor, and within a shorter period of military occupation than now seems likely.

It is true that England's interpretation of the Versailles Treaty by her acts since its signing is not binding on Germany, but it surely ought to be binding on England in her relations to her old Allies. Germany's interpretation of peace treaties we know already from what has preceded. The fact that England now takes

another view when she considers that her self-interest has changed—the fact that Germany vanquished should in 1923 take the opposite view to the one she took in 1871—these facts carry but little conviction. France, Belgium and Italy have been consistent from the beginning in upholding the right under a treaty of peace to use military force; just as England did up to a few months ago, and as Germany did up to the time of her defeat.

Some critics have intimated that things may have been said by certain negotiators before the Treaty became effective that would contradict its plain language. We have it on M. Poincaré's authority that "Nothing can be found in the discussions preparatory to the Treaty to justify such a view." It is barely possible that some of the negotiators may have interpreted some provisions differently from the interpretations of others, but such differences, if any, no longer concern us. The question now is, What does the actual language used fairly mean? What were those chiefly concerned entitled to think that it meant? We know what France and Belgium and Italy thought and still think. We know how England acted up to recently. However that may be, it is a rule of construction that words used in discussion and negotiation become merged in the final document and may not be used to change it or even to interpret it. "The judgment of the Court cannot *in any degree* be influenced by the construction placed upon it by individual members of Congress in the debate which took place in the passage. . . . The law as it passed is the will of the majority . . . and the only mode in which that will is spoken is in the act itself." (See Vol. I, U. S. Federal Statutes, annotated; Debates and Proceedings in Congress.)

Some insist that Paragraph 18 admits of no allied action but by unanimity, and that one creditor may halt all the others.

Unanimity is not unknown in the Treaty, and wherever it was desired it was expressed by the use of the word itself. The word is conspicuous by its absence in Paragraph 18, and the word used is "respective", which is its opposite. The *Oxford Dictionary* defines: "Respective—Each's own; proper to each; individual; several." The French word *respectif* has the same sense. Those measures of Paragraph 18 may therefore be taken by the respective Governments together if possible, but each by itself if need

be. The machinery of Paragraphs 17 and 18 is this: Paragraph 17 imposes on the Reparation Commission the duty of giving notice of a default to the interested Powers. Upon that notice and in case the default be voluntary, Paragraph 18 is set in motion. But it is contended that the fact of voluntary default was in dispute and that a unanimous decision of the Reparation Commission was necessary to establish it. Article 13 of Annex II lays down rules for the Commission in voting, as follows:

> 13.—As to voting the Commission will observe the following rules:
> When a decision of the Commission is taken, the votes of all the delegates entitled to vote, or in the absence of any of them, of their assistant delegates, shall be recorded. Abstention from voting is to be treated as a vote against the proposal under discussion. Assessors have no vote.

On the following questions unanimity is necessary: (Here follow five cases with no bearing here, and then the sixth:)

> (f) Questions of the interpretation of the provisions of this part of the present Treaty.
> All other questions shall be decided by the vote of a majority.

Although all action of the Reparation Commission is to be taken by a majority excepting in the six specified cases, the critics seize on subdivision *f*, and declare that this question of fact whether there was a voluntary default or not, is a question of interpretation. But if all questions of fact as to which the Reparation Commission may differ are to be considered matters of interpretation of the Treaty, then there would be absolutely no possible action that would not have to be unanimous and the distinctions drawn in the Treaty between unanimous action and separate action by the respective parties would be obliterated. In Anglo-American law, interpretation is a question of law for the court. Questions of fact are distinct from these. Paragraph *f* evidently follows that distinction. The question of fact here involved for the Reparation Commission not being a matter of interpretation, their action upon it falls within the provisions or a majority vote. This has been had. Paragraph 18 is thereby set in motion and the respective Powers are entitled to act each by itself, if they so choose.

If we look to the common law for our analogy we find that where several joint creditors are secured by the same instrument,

if some shall refuse to sue the defaulting debtor, any one of them may sue by himself alone, making all others parties to the suit.

If, notwithstanding the word "respective", unanimity is to be required, what sort of unanimity is it to be? That of the twenty-seven Powers, big and little, interested and uninterested? That of the nine Powers interested in reparations? Or that of only the four Great Powers? The paragraph is here silent, but it speaks loudly with the word "respective", and that seems to settle it. The British lawyers paint a lurid picture of the confusion to result if each Power interested were to act alone; but separate action surely may not be taken until all have been invited, and an intelligent appreciation of self-interest should prevent the dire consequences imagined. Inconvenience can be conceived on any interpretation—but the inconvenience of allowing separate action which in any case must be for the joint account and controlled by self interest, seems a far lesser evil than a construction that would enable a single and perhaps least important Power to paralyze the action of all. This argument only emphasizes the need of joint action by the Allies and the evils of joint inaction.

The Reparation Commission has not only notified a default, but has certified a voluntary default. There is therefore nothing here calling for interpretation, no question of law, nothing in doubt that concerns the Reparation Commission. Once more we have the benefit of England's interpretation by her own action. On October 28, 1920, a debate arose in the House of Commons on the point of separate action, and the then Chancellor of the Exchequer interpreted the word "respective":

> With regard to the criticism that this action was taken by His Majesty's Government on their own responsibility without obtaining the concurrence of the Allied Governments, the words of the Paragraph clearly leave it "to the *respective Governments*" to determine what action may be necessary under the Paragraph.

The British Government acted accordingly and alone.

We have hitherto discussed only the rights to enforce the Treaty—the rights implied by International Law and the rights expressed in the Treaty itself, rights which some dispute. But there is one supreme right that no one will dispute, and that is that upon a breach, such as here, of a Treaty of Peace, the ag-

grieved nation may annul the treaty and make war. The Allies had and have this recourse. This shows how utterly technical is the argument of the critics. If this treaty were a contract between individuals, the aggrieved party might either annul it and sue, or might insist on performance and sue. Why International Law, having borrowed its analogies from the Common Law, should withhold the remedy of force to uphold a treaty that it grants on its annulment, it is difficult to see. This would be very like denying that the greater includes the less. This narrow view is contradicted by the actions of the greatest States, France, England and Germany. Even England's present view of her previous action contradicts it, because, as Lord Curzon said, she threatened Germany many times "with occupation of further territory . . . *for her failure to perform the treaty obligations*".

It is complained of France and Belgium that by enforcing their rights they have upset affairs in Germany; but apart from the fact that Germany is her own self-destroyer, what is the present upset compared with what would have followed had they denounced the Treaty and thrown Western Europe into the melting pot again? It is not to be believed that a tribunal of international law would admit that the highest sanctions may be invoked on the annulment of treaties and may not be invoked for their performance.

These considerations have another important bearing. They help both to explain and to interpret the express provisions of the Treaty. They explain why such clauses were inserted as the "first charge" of Article 248 and the "acts of war" and the sweeping "other measures" of Paragraph 18—*clauses never before employed in any treaty of peace.* They were inserted in order to silence all objectors, and to assure to the Allies those highest sanctions of International Law in enforcing payment of Reparations, which all knew could be invoked were the Treaty to be annulled for their nonpayment. They were inserted, as the language itself implies, in order to authorize clearly the use of the military arm in enforcing collection of the debt, without the consequences that might ensue from an actual state of war.

CHAS. ROBINSON SMITH.

THE FOREIGN SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THERE is at present before Congress a measure dealing with "the reorganization and improvement of the Foreign Service of the United States". Popularly it is known as the "Rogers Bill", taking its name from the Hon. John Jacob Rogers, a member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts, who has acted as its chief sponsor. This bill was passed in the House last February, and was reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs without amendment; but in the rush of the closing hours of the Congress it failed to reach a vote in the Senate. Consequently for the second time the bill must now pass the test of public hearings and secure votes for its enactment. To aid in this President Coolidge in his message to Congress laconically remarked: "The Foreign Service of our government needs to be reorganized and improved."

The fact that such a bill is now before Congress is itself encouraging to those who take an interest in the efficiency and dignity of the Foreign Service. There are questions regarding its importance and its necessity which deserve attention. What, for example, does the bill propose? How can it improve the Foreign Service? And what relation does this service bear to our national welfare? In short, does the Foreign Service deserve the support and assistance which the Rogers Bill provides?

Such questions recall the interest which President Roosevelt took in the removal of political influences from the Consular Service. In his private correspondence Roosevelt often referred to some American diplomatic representatives abroad as "stuffed dolls"; but when it came to the Consular Service he championed it. With his aid and approval an act to provide for the reorganization of the Consular Service of the United States was passed by Congress on April 5, 1906. The powers granted under this act

enabled the President on June 27, 1906, to make the "regulations to govern the selection of consuls general and consuls in the civil service of the United States". Later Executive Orders have amended these regulations from time to time, but the principles have continued. The Consular Service is under the direction of regular officials of the Department of State and admission to it is only by examination. This branch of our Foreign Service is, therefore, freed from the ravages of the spoils system.

President Taft, acting on authority of Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes, also directed on November 26, 1909, that admission to the secretarial positions in the Diplomatic Service should be by examination. Such regulations have assisted in the development of the service and have promoted the growth of an *esprit de corps*. The result has been both helpful and stimulating; but because of the lack of a suitable plan for promotion to the grades of Minister and Ambassador, and because of the wretched and inadequate scale of pay, the Diplomatic Service has failed to offer a suitable career of governmental employment. Indeed unless the candidate had considerable private means it was folly for him to look on the service as a profession. The initial steps toward provision for such a career had been taken but the means were still practically lacking to open the service on a democratic basis of merit.

Under such circumstances the Rogers Bill proposes to remedy in part some of the present deficiencies of the Foreign Service. This bill provides for the union of the Diplomatic and Consular Services under the name of the "Foreign Service of the United States". Officers of that service are to be graded and classified as follows:

> Ambassadors and Ministers as now or hereafter provided; Foreign Service officers, including secretaries of former class one, designated as counselors of embassy, and consuls general of former classes one and two, to constitute the new class one with a salary of $9,000; secretaries of former class one, not designated as counselors of legation, and consuls general of former class three to constitute the new class two with a salary of $8,000; secretaries of former class one, not designated as counselors, and consuls general of former class four, together with consuls general at large, to constitute the new class three with a salary of $7,000; secretaries of former class two, consuls general of former class five, and consuls of former classes one, two and three to constitute the new class

four with a salary of $6,000; consuls of former class four to constitute the new class five with a salary of $5,000; secretaries of former class three and consuls of former class five to constitute the new class six with a salary of $4,500; consuls of former class six to constitute the new class seven with a salary of $4,000; secretaries of former class four and consuls of former class seven to constitute the new class eight with a salary of $3,500; consuls of former classes eight and nine to constitute the new class nine with a salary of $3,000; vice consuls of career, consular assistants, interpreters and student interpreters to be in the unclassified Foreign Service with salaries of from $3,000 to $1,500.

It is also provided that the present consuls general at London and Paris, each of whom now draws a salary of $12,000, shall not suffer a reduction in salary as the result of the passage of the act during their incumbency of the offices mentioned. A bond is to be required of each member of the service; appointments are to be to a class and not to a particular post so that men may be transferred from post to post as the interests of the service may require; and all appointments and promotions from class to class are to be made by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Appointments are to be on the basis of examination "or, after five years of continuous service therein, by transfer from the Department of State". Any officer may be assigned for duty in the Department for a period of not more than four years; and a record is to be kept of the special efficiency of officers in the service.

Furthermore "the Secretary of State is directed to report from time to time to the President, along with his recommendations, the names of those Foreign Service officers who by reason of efficient service have demonstrated special capacity for promotion to the grade of Minister". This will place the facts before the President; if he chooses to disregard the official lists and to select a merely political appointee or a man who is obviously unfitted for Ministerial rank he does so in the full light of day.

The bill also authorizes the grant of "representation allowances" to diplomatic missions and to consular offices at capitals where there is no diplomatic mission. This matter of post allowances is in fact most important and beserves later notice. Finally, provision is made for retirement between the ages of sixty-five and seventy. Length of service and service at unhealthful posts in the tropics are to be computed in calculating the retiring allowance which, after the appropriation of the relatively small

amount necessary for the retirement of those officers to whom the retirement provisions of the bill will be immediately applicable, will thenceforth be provided by a contribution equal to five per cent. of the annual salary of each officer below the rank of Minister. In general such are the provisions of the bill in its final form. Originally there was provision for recruiting the permanent staff by scholarships given to students in approved universities. This, to my regret, has been dropped from the present bill.

It is quite evident that these proposals touch on several points which are controversial. For example there has been criticism within the Diplomatic Service as to union with the Consular Service. Those who imagine that a diplomatic officer is in some mysterious fashion set apart as a superior being have objected to a common classification. There has also been loose talk as to a man "weaving in and out" of the two services. As a matter of experience many diplomatic officials have been quite unfitted to be consular officers and *vice versa*. As I wrote nearly two years ago: "The strength of the proposed change lies in the recognition of the different kinds of work required in both branches of the service. An opportunity is now given for the right sort of man to find the work for which he is best fitted."

The appointment of consular officers to positions in the Diplomatic Service has been rare. The present Minister to Sweden, Mr. Bliss, is in fact almost the only man who, by a variety of circumstances, has arrived at a high diplomatic post from an original consular appointment. The Rogers Bill does not propose a confusion of the two services but a union of them for purposes of classification and salary. The functions of the two services continue quite distinct. Their status in point of international law and by virtue of statutes is strictly defined. It is not the intention of the bill to alter that status or to modify any existing rule on the subject. Rather the intention is to bring about a clearer understanding and a more rigid distinction between the work performed by the Foreign Service officers who are designated to the diplomatic and consular branches. Thus duplication and overlapping will be avoided. Each branch will profit by the experience of the other. This of course will lay a special responsibility on the personnel officers of the Department of State. The

purpose of the bill is to make the service more flexible; and the Foreign Service remains a human job for trained men.

In the second place, with regard to "representation allowances" the bill proposes that the system of giving post allowances should be regularized under law. As Secretary Hughes, in the hearings before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, stated in December, 1922:

> It is impossible in any fixed schedule of salaries to reflect the economic condition of the posts. You have differences in exchange, differences in the cost of living; you have a variety of differences in representation which have got to be met, or you do not carry out the promise of your own bill; and there must be some way of equalizing these differences. It can only be done by appropriation. Congress has always controlled the amount that shall be allowed. But the legislative basis should not be so expressed as to preclude the making of appropriate allowances which will enable the mission to serve.

So Mr. Carr, the Director of the Consular Service in the Department of State, states:

> I mean by representation allowances those allowances which may be applied to the excessive cost of living, to entertainment, to various personal outlays that are involved in properly representing one's government in a foreign country.

Mr. John W. Davis, formerly Ambassador to Great Britain, declared at public hearings on the Rogers Bill in December, 1922, that post or representation allowances were a necessity and should be left flexible, to be adjusted to changing conditions. Mr. Polk, formerly Under Secretary of State, and Mr. Julius Barnes, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, also spoke to the same effect.

Some notion of the discrepancies between the American and British services may be gained from the comparison of salaries and allowances in Washington, London, and Paris. At Washington the British Ambassador has a salary of just over $12,000, but in addition he has a completely appointed embassy at his disposal and an allowance of over $85,000, thus totaling $97,350. At London, the American Ambassador has a salary of $17,500, and has only recently been provided with an embassy, not yet ready for occupancy, for the upkeep of which he must pay from his private pocket. During 1918–19 Mr. Davis, who paid for the rental

of his embassy residence from his private pocket, received an allowance of $5,000 for entertainment of American officers. Steps were soon taken to reduce even that sum. At Paris the British Ambassador receives as salary and allowances a total of $80,000 and enjoys the occupation of a magnificent embassy which is one of the show places of Paris. At Paris the American Ambassador receives a salary of $17,500. His house he has to find and pay for himself, sometimes paying rent as high as $20,000. In general such differences are also common to the lower grades. Thus the British consul general at New York receives a total of about $24,000. The American consul general at London has a salary of $12,000, which is to be reduced to $9,000 when Mr. Skinner dies or retires. Under such circumstances, can anyone imagine that the United States has a democratic Foreign Service open to appointments based exclusively on merit?

The Rogers Bill does not touch questions regarding the salaries or houses of Ambassadors and Ministers; but it does aim to improve the scale of pay for officers below the rank of Ministers and to provide a way for possible promotion to the highest grades of the Diplomatic Service. Furthermore, the contributory system of retirement pay, as supplemented at first by the Department of State, will free members of the Foreign Service, who have spent practically their whole active lives in governmental employ, from the dread of a poverty stricken old age.

The passage of the bill should, therefore, promote the activities of the Foreign Service along lines of efficiency and stability. To quote from a recent bulletin of the American Consular Association: "A Consul may be called upon to do anything conceivable that no one else has tried or been able to do. And the essence of the matter is that he does it." So from a recent bulletin of the Department of State on *The Diplomatic Service* I quote: "Officers are also expected to perform, and do perform, their duty without regard for discomfort or personal danger. The reward of the Foreign Service is not a money reward. . . . The Foreign Service offers instead the cultural advantages of foreign travel, active contact with leaders in other lands, and the opportunity of distinguished patriotic achievement. It offers spiritual gratification to be found in the path of public service and responsibility."

The Foreign Service is in fact our first line of national defence. As Secretary Hughes said in May, 1922: "It is a poor patriot who would scrap both his ships and his diplomats at the same time." The Department of State controls the "resources of negotiation, of reason and persuasion" in foreign relations. Our Diplomatic Service, therefore, is a means of defence; in its care is "the foundation of all business security" against "the frightful losses and dislocations of war". The information which a secretary may gain at luncheon or at dinner can be of vital interest to his government. He is in some ways a civil intelligence officer. The usefulness of an embassy depends in large part on the variety of contacts which its staff is able to maintain. And of course in the field of business the same is true of a consulate.

The appointment to Ambassadorships of able citizens who have had little experience in diplomatic life will probably continue. Yet the efficiency of their service must depend largely on the trained staff which is at their disposal. This staff is in reality the backbone of American diplomacy. Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, and Ministers may come and go; but the traditions of the service, the practical and often technical knowledge, and the personal relations, without which the service would be helpless, remain with the rank and file. Mr. Davis sums up the matter admirably when he says:

> Granted adequate pay or reasonable pay, granted a reasonable chance for promotion, as a recognition of merit, and then granted a retirement allowance which will enable a man when he is no longer useful to be assured against want, you will not only get good men but you will be able to retain them because the Foreign Service does offer, of course, a great many things that are attractive. It is highly intellectual labor. A man who really enjoys intellectual labor can find in the Diplomatic and Consular Services all the field that he needs. It is interesting because it is constantly taking him into new phases of work and there is a certain element of pride about it because it is a dignified position to stand among foreigners as representing a dignified and powerful nation. This consideration will draw men to the service and will hold them there if they are given a fair chance to live the sort of life that they should live and at the same time make a provision for their old age. I read all these things in this bill and read them with great satisfaction.

The cost of the Foreign Service is surprisingly low. In 1920–21 the receipts of the Department of State exceeded expenditures by

more than $1,270,000. The reduction in the number of immigrants with the resultant decrease in the amounts received for passports fees together with other minor changes has altered this figure for 1923. The expenditures for the past fiscal year were $8,435,501.51 and the receipts were $7,981,566.61, leaving the net cost of the foreign service establishment at $453,934.90. This amazingly small cost is in any case in the nature of insurance.

Whether we consider the recovery of losses sustained by individual citizens in foreign countries, the opening up of new regions to American trade, the conservation of estates of Americans dying abroad, the keeping out of cattle diseases, the collection of statistics and of information valuable to the employer, to the farmer, and to the laborer, and the daily routine of work connected with invoices and shipping, the result is the same. Our Consular Service, which alone more than pays its way, discharges responsible and valuable services worth many millions to the country.

Nor is the work done for the benefit of American business exclusively in the hands of the consuls. Diplomatic missions have frequently been of aid to American commercial interests. It may be in securing exemption of American funds and property from forced loans or requisitions, in successfully protesting against illegal encroachments on American land, against a new and unfavorable tariff, and against delays in payments of debts, in the settlement of awkward law cases, or in the adjustment of problems of taxation or of unfair trade discrimination that American diplomatic services have been useful. Certainly concrete cases might be cited within recent years to illustrate each of the above statements. In the field of the economics of diplomacy there is a wide scope of activity which American business men are beginning heartily to appreciate.

For all of these reasons, any steps which assist the efficiency of the Foreign Service are vital to our national welfare. Secretary Hughes, in speaking of the work of the Department of State and in advocating the passage of the Rogers Bill, said in May, 1922:

> The Department of State is carrying the flag of the twentieth century. It aims to be responsive in its own essential sphere to what it recognizes as the imperative demands of American business. It aims at the coördination of the work of all departments bearing upon the same great object of American pros-

perity. It intends in its contacts with foreign governments to maintain the American tradition of candor and good faith and at this difficult time it is earnestly desirous of aiding in the reëstablishment of stable conditions and thus of contributing to the welfare of other peoples upon which our own prosperity must ultimately depend.

It is high time that in belated fashion we should promote the practical interests of the Foreign Service. The Department of State does not advertise. Its traditions are against self-exploitation or self-congratulation. I have not even the remotest connection with the Department; but I have tried to state the facts in the case for they are of interest to all Americans.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN CITIZEN UNAFRAID

BY ROBERT DUNNING DRIPPS

The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power, and oppression, is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind.—Part I, Article X, of the Constitution of New Hampshire adopted February, 1792.

DISSATISFACTION with the present relations between Government and the individual citizen in this country is increasingly noticeable. No one can frequent any of the places where men congregate, and where there is opportunity for interchange of views, without discovering indisputable evidence of this fact. The specific cause of complaint may and does vary; but the dissatisfaction is general, is increasing and is openly expressed.

This is the more remarkable, as we have just emerged from a period in the history of this country during which it was almost the universal wish of American citizens, temporarily at least, to increase the power of the Government to its utmost capacity and to get behind it in every possible way. To be sure, the motive involved was "to win the war". Nevertheless, war conditions lasted long enough to develop what amounted to being a habit or custom of looking to the Government for leadership in matters the most diverse, and following such leadership as it gave, almost blindly and without question. The actual hostilities have ceased, and, with their cessation, the Government has become as unpopular as the sword and the gun. Illustrations bristle on every hand. Three, at least, will probably occur to every reader and need only to be mentioned.

Business men, big and small, feel that there is a growing tendency on the part of the Government to interfere in important details of business which have always been considered hitherto—in this country at least—to belong exclusively to individual nitiative.

The commissions appointed by Congress, and by the State legislatures, each of which is seeking to grow more powerful day by day, and all of which combine legislative and judicial functions in a way looked upon as thoroughly un-American, especially in view of the many instances in which there is practically no right of appeal to the courts—these commissions in particular are a source of dissatisfaction and complaint.

Then, too, now that the war is over, there is an inclination to criticize the Government for the way in which both freedom of speech and freedom of the press were trampled underfoot while the war was in progress—and since; and to raise the question where any authority was found to draft men for foreign service.

Within a narrower circle, because of the greater complication of the questions involved and the fact that many of our people have not accustomed themselves to thinking through our problems pertaining to international finance, there is an equally profound dissatisfaction with the way in which the Government, and for that matter the almost equally centralized banking interests in this country, are handling—or failing to handle—these matters.

The action of a Governor in inviting other Governors to take over in the coal situation powers which not only do not belong to them but which are expressly denied them by the Constitution, is another most grievous cause of complaint.

These are only a few of the specific instances leading to the present dissatisfaction with the Government.

Face to face with what they believe to be well-grounded causes of complaint, in the nature of infringements of their individual rights, our people are going back to their histories, and to their Constitutions and Bills of Rights, to find just where they stand.

Since the days when this Republic was established, a generation has arisen which knew not Joseph. Indeed, comparatively few are left of those personally familiar even with the struggle in this country over States' Rights, a struggle which culminated in the Civil War, and which was finally decided by that event.

However, many American citizens today are inclined to agree that, just as the chief menace to our institutions in the period immediately preceding the Civil War was the growing

strength and self-assertion of the individual State, so now these institutions are menaced by an over-centralization of power in the Federal Government. The old-line Democrats are saying: "I told you so!" And Republicans and Democrats alike are admitting a certain amount of responsibility for a condition which thoughtful and patriotic members of both parties are beginning to consider intolerable. It is worth noting that during the past quarter century this movement toward centralization got its chief impetus under the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. In those days, it was the Executive branch of the Government which was continually tending to encroach beyond the boundaries set for it in the Constitution which it had sworn to uphold.

Today, Congress and State legislatures are the chief offenders —a fact which is by no means cause for congratulation. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody good, and one result of the disturbing facts above set forth, as already stated, has been to send us all back to the Constitution—not so much to study the frame of government set up by the Fathers, but rather to see what that fundamental agreement which is the basis of all government in this country has to say about the rights and the duties of the individual, and as to the powers delegated to our representatives in the functioning of our Government.

And so the press of the country is pouring out books on the Constitution. Atwood, Beck, Burgess, Butler, Hennessy, McDonald, Schuyler and Stimson are among the authors of recent volumes on this subject. One is reminded of the war of pamphlets which followed President Lincoln's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

What does it all come to? What are our rights? Whence do we get them? Against whom can we enforce them, and how? These are certainly practical questions today. The answers to them are of vital importance to everyone of us; and they are not far to seek. We should first of all remind ourselves that the American Revolution, once and for all, snapped the chain of precedents on which our Colonial forefathers relied in all their contentions with the Government, just as it tore down the divine right of kings—and of governments claiming authority and power by virtue of this right. By that Revolution, the people of this

country took back to themselves all rights of sovereignty, and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, it was adopted by the people themselves, acting in their sovereign capacity. Indeed, the Constitution is nothing more nor less than an agreement, or contract, between each individual citizen, of the one part, and all the other individual citizens, of the other part.

What was the object or purpose of this contract? Simply this, to make certain for all time that so far as those who were a party to it, and their posterity, were concerned, certain rights which by bitter experience they had learned were essential to every individual who wanted to live his life in his own way, so long as he did not interfere with the similar and equal rights of others, should be preserved and safeguarded and never infringed by any other individual, or group, or city, or State, or by the nation itself, and most assuredly never infringed by the Government which was created in and by that same contract to serve and carry out the will of the people as prescribed by the Constitution. The establishment of what we call "a frame of government" was incidental and secondary to this main purpose. This fact is apparent from one end of this contract to the other. Certain clearly specified powers and authority were conferred in it by the people on various agencies appointed by them to act for them and as their servants; but it was made so clear that he who runs may read that every right and all power and authority not so specifically delegated were reserved to the States or to the people themselves as enumerated in the Constitution.

You and I and the other individual citizens of the United States are today the sovereigns in this country. Government and every part of it, from the President to the policeman on the beat, owes every scrap of power or authority attached to any particular office to what we, the individual citizens, granted in the Constitution. The particular individual who at any time holds any such office does so only on sufferance and so long as he conducts himself in all his official acts in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. The government is neither our master nor a body of supermen, but the agency appointed to carry out our will as defined in this fundamental contract.

Therefore, just as in the case of every other agreement or contract, if any dispute arises as to what the rights or powers of any of the parties to it are, or as to what authority may be exercised by any of the agencies created by virtue of its provisions, the only way to settle any such dispute is to get the contract itself and see what it says. We have no occasion in this country to fall back on theories of the State, or of sovereignty, or of natural rights. All that concerns us has been put in black and white within the limits of a brief, clearly worded, and easily understood contract—the Constitution of the United States. If a law is passed by Congress, or by any State legislature, which interferes with any of the rights which we have reserved to ourselves in the Constitution, it is void—a scrap of paper and nothing more. If the President issues any order not definitely within the authority conferred upon him by us in the Constitution, there is not—on competent determination of that fact—the slightest obligation on the part of the least important citizen to obey it, or pay any attention to it. If any department of the Government, as for example, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, issues any rules or regulations which in any respect exceed the power and authority derived by it from the provisions of the Constitution, such rules or regulations—again on competent determination—may and should be openly disregarded.

But suppose the Government insists that what it requires of the individual citizen is within its authority as conferred in the Constitution, and the individual citizen denies this, who is to decide which is right? It was to meet just this situation and others like it that this same contract provided for the creation of the Supreme Court of the United States. The very reason for the existence of this court is in order that American citizens, apart from both the Executive and Legislative departments of the Government, may keep other individual citizens, or groups of citizens, as well as the Government itself, from President to policeman, from interfering in any way with any one of the rights which each citizen has reserved to himself in the Constitution.

Suppose, however, that the Supreme Court when its aid is invoked acts and decides wrongly against the right of the

individual citizen. Can anything further be done? Assuredly; the question then becomes a political one, and the sovereigns who created Court and Congress alike can tear down, or modify, or reconstruct, in a purely constitutional manner, as they see fit.

Can there be any question that many of us have forgotten our birthright? Is it not evident that the Government itself sometimes forgets the purpose of its existence and the limitations which hedge it around? Does not the Supreme Court, also, at times need to be reminded of its primary duty, and recalled to the functions for which we created it? If Paul, the Roman citizen, was ever conscious and rightfully proud of his citizenship in no mean city, is not the citizen of the United States possessed of even greater and more secure rights?

What, then? Let us examine the manner in which the various agencies of government have fulfilled the trust reposed in them. Let us find out in what particulars any or all of them have exceeded the power we conferred upon them, and standing upon our contract, the Constitution, let us reset the boundaries, build anew the ancient landmarks, take back every last right of which our servants have presumed to deprive us.

There are two ways in which a people can lose their rights. One is by violence; of that we have little to fear. The other is by surrender or non-use, and there lies the great danger for American citizens today. Every right has its correlative duty. Do you and I realize the extent to which we have been turning over to the Government responsibilities and duties which it is ours and ours alone to perform? It is even more important for us to know and to perform our duties under the Constitution, that fundamental contract to which we are parties, than to know and proclaim our rights.

Let us, therefore, unlock our fireproof safes, take out this dust-covered charter of our liberties, learn what we have obligated ourselves to do in becoming a party to it, and perform our part of the agreement, in order that with clean hands we may stand upon the terms and provisions in which we have reserved and safeguarded our rights, gentlemen unafraid.

ROBERT DUNNING DRIPPS.

THE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES—III

PROTECTION OR PROSPERITY

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

Among the most extraordinary consequences of the World War and the Wicked Peace has been the world-wide epidemic of Protective Tariffs. While the hopeful still continued to proclaim a new era of peace and good will, nations everywhere set about entrenching themselves behind economic bulwarks, than which nothing could be more effective in preventing both the solidarity of world society and the rapid restoration of prosperity. There were many intelligent Americans who lost their faith in the fine sounding principle of the Self Determination of Peoples, when they saw it exemplify itself among the new, small nations of Europe in the establishment of economic isolation and in the cutting of lines of communication which had required centuries to establish. Yet these same Americans were silent and acquiescent when the United States applied the same plan in the most extreme and arbitrary tariff which we had ever framed. The British Dominions, South America and even India joined in the movement. And recently the last stronghold of Free Trade, England herself, has passed through a trial of her well-proven faith and a temptation to adopt the common expedient. At the brink of deflation a panic seemed to pervade all peoples simultaneously, and it was a case of "*sauve qui peut*". Truly it has been a spectacle that must cause thoughtful people to ponder.

Has the wreck of world trade and the universal commercial depression been due entirely to deflation, or has it been partially due to this stampede? If all nations simultaneously "protect" themselves, who is the gainer? If each finds it difficult to sell abroad, is it not partly because each has sought to avoid buying

abroad? There seems to be justification to doubt the efficacy of this popular anodyne, and grounds to suspect it of the most malign consequences.

England has been the great exponent of Free Trade and the classic example to demonstrate that this doctrine is consistent with rapid growth and prosperity. Since the Repeal of the Corn Laws, when England finally committed herself to the elimination of arbitrary restrictions and artificial stimuli, there have occurred, with great regularity, business crises which have invariably brought forward the old Protectionists with their ancient cure-all for depression. Whether it be a Chamberlain or a Baldwin, whether it be disguised as Imperial Preference or not, the nostrum is the same. It is instantly recognized by the original Free Traders, the textile manufacturers of the North, to mean a curtailment of theirs, the great export trade. And it is recognized by the labouring people to mean a tax on food, because the great English imports for consumption are the subsistence of the people. Eventually, after a long or short contest, the proposal is defeated, largely as a result of returning prosperity. On this occasion the cause of Imperial Preference has suffered under the added handicap that Canada and India are definitely committed to a policy of Protection for their own "infant industries" and decline to participate in the imperial plan. So the prognosis was never favourable for those who were trying to wean England away from her time-honoured principle.

To the observer it seems that England has only to wait and the trade of the world will come to her again. The markets which the British have lost in Central Europe can be replaced by the markets which Central Europe has lost in the rest of the world. Just at this moment the greatest English export trade, manufactures of cotton and wool, is suffering from an exorbitant cost of raw materials. But this is a condition which should in time cure itself. The first favouring factor in the English situation is the decline in sterling exchange. This has resulted from the necessity of continued food imports; from the export of loanable capital, due to low interest rates in the redundant home money markets and the attractive rates abroad; and,

finally, from the definite fear of inflation at home. The second favourable factor is entirely inconsistent with this, according to the new theory of Purchasing Power Parity. For while the value of sterling has declined abroad it has increased at home. The absence of export demand has caused the price index to decline. This old-fashioned phenomenon makes England by far the cheapest source of supply for manufactured goods in the world. It will certainly bring its reward. Moreover, as long as England remains on a Free Trade basis, the condition which makes it now a good market to buy in will be likely to continue, because it is also the readiest market in which to make payment in the one and only way—payment in kind.

So much for the leading exemplar of Free Trade. The other of the world's greatest industrial nations is an equally conspicuous demonstration of the soundness of the doctrine of Protection. The United States has set the example and taken the lead in building up its own manufacturing industries by placing handicaps upon foreign competition. Emulation of our success has perhaps been the principal cause of the sudden spread of this contagion. Therefore we owe a responsibility to the world to examine the grounds for our traditional policy in order to know whether or not we are acting for our own best interests and for the general good. Conditions have changed. Times are out of joint. It is not impossible that we are now impeding our own foreign trade by encouraging others, through the example we have set, to use against us the very system of protective barriers which we, in our youthful days, used against the then impregnable industries of Europe.

The principles of Protection or Free Trade do not divide themselves into the categories of right and wrong. Free Trade is the natural condition of commerce since it represents freedom from restriction. And the burden of proof must always be upon the proponents of Protection. Protection is a kind of manipulation under which the natural advantages accruing to each group of the population are interfered with, and a man-made redistribution of advantages is substituted. Under Free Trade the consumer buys in the cheapest market, whether it be foreign or domestic. If there is a natural economy in the produc-

tion of any commodity in any particular country of the world, that country becomes the general source of supply. Soil, climate, specialization, accumulated skill, mass production and accessibility go to determine the natural source of supply for each commodity. And the consumer everywhere reaps the benefit of this saving in human effort. In the field of agriculture the newer soils and less settled lands have an inherent advantage. And in the field of manufactures the older countries predominate, for there labour is cheap and proficient, and the arduous but unavoidable task of accumulating the necessary skill, plant and good will, and of wearing the necessary track to market, has already been performed.

The fundamental purpose of Protection is always a selfish one on the part of one or the other of these two major economic groups. If the natural export trade is in foods and raw materials, as in the newer countries, the natural import trade must be in manufactures. Then domestic manufacturers desire Protection to enable them to monopolize the prosperous agricultural demand for their commodities. In the course of achieving this object they are endeavoring to resist the necessity, which every country with an exportable surplus of food and raw materials is under, to receive pay for these exports in manufactures. Such situations have been the occasions when the doctrine of Protection has found ardent supporters among the mercantile classes, whose economic thought is usually dominant. It is the position in which the United States found itself over a century ago. Then the Traders of the North, who were beginning to manufacture, seceded and formed the new Republican party in order to secure a Protective Tariff. And the Planters of the South, to whom Free Trade was an advantage, influenced the Democratic party to espouse that doctrine. This is the original basis for the party division on this subject, which has persisted to this day. The tradition has outlived the vital issue. The same situation is the cause of the present movement in such widely scattered food-producing lands as Brazil, Canada and India.

On the other hand, so soon as a nation becomes so thickly populated that the natural import trade is in food, and, by the same token, there is an exportable surplus of manufactures,

the shoe is on the other foot. Then the owners of the land plead for Protection for Agriculture in order that they may enjoy the growing home demand for food. If this effort is successful, it may result in a bargain between the landowners and the large manufacturers which gives Protection to both. But eventually the manufacturers discover that their costs have been raised by the higher price of food, and their foreign market impaired from this cause and the resistance to payment in imports. Finally they rebel. It was exactly this development which led the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire, in the last century, to elaborate a new system of economic thought (the Manchester School) as a foundation for their programme, to overthrow the Corn Laws, defeat the Tory landowners, and establish England on the basis of Free Trade. The same division of interest led the Junker landowners of Prussia to enforce Protection upon Germany before the War, a policy which the *bourgeois* Liberal and Radical parties vainly resisted.

This diagnosis of the causes underlying the economic phenomena of Free Trade and Protection seems to be almost universal in its application. Those producers in any country who have a natural exportable surplus, profit by Free Trade and, as they come to recognize their best interest, advocate it. Those producers of commodities which are subject to a natural importation, profit by Protection and usually clamour for it. The policy in force at any time or place depends upon the relative political power and activity of the manufacturing and the agricultural parties. Usually the great consuming class is but a pawn in the game. Nevertheless, the first interest of those who are engaged, not in production, but in transport, commerce, finance and personal service, is that they may buy cheaply. The profit which may accrue to them through the general growth and prosperity induced by artificially fostering manufacturing, which is the great population builder, is only a secondary consideration. And, when manufacturing has grown to the point of saturating home markets, then the weight of this secondary consideration is thrown into the other scale of the balance, for no further growth can take place without the opportunity to find foreign markets for the surplus product.

The United States has not yet arrived at the point which England had reached when the balance of power shifted from the landowners to the cotton spinners and weavers. We are still exporters of surplus food and raw materials. Nevertheless, with the precedent of England before us, it may well be that we can anticipate the crisis and, with foresight and quicker perceptions of the cause of our present difficulties, meet the coming change half way.

In order to grasp the character of the foreign trade of the United States, it is necessary to disregard the statistics for the years of the World War, because these are in no way typical. The analysis which follows is based on the years 1914, 1922 and 1923. They show, strange though it may seem, a close degree of similarity, in spite of the fact that in 1914 we operated under the Underwood Tariff, with rates averaging sixteen per cent. ad valorem, while in 1922–3 the Fordney Tariff was in force, with rates averaging forty per cent. ad valorem.

The natural exports of this country are:

1. The exportable surplus of native raw materials, together with such partly manufactured products as are normally refined or prepared at or near the source for the sake of economy in transportation. Such refined products are meat, gasoline, lumber, etc. These exports may be natural even when the native supply of materials for refining is supplemented by imports of raws, as occurs with wheat, flour, refined copper and leather.

2. The exportable surplus of the products of manufacture which are not competitive because of some exclusive character or advantage, or which can be sold below world competition because of the peculiar economies of our mass mechanical production.

The natural imports of the United States are:

1. Raw or partially refined materials, not indigenous to the United States, or supplemental supplies of native materials. To these must be added monopoly manufactures of foreign lands made from materials which cannot be obtained at home, like burlap and flax fibre textiles.

2. Manufactures where manual labour represents a large portion of the cost, or where especial and traditional skill is required for the perfection of the product.

The first class in each case represents the crude or refined products of natural resources, domestic or foreign. The second class includes the manufactured goods which derive no especial advantage as to materials from their place of origin, but which can be produced most advantageously, either at home or abroad, according to the location of the type of economy best fitted to them. The exchange of such natural exports and imports is beneficial to both parties to the trade. To curb artificially such exchanges is to deprive the people of the United States of their natural rights and privileges.

It is not generally recognized to what an extent our foreign trade consists in exports and imports of these first classes. Such materials or semi-manufactured products are exchanged, not from choice, but from necessity, because they are not otherwise available. The following table shows the proportion of raw and refined materials to the whole trade:

	1914		1922		1923	
	Per cent. of Total	Amount Millions	Per cent. of Total	Amount Millions	Per cent. of Total	Amount Millions
Exports (Class I)	72	1492	70	2616	68	2625
Imports (Class I)	79	1399	86	2240	83	3160
Excess of Class I Exports over Class I Imports		93		376		−535
Total Exports		2071		3699		3886
Total Imports		1799		2608		3781
Excess of Total Exports over Total Imports		272		1091		105

Almost all the remainder of our exports consists of our technical monopolies and the output of our mass mechanical production, such as machinery and vehicles, iron and steel manufactures and cotton manufactures. And almost all the remainder of our imports consists of fine manufactures which are either beyond our own technical ability to produce, or, being

the product of hand labour, are too costly for domestic manufacture. In the composition of all international trade it will be found that the greater part consists of those things in which one party has so great an advantage as to overcome the handicaps of distance and even, to some extent, of tariffs. International Trade is always a matter of mutual gain. If it is not, it does not take place.

Another characteristic of our Foreign Trade which it is essential to recognize, is that it is largely three-cornered. We export the bulk of our raw or refined products to industrial Europe. Europe exports manufactures to the agricultural world. The agricultural world exports its raw materials to us. Of our raw exports 75 per cent. goes to Europe. Of our raw imports 90 per cent. comes from the Agricultural regions, including our neighbours. This current is to some extent short-circuited. Of the smaller part of our imports—manufactured goods—75 per cent. comes from industrial Europe. And of the smaller part of our exports—manufactured goods—75 per cent. goes to the agricultural world.

So long as the United States continues to have so large a proportion of its exportable surplus in the form of raw or refined materials, it must find its principal foreign customers in Europe. For Europe is the only large consumer of imported food and raw materials. Europe will, in turn, pay us so far as she can in travelers' expenses and services and in such hand-made and exclusive manufactures as we allow to enter through our tariff wall. But most of her payments will, of necessity, take the form of our imports from the agricultural nations, which Europe has previously paid for with her own manufactures exported to these countries. If we continue to try to break down this triangular trade by enlarging the market for our own manufactures among the agricultural nations, then we must either permit Europe to pay us directly in her own products, which is all she has to sell, or we will correspondingly curtail our exports of raw materials to their only possible market. The agricultural nations cannot use our surplus food since they too have a surplus. And they cannot use our materials since they do not yet manufacture to any large extent.

There is then a direct conflict of interest between the American producer and refiner of raw materials, whose only market is Europe, and the American exporting manufacturer, whose principal market is in the non-manufacturing world. But if these two antagonistic interests wish to combine, there is one way which will permit each to develop its own market unhindered. Europe can be permitted to pay for our exports of raws in her exports of manufactures. These manufactures can consist only of these products in which Europe has an inherent advantage over us and which, therefore, we cannot expect to make for the world trade. Our export manufacturers, on the other hand, can pay directly for our necessary imports of exotic raws, by building up an export trade with the agricultural world in our peculiar manufactured specialties. This would encourage manufacturing in the United States in all lines in which we are sufficiently superior to meet Europe's competition outside our borders. It would discourage all domestic manufactures in which we are so inferior that we cannot withstand Europe's free competition even here at home. And, in the end, would not such a policy redound to the advantage of all our own people in their character of consumers?

Eventually the United States will consume nearly all its own supplies of food and raw materials. When that time comes we will need to pay in manufactures for all the immense quantities of exotic foods and raw materials we require. This being the case we must begin now to deflate our costs of manufacture if we are ever to command enough volume of trade in the open competition of world markets to serve this purpose. As the surplus for export of products of agriculture and other natural resources decreases, it must be replaced by an increasing surplus of manufactures. Nevertheless it behooves us to encourage in every possible way the maintenance of our agricultural output at its maximum, so that the time when the home demand will equal the home supply may be deferred as long as possible. When that point is reached, the germs of decay are already in the host.

Before the war we had a large, annual, so-called "favourable" balance of trade. Europe paid for this surplus of exports partly

in services, such as insurance, shipping freights, etc., and partly by accepting it as interest on the large investments held here by the capitalists of the Old World. Our exports exceeded our imports because we were a debtor nation. Now that we are a creditor nation our imports must exceed our exports. Not only has Europe to pay an excess to cover interest on its debt to us, but the old means of payment through services has become little more than sufficient to meet our counter-charges for services. Both these changes must result either in an increase in imports, or, if that is prevented, in a great decrease in exports. The evil day, as it will seem to the traditionalists, when we have a regular unfavourable balance of trade may be delayed by lending credit and capital abroad. But this export of capital only postpones the eventual day of reckoning and accumulates an even greater balance of payments in our favour. After a time the service of such debts would come to overbalance the increments of new capital annually exported, and this excess would be added to the already great payments due to this country at the present time. There is no escape from the inexorable law that all international transactions must balance every day.

When the day of the unfavourable balance of trade arrives —and it must arrive soon—it will be necessary greatly to increase our imports if we are to retain our export trade. If this is not done then exports of raws or of manufactures, or of both, must decline. This latter alternative will not suit the big interests of this country. In fact the first pressure from this shift of equilibrium, which is already felt, is occasioning the greatest unrest among them.

The producers of raw and refined materials, such as the farmers, the packers, and the owners of our great natural resources in copper, coal, oil, lumber, etc., will not submit to the loss of this export business without a battle. They are, on the contrary, desirous of finding additional markets for their ever increasing surplus. On the other hand our great successful manufacturers are ambitious to expand their foreign trade in those products in which we lead the world and for which the domestic market is becoming saturated. These specialties of ours are the result of our technique in mass production and

include such articles as automobiles, locomotives, electrical machinery, steel products, shoes, and an infinite number of devices such as phonographs, photographic supplies and the like.

Both the farmer and the manufacturer now believe that it is the failure of the foreign buyer to maintain credit, or to obtain credits, which has curtailed his purchasing power for our surplus. They have not looked deep enough to find the real cause. The foreign buyer does not pay in credits or in funds. He pays in goods. He must sell in order to buy. This, being translated, means that we must import if we would export. Trade is, in the last analysis, exchange, not buying or selling, and international trade, as I have said before, must balance every day. How can the foreign buyer buy if he cannot pay? How can he pay, if we will not accept the only means of payment there is—goods? We have established a tariff wall to prevent our foreign customers from paying us either for past debts or for current purchases. Then we sit down behind it and complain because we are not enjoying a prosperous business.

The tariff is at present injuring alike the farmer, the owners of the other great natural resources, and the greatest industrialists. It will only be a matter of time when all these groups will see clearly where their interests lie and will unite to further a programme of Free Trade. And they will be joined and backed by those who are more concerned with the price of what they buy than with the extension of production—the so-called "consumers".

The farmer is suffering from the Tariff because it has destroyed his market by eliminating a large part of the imports with which the foreigner could pay for our exports; because it establishes an artificial level of prices on the goods the farmer buys, both directly on protected products, and indirectly, on all other products and services, through the induced high labour costs; and finally because he must sell at world price levels his whole output of every product of which there is any exportable surplus. The market price of most agricultural produce is established by the price of the marginal increment.

The owners of natural resources suffer from the same limitation of exports. And their own opportunities in the export

markets are curtailed as well by the high labour costs caused by competition for a limited supply of labour with industries which have been artificially created by Protection.

Among the manufacturers, those who are not protected are in exactly the same position as the farmers and the owners of natural resources. They gain nothing from Protection and lose on all scores. A few large manufacturers who are in position to meet world competition, but nevertheless receive Protection, would seem to gain by it. They can afford to dump their surplus outside of our borders because of the artificial price level induced within. In the case of manufactures there is not one price level or one open market as in natural materials, so the marginal increment does not usually establish the general price. But here again high labour costs are a great impediment to further growth.

All consumers, except industrial labour, are suffering from the high tariff because of the high price levels it creates. Such groups as the professions, people of independent income, and all those, above the level of labour, employed or engaged in transportation, commerce, finance, government, building and mining, are paying more—much more—for what they buy and gaining little or nothing in their income. The level of salaries of the "white-collar" worker is little affected by the level of wages of industrial labour.

The direct beneficiaries of the high tariff are those who are engaged in manufacturing goods which can be better or more cheaply made abroad. This group is composed, for the most part, of industries which employ disproportionate amounts of labour because the processes are largely handwork, and of those producing articles which, because of lack of training and skill, could not be made here at all if there were not an effective Tariff embargo upon their importation.

The indirect beneficiaries of the high Tariff include all industrial labour. Because Protection has encouraged the development of unnatural industries employing disproportionate amounts of labour, it has created an artificial shortage of labour and an inflated scale of wages. This condition, of course, benefits the labouring classes for the time being. They are selling their

services in a rigged market while they buy at least half their necessities at deflated world levels.

As the question is political in character, it is important to note that these two groups constitute a small minority of the electorate. This can be confirmed by a study of manufacturing and vocational statistics. Once the sufferers awake to the underlying cause of their troubles and realize in how great majority they are, there should be little difficulty in making of this a successful party issue.

America wants good citizenship and is proud of the relatively high standard of living of its skilled and unskilled workmen. From a social point of view the present restriction of immigration is an excellent means of maintaining these conditions, and it is to be hoped that the policy will be continued. But if we are, for social reasons, to continue a policy which has resulted in a semi-monopoly for the benefit of a certain part of our citizenry, and to decline to use the obvious means of breaking it down with an influx of aliens, then we must find other ways of curing this injustice to the rest of the people. The present supply of labour will meet our needs far better if the substitution of machinery for men proceeds apace. Nothing so well stimulates this economically progressive process as high wages and a shortage of labour. But, in the last analysis, demand and supply can only be balanced by discontinuing the artificial demand for workers in those industries which, in open world competition, can only subsist where there is an ample supply of cheap labour.

The scientific deflation of labour costs can best be brought about by a gradual reduction in the tariff. This will eliminate the class of manufacturing which is chiefly handwork, and release men and women into the labour market to provide reasonable competition for jobs and to be absorbed by the present unfilled requirements. In this way, labour will gradually be shifted into the more natural and therefore stronger lines of manufacture, where the demand will grow under the stimulation of increasing foreign trade. The process must, of course, be a gradual one, and the programme should be known and definite so as to permit adaptation and movement of both capital and labour without undue hardship or panic.

Tariff Reform would have many other far-reaching, beneficial effects. It would lower the price levels of many classes of commodities which are now out of line with world markets. This would act as a great tempering influence to prevent the threatening inflation. And, since the decline in these prices would actually be brought about by an increase in importation of foreign goods as fast as the barriers were let down, our unwieldy and dangerous surplus of gold would begin to move out. It would tend to curb the export of capital which, as the only alternative method of encouraging exports, is now being agitated by those interested. Thus the political complications consequent on great investments abroad would be lessened. Finally it would be the most immediate and effective economic aid which we could give toward the early restoration of prosperity in Europe.

Free Trade will undoubtedly prove to be the great economic political issue of the near future. The farmers, the mining and oil interests and the lumber manufacturers, the packers and millers would all gain a vastly increased market. All manufacturers who are able, through the monopoly of inventions or through mass production, to undersell the rest of the world, would be largely benefited by Free Trade. Finally the great consuming class would gain from it a notable reduction in the cost of living. The present time seems to be the psychological moment to inaugurate a Free Trade movement because just now there happen to be in conjunction the largest possible number of groups whose prosperity would be promoted by the abandonment of Protection.

These groups compose the natural conservative elements of the population. They constitute quite generally the adherents of the Republican party. And no issue could be found which, once they understood upon which side their bread was buttered, would so weld them together into a unity of interests, as the issue of Free Trade. The Democratic, or Liberal, party has of late years qualified its advocacy of Free Trade and adopted the "Tariff for Revenue Only". This is due partly to a desire to avoid any clear cut issue and partly to its growing identification with the Labour Movement. Since "Labour" is

the great beneficiary of Protection, the Democrats can no longer take an extreme stand on this question. The issue is therefore dormant. This is the opportune time for the Conservative Republican party, whose stronghold is among the groups who are suffering from Protection, to abandon the old doctrine which no longer serves the interests of its constituents and to adopt the policy of a gradual revision of the tariff to a Free Trade basis. If this is not done with reasonable promptness, there is the gravest likelihood of a gradual secession from Republicanism, the formation of an inconvenient Third Party and the development of a schism between the Industrial and the Agricultural States.

It is hardly to be expected that such a radical revolution in the political convictions or dogma of the mass of Republican voters would take place rapidly or simultaneously. It is a question which requires educational propaganda by the leaders. Nevertheless there are many signs to show that the idea is already beginning to take root and spread. It will spread like a weed once a real leader appears to show the great mass of Conservatives that under the conditions which now exist and will hereafter persist, the gradual reduction of the tariff is essential to their welfare.

No radical change in any tariff is wise. The sudden removal of Protection to established industries dependent upon it, would so dislocate the labour and prostrate the capital engaged in them that depression would spread and produce a general panic. But a gradual reduction in rates would give time for labour to change its employment and for capital either to improve its processes to meet more severe competition, or to convert its plants to other lines of manufacture which would enjoy enlarged opportunities under Free Trade.

This gradual diversion of economic effort could best be accomplished by taking the tariff out of politics and placing its administration in the hands of a technical board, similar to the present one, except for the addition of some practical business men. The political programme would begin and end in the Act of Congress which created and instructed the Board. The process of reduction in rates could be effected through the negotiation

of Reciprocity Treaties with other nations or through the exchange of mutual privileges under "Most Favoured Nation" clauses in the respective tariff laws. Such provisions, varied as necessary to suit the specific case, should have one common characteristic—that the American customs duty would be reduced by a definite percentage per year over a period of years. If the elimination of the duty were made at once it would create havoc in some home industry. If it were made in one partial reduction we would make little progress toward Free Trade. If it were made from time to time by action of the Board, those affected could not count with certainty upon the occasion and amount of the changes. The present principle is to equalize costs of production elsewhere with those in this country. This would need to be fundamentally changed. The principle of Free Trade aims to give our citizens the full advantage of the lowest costs of production anywhere. Therefore the purpose of such negotiations would be to procure for the United States free markets for its most salable products in each country in return for the privilege given to that country to export to us the products in which it could offer the greatest advantage to us.

Such a gradual and scientific revision of the American tariff could be made to perform a great service not only to our own citizens but to the world at large. Nothing would so well correct the vicious example we have set, nor better inculcate the principle of mutual advantage in trade among the nations of the world, than to offer free access to this, the world's greatest market, in return for the abandonment of the archaic principle of Protection, which has relegated the six continents to the condition of relative isolation that obtained before the Industrial Revolution. If the United States has any responsibility as a world leader, that responsibility is to convert the nations to the principle of Free Trade and to reëstablish the condition of progressive civilization that has always in the past followed upon the utmost freedom of intercourse and of commerce.

C. Reinold Noyes.

"WHEN GERMANY OCCUPIED FRANCE:"

A REJOINDER

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

THE reply to my article, *When Germany Occupied France*, made by Dr. Hans Delbrück in the December issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is illuminating to say the least. It is illuminating in that it illustrates the German way of handling facts and figures. Let us therefore take one or two of these facts and figures. I remarked that in the war of 1870–71 Germany had not "even suffered as much as a broken window". Dr. Delbrück cannot very well deny this obvious historical fact; but he counters this with the statement that during the war France was able to "completely interrupt Germany's over-seas trade and to inflict great damage upon it". It was perhaps on this that Germany based her indemnity of $1,000,000,000, which France was obliged to pay to Germany, and which she *did* pay—integrally. However, if the interruption of Germany's over-seas trade in 1870 justified the payment of an indemnity of $1,000,000,000, what indemnity indeed are the Allies justified in asking for the interruption of the world's trade for four years—from 1914 to 1918?

I also recalled the fact that whereas France had paid her indemnity, Germany is not paying hers. "Of course," writes Dr. Delbrück, "because the amount of the French indemnity was so reasonable that France was able to pay within a short time, whereas the sum demanded from Germany exceeds her capacity." And, Dr. Delbrück assures us that if the Allies "had solely demanded compensation for the damages inflicted upon the *civilian* population, Germany would have fulfilled her obligations long ago and peace would reign in the world". This is highly instructive; but let us take a glimpse at the actual figures.

According to official statistics issued at the beginning of 1923 (before the occupation of the Ruhr) by the French Budget Commission, France had already paid up to December 31, 1922, the sum of 49,265,276,000 francs solely for the reparation of the devastated regions. If we transcribe this sum into gold marks, dollars and pounds sterling—taking the average exchange rate for the past four years, which is about 12 francs to the dollar, and 60 francs to the pound sterling—we are therefore given to understand that France had herself paid for damages inflicted on her civilian population by the Germans, the stupendous sum of 16,330,000,000 gold marks, or $4,082,500,000, or £816,500,000.

We must remember that France has a population of but forty million; that ten of her richest Departments have been devastated; that 400 miles of railroad had to be repaired; that 15,000 factories had been destroyed; that she had lost through wanton destruction by the Germans 33 per cent of her coal mines; 70 per cent of her sugar producing facilities; and 55 per cent of her electrical plants. Yet, in spite of all these handicaps inflicted upon her by Germany, France has been able to find, somehow, more than 16 billions of gold marks, or more than four billions of dollars, to repair her ruins.

What has Germany done during this time? By a curious hazard, we have been given the opportunity of examining a document that had been drawn up not by France but by an international body. And it was not a Frenchman but an Englishman who signed this document, Mr. Andrew McFadyean, General Secretary of the Reparations Commission. We are therefore in the presence of an international accounting that has been certified and authenticated by a British official. No one can therefore contest its square exactitude.

This document shows that up to December 31, 1922, Germany had paid all the Allies 1,817,567,148 gold marks in gold and in foreign currencies; that secondly, she had paid reparations in kind (coal, ships, cables, etc.) to the amount of 3,555,953,941 gold marks; that third, she had ceded property in territories that she no longer occupied to the amount of 2,553,905,488 gold marks; all of which makes the sum of 7,927,426,577 gold marks, or $1,981,856,664, or £396,371,328, which Germany had paid from

the time of the Armistice, November 11, 1918, to December 31, 1922.

Here we have face to face the effort that had been made by the two countries; France, which had been devastated, and Germany, the devastator. Here we see what the pillaged country has done for itself to return to normal; and what the pillager has done to restore what it had wantonly destroyed, or diverted to its own use. It is thus that we can judge the affirmation made by Dr. Delbrück that "If the Allies had solely demanded compensation for the damages inflicted upon the civilian population, Germany would have fulfilled her obligations long ago". By December 31, 1922, Germany had not paid half of what France had herself already paid for the damages inflicted by the Germans upon her population; and not a quarter of what France will yet have to pay for these damages.

Moreover, let us see how the little that Germany had paid—was paid. We have seen that in gold, Germany had paid only 1,817,567,148 gold marks. Of this, the sum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks was paid in the summer of 1921. Several months later, in December, the Supreme Council foregathered at Cannes. Mr. Lloyd George represented Great Britain; and M. Briand, who, according to Dr. Delbrück, "was endeavouring to conclude an agreement which would have given Germany a possibility of payment," represented France. Dr. Walter Rathenau represented Germany. In the course of a conversation, the following historical dialogue occurred between M. Briand and Dr. Rathenau:

"How is it," M. Briand asked, "that you are again asking for a moratorium?"

"Because," Dr. Rathenau replied, "we are unable to make further payment."

"But only a few months ago," M. Briand continued, "you were able to pay one billion gold marks, were you not?"

Dr. Rathenau smiled at this. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, "that was easy enough. We simply printed 30 billion paper marks and placed them principally in the United States, and partly in neutral countries. It is thus that we were able to pay you. You cannot of course expect us to do it again—immediately."

This suggestive dialogue merits retention. It perhaps explains

the excellent opinion that Dr. Delbrück has formed with regard to M. Briand; although it is very doubtful whether Premier Briand would have permitted Germany to make further payments in a like manner. It would indeed be very interesting to know whether, when Germany occupied France in 1871–73, Prince Bismarck, who according to Dr. Delbrück "was a wise statesman", would have permitted France to pay her war indemnity in like manner. History tells us in any event what Bismarck would have done if France had paid nothing at all. "I shall," he declared, "settle down in France for forty years. I shall collect taxes, and skin France, leaving nothing but the bones." On May 25, 1872, he instructed Count von Arnim, his Ambassador in Paris, to warn M. Thiers that if by spring 1874 Germany was not paid, she would take under her own administration all of the Departments occupied, as one of the sanctions to be imposed. Two years before, when he could not get the people of Paris to surrender the capital, he had already said to Dr. Moritz Busch, "Let them starve—then let them be shelled—then let them starve again. . . . It is the intermittent system of flogging —and I have found this system best." And Bismarck was wise, as Dr. Delbrück reminds the readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. He was generous and chivalrous, too. He had absolutely nothing of the harshness of Poincaré. Just as the good, humane, and merciful German soldiers and sailors, who burnt Louvain, wrecked Rheims, and sank the *Lusitania* have nothing in common with the ferocious and barbarous occupants of the Rhineland and the Ruhr.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, December, 1923.

A BUNCH OF DAISIES

BY CLEMENCE DANE

I OFTEN wonder how people managed to exist a thousand years ago. Beer at tea-time: straw on the floors: no nightdresses: compulsory church-going: the cut of your clothes decreed by law: a husband who beat you and—nothing to read! Do you remember the delicious story in *Rewards and Fairies* of the difficulty St. Wilfrid had in preventing the South Saxons from committing suicide? "But why did they kill themselves?" asks Una. "Just bored!" says the saint. Here of course he and Mr. Kipling part company with the chroniclers, for Roger of Wendover puts it down to fear of the pestilence. Don't you believe it. It happened in 665 and was obviously a case of "nothing to read!"

That's not our trouble now-a-days. What is the average yearly issue of books in the United Kingdom—ten thousand? twenty thousand? And that doesn't reckon in America or the rest of the world.

The tragedy of this over-production is not only that many a good book, produced with heaven knows what agony of endeavour, is buried and forgotten under the immense overflows of rubbish, but that the very conception of literature is changing so far as the average reader is concerned. We are turning into a nation of talkers on paper instead of writers. Anyone who has ever tried to employ both the spoken and the written word will tell you that the two arts have little in common. A written lecture, though you learn it by heart and give it every help of gesture and elocution, never "gets home" to the listener as a spoken lecture does: one, that is to say, that is extemporized from a few notes. Such an extemporary lecture, on the other hand, however much it may have gripped its audience, is useless for literary purposes until it has been entirely remodeled. Have you ever noticed how badly newspaper reports of great speeches read? That is because a verbatim report leaves out for you the pause, the

smile, the turn of the body, the movement of the hand, all the eloquent trifles which in literature are supplied by that delicate manipulation of word and phrase which we call style.

But the typical modern novel, essay, article, with its suspicious flavour of dictation about it, always strikes me as a spoken, not a written, thing. It is as if the typewriter, the dictaphone, and the daily press, had made book-making too easy. The mere physical discomforts of the art were a safeguard. Writing down one's thoughts upon a subject, coherently, beginning at the beginning and arriving in due time at the end, is a laborious business. But typing is easy, and to talk to a shorthand typist easier still. Show me an author who habitually dictates and I'll show you a—a cuckoo in the nest of letters!

"And what about Milton?" I hear you murmur.

There, I admit, you catch me out. Nevertheless, in spite of Milton and his daughters I do suggest that dictation and suchlike adventitious aids have some responsibility for our thousands of books a year. A thousand authors! But—any Shakespeares? How many Blakes? Yet the mere mass of book-stuff that yearly appears and is apparently read would seem to prove that the English temperament has in it a hankering after, a desire to produce, Literature.

> Could but the meadow refrain from wasting its substance in daisies,
> Surely an aloe would spring fifty years hence from its soil—

argues Hebbel. On the other hand daisies are pretty things. Which would you rather have? A million marguerites every spring or once—once only in your lifetime—a flower of Paradise, a lily maybe, dropped down to you from the hand of the Blessed Damosel as she leans over the golden bars? A thousand novels a year, or once in an age—Shakespeare? But why can't we have both? I don't know. But it seems to be a law of nature that daisies and aloes won't grow at the same moment in the same meadow. "Could but the meadow refrain"— But there! What is the use of a reviewer bewailing the not-impossible aloe when there are such fine bunches of meadow daisies pleasuring the eye this season in all the booksellers' windows, not to mention all manner of shyer blooms which, without being anything so

startling as an aloe, are beautiful enough to be welcome and rare enough to cause a stir of excitement when you come upon them half hidden among the gaudier flowers.

Here, for instance, is *Luck of the Year*, by E. V. Lucas, whose books always remind me of a hillside field by which I once motored in Shropshire, in spring. A brook ran at the foot and the rounded upward sweep of grass was hedged and sheltered by copsy woods not yet green. The noon sun blazed down upon it and left it delicately, milkily golden. "Cowslips!" we exclaimed, and stopped the car in a hurry. But when we had clambered through the hedge we found that the drifts of flowers carpeting the hill were nothing so commonplace as cowslips. They were, if you will believe me, pansies—midget, pale yellow pansies, no bigger than white violets, and they grew in such masses that you could barely see the green of the grass beneath them. I had never seen pansies growing wild before, and, I suppose, until I pass along that particular road again, I shall never see anything to equal them for delicate and individual charm. Of some such quality, I think, is the pleasure that Mr. Lucas gives. Like the wild pansies, he flowers freely when he likes the soil,—look at the incredibly long list of works that faces his title-page,—and yet he has no imitators. To enjoy these literary wild pansies one must repair to the Lucas hillside and nowhere else.

In the new volume he is at his irritating best. For Mr. Lucas is an irritating writer, irritating because he will not remove himself from memory once his book is read. I enjoyed most of these sketches in *Punch*, and they have so rooted themselves in my mind that re-reading is a waste of time. Yet I re-read! The book has been in the house only three days and I have already re-read it twice when I ought to have been deep in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* or *Auto-Suggestion*. Sometimes indeed, and amazingly for so gentle a writer, he roots himself too deeply. In the little sketch *One Sunday Afternoon* there is a certain sentence that haunts and hurts and will not be forgotten. Yet why say "too deeply" when, more than for all his books and for all the pleasure he has given, he is to be thanked for those short pages which one would so much rather not have read?

And here is a queer plant—Anthony Richardson's *Word of the*

Earth, about which I can come to no conclusion. I wish I could get a couple of dozen people to read it and tell me what they think. Is it thoughtful? Is it merely talkative? Is it a promise of solider things to come, or is it a mere joyous spill-over of youth and high spirits and much half-digested reading? Four men, the Poet, the Physicist, the Shepherd and the Idiot (who are one man, who is Everyman) sit round the fire in a country inn and talk about everything under the sun—and themselves. That is all. But the talk is fresh and energetic, and ideas bubble up through it like air bubbles through a spring of hill water though, being air bubbles, they are perhaps easy to prick. What does it matter? Mr. Richardson's value as a writer does not as yet lie in the ideas. Indeed he reminds you a little of Charlie, the bank clerk in Kipling's *The Finest Story in the World*, who could remember what had happened to himself life after life ago in the morning of the world, but preferred to get drunk on Byron and Longfellow. Even so Mr. Richardson is so desperately anxious to come to grips with all the philosophies that it is pure luck for him and for us alike that his real gift has not been cast away like an unwanted cloak in the heat of the struggle. For he has a gift, a real gift, that has nothing to do with the whys and the wherefores. It is the simple and infinitely valuable gift of "taking notice!" He can convey to you, just as Charlie could, sounds and scents and the touch of things, in the simplest short sentences, almost unconsciously. It is this gift that makes his first book worth reading. If he will be persuaded in future books to clothe with that gift individuals rather than types, to harness it to a plot instead of an allegory, he will write, I dare prophesy, remarkable short stories one day.

But to return to the picking of our daisies! In *The Lord of Thundergate* a young American whose childhood has been spent in Japan returns a dozen years later to carry through a contract for a big engineering firm. Through the intrigue of his partner with the Japan-for-the-Japanese party he loses his job and is reduced to beggary. At this point, through a really exciting development of the plot, he is enabled to masquerade as a Japanese noble, confound the plotters, rescue a white girl from slavery, and return in triumph to carry out his contract. This synopsis would imply

that the tale is merely a good shocker, but its very charming and amusing descriptions of Japanese life and customs make it something better.

Excellent in its way also is the Haggardy tale, *The City of Wonder*, in which three adventurers arrive at a hidden city built by those lost people of Atlantis who flourished heaven knows how many years before Plato's great-grandmother was in her cradle. The opening chapters, with the descent of the precipice and the crossing of the bridge, are exciting enough to compare with Toby's descent of the precipice in Melville's *Typee*. From this point the suspense of the story almost inevitably relaxes. Only Rider Haggard of all our moderns can continue the "wonderful past all whooping" note to the very last page of a story, and he has done it only thrice; but the Nantia and her monkeys, and the Ghosts who Prey on Women make pretty good reading nevertheless.

So, in quite another fashion, does *Valerie French*, which might be described as a love shocker. It is well written, is interesting and alive: but what emotional adventures its unfortunate heroes and heroines do go through before they arrive at the church door! The first excitement is the mysterious farm, Gramarye, which drives all its owners into lunatic asylums. I was deeply disappointed when, malign influence and all, it drops unexplained out of the story, which concerns its last owner who, instead of losing his wits, loses his memory, but is rescued by a certain Sir Andrew Plague, a genial and soft-hearted reincarnation of Judge Jeffreys, while Valerie French, his true love, and a most original villainess, Audrey Strong-i'-th'-Arm, who spends her time in apologizing for her wrong-doings and then doing them again, complicate the plot in a manner that it would be unfair to give away. Mr. Yates displays a devilish ingenuity in postponing his reconciliations and giving his creatures an extra and unexpected twinge or so before taking off the thumb-screws for good; but that, of course, is just what we read him for.

Locke's *Moordius and Co.* employs a not dissimilar recipe. An honest fool for a hero and a pretty fool for a heroine, a magnificent villain, a deeply wronged second heroine, a dead hand manipulating lives, a crash, a climax, a kiss—what more can you want?

Two historical novels make up my posy. *The Road of Destiny*, a good story of the powder and patch period, in which Sir Richard Revelsdale dices himself and another out of prosperity and then, by way of rescued ladies, a masked ball and a year's incognito as a farmer with a prize fight at the finish, not to mention a duel, into happiness again. The new Sabatini is called *Fortune's Fool*. I enjoy Mr. Sabatini most when he is in Italy playing cat's cradle with a Borgia; but this new story is none the less worth while. It is in the manner of the beloved *Gentleman of France*. Randal Holles, son of a regicide, is a second M. de Marsac, who tries in vain to make a living in the London of the Restoration. His friends fail him, his enemies are on his heels. Buckingham—that Buckingham

> Who in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon,—

at length seduces him into acting as his bully. Under orders he abducts an actress, only to find in her his own lost lady of old years. But to tell you how he retrieves his honour and his fortune would be to spoil an excellent tale. Besides, there are so many more daisies as yet unhonoured and unsung. The publisher's lists are ablaze with books one simply *must* read! How, in the name of the Preacher, is one to read them all, let alone convey the merest adumbration of their quality to you who skim these monthly summaries? Could but the meadow refrain—if only for a year or two—how much more we should appreciate our blessings! But as it is, does a vague dissatisfaction ever depress you as you hurry to your library, as you tick off the latest novels on your list? Do you ever wonder why the Miltons of our day sit mute, inglorious, if a Blake still sees God from some Lambeth window and cannot sell that vision for a guinea?

> Could but the meadow refrain from wasting its substance in daisies,
> Surely an aloe would spring—!

I wonder if that is true. And if it is, I wonder if our light reading and cheap editions do not in the long run cost us more than we can afford.

CLEMENCE DANE.

SOPHOCLES' GUEST

BY STARK YOUNG

THERE is no doubt a young man I know who might very well go to see *Œdipus Rex* at one of those classical revivals of the play in Athens. And the brunt of the play's mind on him and the power of Greek thought and life might set up something like a conversion, for a time at least, in him; and divert him into new but yet old and habitable ways.

He is an American youth, grown up in an average town; he has an honest, active life in him and a certain readiness of motion in numerous directions. He is typical but not average. His nerves are keen, his brain alive; and in the midst of him is something that is busy, half troubled and a little wistful. He has known no society in any large sense, only the unit that the family is—and that an unsettled unit nowadays—and a series of parties and entertainments by which people tend to bring themselves more or less together. The natural world he has lived with healthily, excursions, walks and games, and sometimes with a shy poignancy and dream in his heart at the aspect of nature's beauty and growth and mystery. At college he was not wholly usual, since he studied and read. And he came out of college with what is not to him a satisfactory amount of information, loyalties, concessions, borrowings, and thwartings of his nature. And despite his father he knows that he wants to write; he wants to express the life he sees; he sees the swarm and flow of American life, he reads the publicities of the American press about the theatre, and he wants to write plays.

The young man believes that energy and movement will carry him through, and that in these terms he can grapple with life and out of it create an art. And yet, behind this energy and faith in acquisition, he is restless; he drives and wheedles and bites at life. He is hungry for himself. He is perpetually taking himself to pieces without knowing just what is the design into which

he is trying to put himself together again. Without believing anything very clearly he is a strong believer. He is not poetic in the traditional sense of the word in English societies; he is for something more active perhaps than he conceives poetry to be. But he is enthusiastic; he thinks that life can be made to express him. He sows himself on life, which is the poet working in him after all.

Of science this young man knows a good deal; he had in college waves and fads of it, mixed in with philosophy and personal fashions in psychology and the social theories of the day. He has still a certain laboratory cockiness about small facts that seem to him incontestably supported by investigations, however small. In religion he has fads likewise, is prepared for anything, the news of a dozen new cults a year. But in general he holds to his father's religion and rebels against it when he chooses; that constitutes his religious activity, so far as one sees it, though he has his mystery there too. And what he knows most about of late years is the science, the psychology and religion, of sex. He and his fellows have read the new and old books on that subject; they consider themselves experts upon it, and are open to every comer, every explanation, disenchantment or inspiration. Psycho-analysis is the handmaiden of his raids in such research. In politics he has certain notions of the game. His thoughts are tinged with a suggestive but not dangerous socialism. He has heard much of social service, of universal brotherhood, the outlawry of war, and normalcy, whatever that may be. In conceptions and general ideas he cannot be said to have laid his ground very spaciously. He has a vast mixture of theories, points of view, creeds and systems. Perhaps the most nearly inclusive idea he has is that of uniformity. Not conformity; he would resent having to conform to any will or dictum; it is uniformity that he moves toward; he likes to have men and things one at bottom and going on from that one into all—in sum, he likes variety rather than difference. And yet he does not; and no one knows what wildness may be in his heart, though the life around makes the release of it distasteful even to him.

But whatever else this youth may be, he is racial in that he is an individualist. He is not always an individualist in an impor-

tant sense, driving individualism into an idea; and not always impetuously an individualist. But he begins obstinately with himself. And his mind is accordingly a rag-bag. Into it this notion and that, this thought or system or quotation, is received protestingly or eagerly but always personally, for he mistrusts order or rule or authority. He has little impulse so far as he realizes toward any but a personal arrangement and outlook on all life and all culture and thought. But as it leaps here and there his is a sensitive spirit, somewhat starved by the thinness of the life he has seen, and somewhat hurried, and confused by the stream of his country and era. His wits are alive, and his eyes and legs wandering and avid.

He goes then to the play, down to the theatre of Dionysos, through the lively streets. By some happy arrangement the play will be given in the morning, with the bright light of the sun overhead, the country, the people, set forth with the life of the morning on them. From the lines of the open theatre the eyes travel to the lines of the surrounding world, as they are led upward to the sky by the descending light. The play begins, not perfectly done of course, not drilled enough, and lacking knowledge of how the Athenians of Sophocles' day carried through its various theatrical parts, through the recitation, dancing, chorus and so on, the statement of the play. But behind the makeshift and the imperfections the old forms are shadowed nevertheless; and what the ancient order of thought and the ancient quality of beauty were is still to be discerned.

The play begins. The crowd enters, the people driven by pestilence toward their king and toward the gods. The prophet comes; a curse is on the land. Œdipus sets out upon the search that is to be his fate. The woman who is his mother and also his wife throws herself between Œdipus and this knowledge that will destroy them all. And finally in shame and frenzy Jocasta hangs herself, and Œdipus with the clasp of her mantle digs out his eyes. He enters then in that most terrible shudder in all drama; he feels the pain, his voice floats far from him, shame in this world and in the next he feels; everything, even his children, is taken from him, and he goes out to wander alone over the world. And meanwhile the chorus has sung and moved, and carried into a

wider region the events of the play and the thoughts of the characters. The music of the instruments has widened yet further the whole, giving it a yet more general and essential abstraction, and seeming to spread upon it an aspect of the eternal. The changing lines of the chorus and the actors have rendered less obscure the poet's desire and all his thought; the Salamis or the inland wind, blowing another rhythm into those bright garments, has carried into universal space that flow of movement under the wide light.

The young man sits and sees and hears. He has resisted at first. Life, he thinks, is not so simple as all this. This story of Œdipus is molded from without, it stood ready to Sophocles' hand; into this story the characters are fitted, with their several parts to bear and their functions to perform in a general idea. And these characters are not people, they are figures with vast outlines in some yet larger outline. Through them, as through the story, the forces play. This entire arrangement and spectacle, the movements, the acting, the scene, are not actual but as far away as the story and the figures in it. The young man tells himself that if you simplify life in this fashion you are avoiding the point and problem of it. But gradually something has happened; it is as if the landscape had sunk into him. He begins to have within him the sense of a long, deep vista, a clearness, an impersonal ascent. And at length he walks away in the midst of the crowd, who are discussing the play and the performance of it with such volubility.

Hours pass as he walks about the streets; for, by some persuasion new to his mind, the thoughts he has must be carried through among thoroughfares of men and not in those places that he sees stretching far off into the country, leading their quiet planes in the soft light and under lengthening shadows. He thinks of Leonardo da Vinci's phrase that he has wondered about at home, "how sweet the people's faces in the streets," and for the first time it seems simple and without sentiment to him. And then, as he must do if he is not to be a traitor to his race, he goes back to his own room and closes the door. He sits down by the open window, settles himself, and, in a way that makes us love his kind, he takes stock.

The world it seems, if we listen to Sophocles and his classical art, consists for us of our ideas as they arise, survive, complete themselves. There are many things that we do not understand in the universe, in life, in ourselves. But we may have a sense of a line perhaps, of a scope, a continuity. We may not understand anything at all in itself but we can see its relation to other things in our world of living and ideas. And we can move toward ideas, conceptions, in which many things take their places. We may discover, evolve and create patterns, images, symbols, conceptions. Is it possible, he begins to ask himself, that some kinds of living are more representative, more inclusive of all life? And would the art therefore that expressed such living have a form that might remain significant and seem to include or comment on the rest of life?

The young man hurls himself about; a great force has taken him. He will never be at home in this classical world of thought, of art, of life, he knows; but he knows, too, that he should not be, since he is an American and not a Greek of Sophocles' time. Other kinds of art, he knows very well, are good also; they have each one its necessity for existence. His brain tells him that every kind of living must find the expression closest to it; Strindberg for the life he expresses, Chekhov for his, Ibsen, D'Annunzio, Bernard Shaw. And yet he is held; Sophocles has made an inroad on him.

As for these ideas, these permanent forms and conceptions within which Sophocles sets his drama and his comment on living, the young man reminds himself that in the natural world around us what survives and reappears is form, idea, not the dust that goes to the making of every tree and beast. Nature constantly approximates finalities, forms within which life may complete and express itself forever. Why not likewise in the realm of human living and thought? And as he sits there brooding he is suddenly disarmed by recognizing what has been the direction of late of himself and his friends when they drew on science in their criticism of life. He remembers how often one said these days that this man was in such and such a class physiologically, biologically; how often one has only to say of someone that he is that sort of a man, as if to make every excuse for him or explanation necessary. He remembers how much the theories of

punishment and crime, of prisons and schools, turn nowadays not on individuals in themselves so much as on the characteristics and forces that make them what they are and make them act as they do. And all that, he realizes, is taking a Greek point-of-view, all that turns on forces that exist in nature and work in individuals. The visitation of forces, of gods! In the human body the visitation and shock of universal elements! We may have the will to suppress and repress and control; but the forces come, if at no other time they possess our dreams, gods coming in dreams to man! The young man's father would have denied that; such a point of view would have insulted character, will, morality and Queen Victoria. Not so with the young man and his friends; they were ready to receive the light. And here in Greek the same thinking went on. But it moved not so much toward relaxations and the loosening of standards as toward outlines, forms, the sense of ideas into which contributing details took their relative place. A man's life under this Greek scheme moves perpetually through the expression and the discipline of it toward a large and grave and foreseen outline, a beautiful and persuasive design. And sex in this Sophoclean world was less diverting and curious and detailed. It was admitted, simply, completely, but left in a larger relationship; it was not so personal, not so special. He remembers too with a start that modern thought is about to take away time, and now perhaps to deny even motion, leaving only relationships in space.

Suddenly, his American uniformity appears a small thing. It is only a poor version of conformity after all. That a race of men should contemplate the same ideas—love, justice, say—with a view toward the progress, clarity and completion of them, might be a fine thing. That all men should be expected to agree to certain conceptions of these ideas—love, justice, say—is stupid, narrow and mediocre. To the young man sitting there at his Athens window this thought is a shock. He begins to ask himself if there is anything he must believe precisely; and he asks himself if belief is merely personal, stubborn, insistent. But on the other hand there is much to see, to apprehend, to remain open to, to build and perfect. His body does not live only by

what it attacks, bites, adopts, chews up, makes it own. It lives also by what rests on no personal determination at all, by the healthful light, the respiration of his lungs, and the beating of his heart that sends the blood—whose crimson is magnificent in his eyes whenever he meets it in the world—through his veins. How foolish it would be, he starts suddenly and decides, to set up a dogma, a belief about the beating of his heart! But how wisely he may try to conceive what forces are behind that pulse in it! It is necessary, he decides at this moment, not so much to consider good and bad, sins and virtues, but rather an excellence and the defect of an excellence; to contemplate forces; it is necessary not to make these so special and personal, for anger may be evil or righteous, passion may make a profligate or a saint, beauty may make or destroy, and so on; let them be forces whose nature we study and whose wise application to life we seek.

The race behind this classic art of Greece, the young man reflects, was at home in the world. But it was not at home as he had been, restlessly optimistic, confident that things could be made to work. There may be something in that, if you will; but after Sophocles its seems only an adolescent courage and evasion. This at-homeness of the Greeks arose from other things, from a lively and keen-eyed response to the world and observation of it, and a sense of *fatalità*, as the Italians call it—fatality, though that is too depressing a word for it—destiny, though that word is too dark. As for the young man, he understands from his heritage of religious philosophy a kind of mysticism, a resignation before the will of God, a kind of Christian, Oriental, mediæval abnegation of self. But he sees that this Greek fatality is an idea arising from an experience with the universe that has confronted it with the human mind and has perceived what appear to be processes working in their due courses and including man with them. Before these man does not prostrate himself, mystically offering his death and ecstasy; but rather tries to recognize and give them place. And he secures his home in the world by accepting these forces as he takes the rain and sun; and he secures his intelligence by admitting their existence and operation.

The young man thinks of the life he has known in America. That life, he knows, has simplified itself and lost much of an old, long, world culture. The wholesale methods by which ideas are sent broadcast into men's minds, and the reduction of all ideas to a popular accessibility and simplicity, what do they promise for American life? Is it moving toward a certain large outline? Something more single? More elemental, final, universal? But for such ends to attain to any importance or significance there would have to be not merely a simplification of life and popular culture toward less complexity but a simplification toward essentials. Intelligence, effort, time, would be needed for that, if it is ever to come. His thought travels to the theatre. How far are we tired of photography of accidental living, of things with a false plausibility to them that satisfies the comfortable and commonplace? How far do we move toward larger ideas in our theatre, however simple and lacking in finality our statement of them might be? And will these ideas, will this American life find itself in dramatic forms, forms suited to embody the precise soul of the matter? Could a general outline of dramatic thought arise, true to our living, and, though not yet a great universal form, at least free of elements not its own? He wonders.

But when all else is said and done there is one thing in Sophocles that sticks in the young man's craw; he will not admit the characters as they are in this drama. Men to him are individuals, each with his peculiar ways, his personal traits, his twists and turns; our whole racial tradition of an individual starts with these private details. Sophocles' people, he objects obstinately within himself, are not persons at all, this so-called Œdipus and Jocasta and Creon. They too are only types, outlines, they move in forms, they are created of only ideal substance. According to this classical art, he discerns, the centre of a man is universal, not private. Man takes his glory from all glory, he embodies rather than evolves it. Man is most himself, Sophocles says, when he is most universal; universal not by some mystical ecstasy and sense of entrance into the heart of God, as the youth in his quieter hours has thought or has read in the sayings here and there of saints, but by some more or less completion in him-

self of ideas, enduring conceptions, parallels of the continuous in human experience.

And yet what is it in these characters, in Tiresias, Œdipus, Jocasta that moves him so? Is it only certain living ideas, permanent forces in human living, passion, wisdom, anger, heredity, beauty? The shock of these in men's minds, and in this poet's especially, drove images into being. These great images, Œdipus, Jocasta and the rest, arise out of the power of the idea working creation in men's minds. Out of the idea these heroic shapes are born. The young man broods on these great tragic personages. These characters do not limit him, in them he walks and finds himself, the terror and magnificence of what a man is; and he is not one but all of them. It is as if in some heroic music his own heart heard its beating.

The boy is troubled about himself, his character, his individuality. This personality of his that he has thought so much about, seems detailed enough but without design. One cannot, he thinks at this moment, be personal, individual, different, except by comparison with ideas, with qualities; and the importance of one's difference or individuality lies in the importance of what the comparison involves. He has inherited, no doubt, he reflects, the impulse to proceed from within outward in his apprehension of the world; he has, if you like, a certain special, intricate, emotional, even violent, centre; but what is it the centre of? He smiles to think that he might be immersed again in one of the old college arguments around the fire. And now it appears to him that much of his northern poetry only moons and mystifies and strays; its supposed divinity is only confusion or certain special words that open into mists and eternities. He reflects how much the people he had known had carried into their love of nature, about which they talked so much, had carried into the woods, clouds, streams, that they practiced, only an instinct for losing themselves in a green vapour, of making an evasion of themselves.

The memory came into his mind of the wood where he used to wander when he was in college. It was a wood on little slopes of ground, with streams sometimes seen, sometimes covered with leaves and moss and dead boughs. There was a thick under-

growth sometimes, and sometimes only weeds and tangled vines; the vista of the wood was uneasy and blurred, cut across and scratched over with twigs and every age of trees. For a season he had busied his walks in this wood with learning the notes of birds, with seeking new ferns and spelling out their species to the last letter. But later he had reverted to walking merely, wandering, almost always alone. And now he thought of his walk in Athens yesterday. He had gone down along the Ilyssus and then to the Eleusis road. The ground for the most part was clear, the stream shone within its low banks. There were oleanders there, blossoming white; there were laurels, and ilexes now and then, a few plane trees and pines, and sometimes a cypress. Along the road to Eleusis, as he passed the hill where Kolonos once stood, there came a goatherd leading his beasts and playing a shepherd's pipe. The pipe rose like a deathless voice clearly toward the clear light.

In the wood at home, the young man remembers, his thoughts had not been anywhere in particular, but he had found his being rested and soothed. He had come home from those walks in many moods, muddled, lifted, desperate with the shadow of vague yearning everywhere. Sometimes he had had a sense of a something everlasting, something in him, too, that would never die, however much the tired self might want to shuffle off this mortal coil—jolly old phrase! Sometimes he had felt religious, a sense of God, an infinite soft mist within, like a faint music heard and lost at the same time. He wondered now about that religion and about his preoccupation sometimes with religion. How much of that was mere insistent details in egoism? And what about conscience? That beloved conscience—was conscience only devil-worship, after all? If you saw the values in things and knew to what end your choice among various courses of living was to be made, you might regret your folly, weakness, or stupidity, but always and only for a reason. Too personal an affair with religion made for sentimentality, scrupulosity, eccentricity, inconsequence. Or did it?

Along that clear road through the burnt, harsh, yellow and violet land, with the rocks, the sudden, black pines, the little shaded groves, he had gone yesterday and had returned at length

through the teeming streets to his own room. About all this there had been a sense, first of all of shapes and spaces, and of the eye recognizing its own judgment and power and delight. There had been the stretch of ground, the outline of an ilex tree, the silver of the stream, even the precision of the laurel and oleander leaves. He had not thought of God at all, he had not been filled, comforted. That undying shapes and images had arisen in his mind he knew, deities, immortal figures of the various world. The clear outlines of trees; the infinite light upon the ground and over all things; the certainty and transparency of shadows; the columns of marble set against the sky; the ground nearby, the vista toward the hills and the inland country; time, ascent and descent, the due rhythm and course of things—he had felt a sense of permanency not within himself, not within his own mystery, but in that part of himself that lived in those forms and qualities that appeared to him in the world around him there. He had felt the sense, not of being quiet in some mystical eternal arms or of being stirred with some unrest, but of moving toward some perfection. And if then, along Ilyssus and in that clear light, he had thought of God at all, it would have been as of some Ultimate Mind by which, if he could know Him, all things among themselves might be perceived. God, then, he reflected, knowing that he could never free himself of the word, might be a kind of antiphonal radiance of all things among themselves, by which alone their truth appears.

The boy sits there by his window looking out on the mountains, Lykabettos and the long slopes of Pentelicos, and the country around. The light lies yellow on them, on the walls of the town; the Bay of Salamis stretching to the southwest grows darker and bluer. The lines of this world he looks upon are clear and final; they establish a final relationship together. He feels a still and lucid power among his thoughts, as if life were all pure space seen in the light and music of his contemplation. And sitting there he sees the wonderful night come on. Over the sad land he sees the stars rise. And tonight at least watching them in the clear heavens and the forms they take, he thinks not on the mystery but on the pattern of his soul.

STARK YOUNG.

ON HUMANIZING SCIENCE

BY OTTO GLASER

BETWEEN the critics and the evangelists of science lies a hazy paradise redolent with aromatic phrases and lit by the kindly twilight of the Humanists. In this atmosphere the layman sensitized to narcotics sees the edges of actual life soften and fuse almost imperceptibly, with ways and means, into the gentlest of rolling landscapes. Here indeed is a garden suitable for a millennium in the spine. Surely the tenderness of the vision must melt even the scientist's heart, and, once converted, he will inevitably "join". Science shall then stand in our very midst, naked and understanded of the people. But the choicest vocabularies are largely wasted on the man of science; he appreciates little in words except their meaning, and this he feels is somehow relative to situations and to things. He may even be charmed temporarily by the pomp and circumstance of literary splendour, yet in the long run plays a poor hand of verbal witchcraft. For this pastime, he is too inquisitive. Is "humanism" the leading word of an absolute language? If not, then what exactly does it say? And by the plain light of noon, what is implied in "humanizing" science?

These questions are insistent, and our critics are at times strident and frequently persuasive. Though willing to do his share, the ordinary scientist appears disqualified even for the beginning. Largely without benefit of the Classics, it is not to be expected that he should know what the Humanists are saying, or realize his faults, even when exaggerated in caricatures that depict a life quite free from the more benign influences of culture and human contact. Also, it is claimed your scientist is oppressed by the materialism of the laboratory. At all events, we have one hard fact to grasp; if he is to do anything about it, we must first find answers which we can understand and use.

I consulted four friends, all rated as highly solvent in the

humanistic sciences. The first declared the questions unfair; the remaining three insisted that none of the others were Humanists at all. As I came out of the anæsthetic, I realized that in place of nourishment, they had filled me with gayety and a stimulus. The solidarity of the humanistic group, so impressive to an outsider, now resolved itself into something familiar; I recalled other instances where missions to the heathen are maintained by churches unified merely in general dissension.

There is no help in such people. We must consider other times; the days when a happy composition in circumstance permitted our race its latest rise in cerebral temperature. The social sciences, as we know them, had not yet specialized in linguistic resonance, and there were no classical professors with maternal instincts. Instead, men like Cyriac of Ancona who were crying: "I go to wake the dead!" were trying to extract from the writings of neglected antiquity and to create for themselves the very values which give their later descendants the thrills chiefly of collectors and custodians. The men of the Renaissance had courage to proclaim once more the dignity, the eternal rightness and necessity of independent thought and action; and, as the fever rose, the platitudes of the day gave off anew those essences that blend so easily with the fragrance of a rational being and give to life, here and now, its own validities. But culture was no miserly pursuit, no privilege or indulgence for a special class; it was a tool urgently needed by a world demanding to know itself and above all to find outlets for its latent powers of living and creation.

The enthusiasm of a modern professor for his job can rarely be identified with fifteenth century fervour for the Classics. Society at large warmed itself, not at the grammars of the Renaissance, but at the open fires. This society was sensitive to heat as all are who can glow with intellectual passion. For such as these, somebody, some thing, some system of feelings or ideas, always stands between their hunger and the pulses of reality. But unless we school the appetite away, man sorely wants his satisfaction, and instinctively can stand the truth exposed and ventilated in the sun and wind. Only in this way can he be free and irrepressible. It is this belief that made the Renaissance;

it is this faith that carries over and today throws in its lot with the true sciences and the artist. A spirit of affirmation, a vote of confidence in man, this is Humanism.

In citizenship, the scientist falls short of the ideal. He submits too easily to custom because he cares more for other things and has little of the assertiveness that goes with "larger spheres of influence". On the other hand, his work proper is essentially play—natural, inborn, unfettered by prejudice or social convention and held to a course only by his aims. Literally, then, the injunction "to humanize science" makes no sense. Science by the very nature of the case is humanized; in fact is precisely what Humanism does. But the symptoms of obvious discontent, how shall we interpret them? Somewhere there is a mistake; something not clearly understood. And as we study the problem carefully we find ourselves transported to the centre of a strangely vicious circle. It turns about us like a merry-go-round with every animal trying to catch its own tail. Weary of the chase, we make a simpleton's experiment: we speed up the machine. Now at last the elephant must overtake his fleeing postscript, and pass the equally triumphant kangaroo.

In an attempt to understand this amusement, let us examine the scientist. His lineage terminates in primitive priests, the first to draw stability from the stars and add it to the life of man. Through the knowledge of these wise men, it was possible to foretell the seasons, the time for planting and for festivals. Yet no sound practitioner of prediction told all he knew, unless to his disciples, or gave his ignorance the freedom of the country. In the course of thousands of years, the oracular arts left a numerous progeny. These took many by-paths and became diversified almost to infinity. Nevertheless, most essential members of the brood followed the main stream of intellectual culture into the monasteries. There the arts of the scientist prolonged their adolescence while he himself acquired personal habits that now determine his erratic course among the remnants of mediævalism in the university and the actual lives of modern men. Indeed, during all these centuries the devotee of science combined his gift for undergoing change with an amazing genius for the fixity of his type. At present, he is our most complete museum of

contradictions, and unites a ceremonious and spotless behaviour with sly spirited heresies and a monk's hood to be envied by the peacock. In the face of ample warnings and every discretion, he is married again, though the number of his offspring is in defiance of the Book of Genesis. Firmly expecting to be taken at par by his fellow-men, he admits his ignorance on the slightest provocation and withholds at the same time a thousand lucrative details. A rebel against monasticism, he shows few traces of the worldling. The tradition clings; your man of science remains a priest, *frater in universitate*, communing with nature in the silences of the night or the retirement of the laboratory. Of necessity his work requires isolation, and unconsciously he pays the price. Opinions are apt to seem merely ridiculous, unless his own, or those of specialists; by the latter he is impressed and even terrorized. Certainly it is they who put into him the fear of the Lord; who endanger his professional standing whenever he appears before the greater public.

Much of this is too trivial to discuss. Still, the attitude is effective and finds powerful allies among the editors. As a class they likewise have traditions, and somehow know by clairvoyance not only what the public wants, but how it wants it. If he is a dull fellow, the man of science shrinks from editorial make-up, because he fears his colleagues; it is then a matter of professional ethics. On the other hand, if he is sensitive, he sees the destructive incongruity of grease-paint; it is then a matter of bad taste. In any event the scientist goes his way trying to make more knowledge, more disciples, and of late on a larger scale, physicians, warriors, and technologists.

While the man of science continues to spin in his private orbit, there is small chance for truly liberal teaching. The public knows this and as a consequence becomes actively defensive. With no enlightenment in view, we desert the temporary earthworks from behind which science seems too hard for us, and manœuvre subconsciously into positions solidified by greater self-respect.

The campaign has its dramatic incidents. Through successful misrepresentation, science has become identified with invention and much triviality. Who wants to be told about ringing little

bells? And then there is the serious side. If we conveniently omit greed, it is plain enough that invention makes the social order, and in this entanglement of perils and nuisances we are lucky to have some few things that we can count on; a trick or two in business and politics; a bit of armament to practise with in case of peace; and in the field of the emotions and ideas, propaganda, discipline, and repression. Yet to most of this the spirit of science is clearly hostile. Accordingly, and especially because it involves so little hardship, we take a final stand: we resolve to be virtuous. After all, wealth, comfort, and luxury are not our deepest concerns; our spiritual allegiance to these can still be shifted to the well from which they flow. Science now appears worse than dangerous and to Christian gentlemen, too often, vulgar, indecent and degrading.

Ignorance coupled with morality issues in self-esteem. We are now equipped to do the right thing by our families; to justify our darkness by its purity, and nobly snub the urgent questionings of childhood. Queer insights tell us what the children cannot understand and what is good for them. Even though they ack the necessary basis in anatomy and remain functionally incapable of such things, we nevertheless consign to them our personal prejudices, emotions and complexities. As we repeat the established myths, it never dawns on us that hatching in the dead of night from a medicated leather bag affronts the child's instinct for human fellowship, its sense of continuity and order, and is more bizarre than being born of one's mother. But the adult with his fixed-up mind knows nothing about child psychology and cannot learn; he comes forward if at all either with mystical reserves or with sentimental drippings designed to cover up indecencies which children of their own accord simply do not grasp. Mentally crippled as we are, it is impossible for us to realize that the truths of life and the great concepts of science in childhood fall upon a soil entirely free from weeds, and for that very reason are able to make only the healthiest roots.

I am not saying that every child is a philosopher with elaborate schemes for self-mystification, but only that we underestimate the mind of a being which discovers without aid important differences between itself and the world around; that quickly learns

something about distance, sequence, and causation, and within two years collects nonsensical and arbitrary sounds into a language. Not only do we take no advantage of this magnificent equipment; we actually resent it. At the very moment when there is some chance of absorbing scientific knowledge with our mother tongue, we stir the embers of tradition and smoke out the germs of thought. We cure our child as if it were a ham. Later, when the truth pours in from every angle, we swell with parental pride to see how little our precious hams soak up. We have achieved, intellectually, a Peace of Versailles, under which the next generation is certain to find the world, as we do, an enigma.

With an air of desperation, the writers of popular science here attempt their appeal. Let us forget the cultivated resistances; the men who know and cannot tell. Never mind even the men who tell and cannot know; it is astonishing how much can be accomplished by "pep", humour, and sheer spontaneity. Yet good intentions are no specific against vertigo. Our writers themselves grow light-headed, and the man in the street becomes positively bewitched. Without even realizing it, he at once follows the most extensive flights of the imagination into the continuum of Einstein, into the innermost recesses of matter and the last nooks of life, as easily as if he were rolling off a log, and no doubt with equal profit to his nervous system.

I am not thinking now of clearness, accuracy or interest. All these should go without saying. I am thinking rather of fitness; of Mr. Haldane's projections into a future distant enough to quiet a morbid craving for third-rate fiction; of all the Lotharios tickled by rapturous papers on the elixirs of youth; and of numerous jollifications about relativity and the second law of thermo-dynamics. There come to mind also Mr. Hendrick's sixty-six lines of undergraduate doggerel on Brownian Movements—a snorting introduction to the universe that is an atom; and Mr. Wiggam's biological decalogue, too loud even for a prophet who elects to jazz on Sinai. I recall also odds and ends; the startling news that whales are made of metal, and the transplantation of pigs' eyes into men. Frankly, I do not know where to look for comparable discussions about railways, the judiciary, or the tangled skein of politics. The weeklies openly devoted to

satire and honest parody at least are better written and have some talent for making us smile. But among journals with a claim on seriousness and good repute, where shall we go for similar romps with basic things in art or literature?

If we really want intellectual freedom, we must submit to a more liberal cultivation. We must get to know science when we are young or still capable of acquiring standards. We shall then be able, later, to tolerate her as she is and extend the hand that welcomes poetry. Science also springs from a broodiness of mind; is likewise the infiltration of reality with dreams. In both instances the materials are merely the commonplaces of this world, only the imagery and the sensuous masks accepted by the poet on his own terms in the scientist flaunt a different challenge to the intellect. We may like them or not; understand them we must. "Make us over," they seem to say, "and reduce us if you can to terms acceptable in the domain of reason."

The scientist, if he has really found a problem, soon passes beyond the stage of mere description. He is no photographer trying to counterfeit reality, but like an artist he selects. His aim is to prepare translations of experience competent to serve his purposes. This he does by comparing his own with the most reliable discoveries of others; by check and counter-check against the world of sense. In this way he sorts out and puts aside for future reference all but a precious residue—the factor common to every mood, tense and inflection of his particular experience and hence able to represent the whole. With the aid of similar disenchantments and abstractions, he continues to tear himself loose from the tyrannies of the irrelevant and strives for versions of yet wider powers to circulate. Gradually as they mature, the sciences achieve the freedom of the symbol, and when every quality finally unveils as distance, temperature, time and mass, mathematics crowns the whole with the elegance and quantitative lucidity native to the alphabet of a universal tongue.

At last we know and can operate as the agents of creation. All the confusion is superficial. The same mask hides different faces and the same face may wear many masks. With the code firmly in hand, the scientist now carries out the manipulations which crude actuality resists; he makes experiments otherwise

impossible on paper, studies their possible consequences, and appeals once more to nature and his instruments. It is so that the chemist plans and makes his substances and knows in advance the capacities, even the weights, of undiscovered elements; in this way, too, the biologist, still far from ultimate precision, designs animals and plants to satisfy peculiar whims or needs, while the astronomer postulates and finds his Neptune in the skies.

This appearance of things, bodily, where they were not to be seen before, is the test and triumph of the symbol. But the art depends on nothing like hocus-pocus. The scientist succeeds because his selections after all possess fidelity; because he preserves the bridges between his emblems and the objects they stand for; and because he makes orderly arrangements in his mind to correspond with things that signify in the factual rough and tumble. And because these correspondences are real and predictions do come true, he can tell us of the drift of things; can turn back on the babel of events outside the congruity which comes to him at first disguised in a chaos of the senses.

All this has implications. Scientists of course still have surprises; yet in nine cases out of ten the stranger, if he is more than a curio and had waited only a short time, would have found his berth ready. But the mere fact that we can anticipate at all indicates the existence of something that projects beyond itself. It is as if we had a cathedral centuries in the making and still incomplete. In every generation there have been rumours of revolution highly disturbing to the uninitiated. Almost from day to day workmen and architects have changed. Steadily there has come about a sharper scrutiny of materials, and scaffolds of guesswork and ethereal domes, too glowing with fantasy, have given way to sounder constructions. But in our excitement over the alterations and additions, we are apt to forget the elements of constancy. After all, no stone even partly good has yet been wasted nor was a solid buttress ever torn away. Archimedes survives in every arch, and the infidelities of Galileo are glittering on the altar. There is a way of doing things. At any special hour in history we may fall short in our accomplishment; yet whether we were satisfied a thousand years ago or yesterday, makes no essential difference. Throughout the

ages there has been but one requirement; science must still the demands for rational explanation, and unless the human mind and the world which it reflects undergo profound mutations, these demands cannot change. And so it is that permanence in the universe and in the needs, limitations and excellencies of man himself, has imposed on his science a quality to correspond. Though her work is never ended, science is stabilized by her unchanging aims. These are the casts that mould our patterns, and the patterns link irresistibly into a style that forecasts new developments and insists like a personality on further recognition and expression. We happen to have achieved more than a rookery; we are dealing with a "mansion of the soul".

In approaching the laity we must remember that significance, the architecture of a building, does not inhere in individual bricks; not even in the stone-mason cutting his cornice. From these and the dust and shouting comes only a fulness of confusion, and confusion is the antithesis of mind. We cannot reconcile the two, and happily there is no compulsion. Chaos burns off like fog under the benevolent severities of a standard. And if this should involve a shortage in the popularization of trivialities and the absurd, a loss in human interest and what is called the romance of science, I for one consider a few melodramatic moments a small price to pay for something actually important; for the joys of mental eyesight and a chance for rational living. Perhaps a let-down in the matter of thrills would be appreciated even by the lady who remarked: "Yes, I took up science a few years ago, but of course one can't keep up with everything." Now despite herself she keeps up with more than most scientists would prescribe. In her world so many marvels seem to be happening all the time. Science is just too wonderful and turns silk hats into guinea pigs as a mere matter of daily routine.

If a standard conflicts with news, we can at least learn something from the encounter. Such news has made no treaties with simplicity and the congruous; it thrusts a dagger at the heart of science and covers up the deed with impudence. There is of course no desire on the part of the scientist to cheer for dulness and exterminate all news, but merely to see added to its legitimate varieties something more precious still—a background to judge

by. The man of science himself feels this need and depends more and more on a system of abstracts, outlines and, especially, synthetic reviews. The language of these is the jargon of the guild, but the motive is liberal; there is the attempt to tell essentials; to reach beyond the narrowest circle of adepts and take into account that even science makes no sense when split up into fragments. And if we search for a vehicle in which science can unfold for the layman her structure, order and significance, the obvious one is history; a history free from cant and idle gossip; that takes its problems from the present and explains them causally in terms of a dynamic past. So clarified, we should have a medium which all could breathe and in which the oneness of science and the human drives could be seen in deep perspective and without distortion.

Even in Mr. Thompson's attempt we miss this sense of architectural necessity. Neither the editor of these *Outlines* nor his collaborators have thought the matter through; have added to the length and breadth of their pieces a third dimension; a unity that would bind the whole together, would press out disorder, technical anachronisms and the ghosts of Sir Oliver Lodge, and leave the virtues comfortably settled in little more than half the space. A document of about this size would seem large enough for science to display her essential nature and amplitude; large enough to show how the strife for comfort and for bread is paralleled throughout by the dramatic feud between a mind that must understand and a Sphinx that merely is. As long as we continue to perfect our mansion, such documents will be needed. The public cannot help but lag behind, wondering what the scientist is doing; and the layman has the right to know and the need. In fact it is becoming plainer every day that the savage in his modern civilization is worse off than a savage in the jungle, unless he can look past elaborations too much for any man and actually behold the one example of collective *poesis* which his kind has put together. And when science at last appears radiant with the light of earthly reason, we shall see reflected in the epic of the race the congruity that makes a stable universe.

Otto Glaser.

CATHEDRALS TO LIVE IN

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

It was an imposing room, very big and quiet. And I was only a Freshman, from the other side of the sea, who felt very, very small in the middle of his first Oxford day. There had been so many towers of gray and golden stone, so many unbelievable spires. . . . I felt like a small bubble on the surface of a mighty thing like the sea. I would never be able to fill it, this room of mine in the *College of St. Michael and All the Holy and Undivided Saints of the Seventh Circle, Oxon.* I would always be like a man alone in a cathedral here. The chairs of the room carried out the impression of the cathedral; their backs were carven into the mullioned outlines of late Perpendicular windows. And I must sit on the red leather sanctuaries of their cushions! The bookcase, flanking one whole side of the room, was black, oaken, and alive with all sorts of mediæval creatures, drudes, werewolves stalking unicorns, griffins taking tasty morsels from their own wings, all the demon hierarchy of Toledo. My plain Huckleberry Finn was to lodge in such Middle Age magnificence! the griffins and unicorns most certainly would shake off the crowns that tethered their necks to the wooden foliage and rend this Huckleberry of nights. The walls were paneled oak. The "scout", who looked like a minor seventeenth century mystic at least, as he ushered me in had dropped a remark or two about Newman and Landor, other dimmer and greater names, names minding one of gold lace and laurel leaves. From the stray words I could catch among the mellow, golden sentences that rose and fell in Sabbath cadences behind his white beard, all the greatest St. Michaeleans had lived before me in this room. Or else in rooms right near here. Of course it would be so. It was not enough to have a servant to my room who was a man of awe and had served the great, who was an object of veneration in his own right; but the paneling and the traditions must call for a future poet, at least, if not an Archbishop of Canterbury.

The room was high, and the one concession to modern times, the lone electric lamp that descended from wide and noble upper emptiness on a frayed cord, seemed woefully abashed and ashamed. But not nearly so abashed as I. It was a blighted thing, as I came to discover, later, when I lit it. It gave only the somberest of feeble light and had to be reinforced by cheerful candles. There were solemn great mirrors over the fireplace and between the windows to multiply the vistas and to magnify my loneliness. I was lonely, though the "scout" was coming and going. His feet made no sound. From his cubby-hole under the mysterious stairs curving away into unknown silences above, hallowed by the feet of who knows how many Prime Ministers, that venerable creature was producing piecemeal a whole household equipment. Now a pile of plates appeared; then a kettle steaming hot; knives and forks came straggling in; a white cloth suddenly whisked itself out almost profanely over the dignified tapestry of the table where poets must have written divine things. The "scout" presently vanished for many minutes. Then he reappeared as magically bent under a mountain of covered dishes and silver tankards. He phalanxed them about my plate, flicked the dust from the gravest of my chairs and half advanced it to the table, coughed discreetly behind his hand, and then with one magnificent flourish of his serving cloth withdrew like a shadow.

I was alone in my grandeur. Alone with the ghosts of the great. I stood a moment in awe. But Landor or not, whatever was under the covers was cooling, and one must eat. I sat down at the table. It was like eating bread and cheese in a church. I glanced out of my windows; my insignificance was only confirmed. Against the sky stood four figures in golden stone, lacking arms and noses here and there to be sure, but looking the serene saints they probably were. I looked again upon the table. The silver tankards did not reassure me. They were battered and dented, but on each of them was graven a crown, and from the crown the gryphon of St. Michael's arched his neck and spat his tongue forth in supreme hauteur. College silver, old as the hills most likely. The gryphon was on my plate, too, fiercer than ever; and beneath his arrogance the legend,

Quod tacitum velis nemini dixeris.

I must eat off the language of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More! So be it. I lifted a cover, expecting at least a leg of peacock lying in some one of the piquant sauces of Geoffrey Chaucer's Cook, for so much the atmosphere of the room demanded. It was sausages. Little modern and plebeian intruders upon this ancient solitude. This was profanation. But they were browned and showed temptingly at cracks in their skins and smelled like Araby. I examined a tankard next; old wines in old silver, I mused. It was ale. I lifted the silver rim to my lips and took a good draught of the deep brown liquid.

There came over me an astounding metamorphosis. I had felt lost in this great room, feared I could never fill it. I could feel myself growing now. And now I was sure that the room was going to be too small for me. My personality might be cramped here. Perhaps it was the ale which gave the final touch, for the St. Michael's ale has wrought its miracles; but anyway I had been growing all along, it seemed. This was going to be a fine old room to work and sing in. It had its limitations, to be sure, it needed touches of my genius for decoration here and there; but that would come later. I had never tasted such sausages. Once on every man beams that unforgettable day when he eats his first Oxfordshire sausages. I must really put a bit of colour and pageantry into that drab hanging of the mantel. I thought of a good translation of the motto beneath the last sausage,

To keep a thing dark keep it under your hat.

Funny old ideas these college founders must have had, queer mottoes on their coats-of-arms. And that must be the window, now that I came to think of it, which Landor shot from the last night of his stay, when he scattered the tea party with his shotgun. It was going to be pleasant living here. Once I could get a few good churchwardens for friends and a good tobacco jar with the St. Michael crest, a picture or two, I should feel at home. Reading would be a delight, reading Kit Marlowe with the mind clothed in slashed doublet and hose. This was no cold tomb of dead minds. It was a ruddy, warm place to smoke and write and smoke again, a place for the pleasant talk of good friends; and the old bigwigs who had gone before would be the first to

have it so. *They* laughed and gossiped here, as well as thought; and the hours between lamplight and cockcrow were not wholly prayerful ecstasies or vigils-at-arms before the tapers of great thoughts. *They* had other glimpses here of the New Jerusalems than those unrolled in the *Visio Beatifica;* there were the galleons one sends to sea when pipes are burning fragrantly, the footless birds of Paradise that fly thick as golden dust motes over the lost Atlantis that brown ale lifts up against the setting sun. Learning they found to be a matter of some meditation and many sausages, tankards and books. The atmosphere of ancient scholarliness, the memories and traditions, made their days in this room the merrier. It was good to think within the walls where red-blooded men had lived and thought before them. And so they grew up and went away and became Archbishops instead of bishops, Prime Ministers instead of under-secretaries. And I who could never become either was going, at least, to do my best to take my learning with their old ease and gracefulness. I had gotten so far and the tankard was quite empty, when the patriarch of my chamber returned for the dishes. This time, I did not allow myself to be put out by his majestic silences and cloth flickings that were grave as ritual. I turned upon him like a Cavalier and asked would he send some one to see to my couch; perhaps it was the Archbishop's, but in any case it was leaking excelsior all over the carpet from one of the twin humps of its back. I was at home.

And all my later days at St. Michael's helped me carry out my resolution. I came to feel thoroughly at home, even in the face of that magnificent rosewater finger bowl of silver—it was a real bowl and not a pannikin, and rivalled the bathtubs of the College for capacity—which Lord North gave his Alma Mater, probably on the eve of the famous kick he gave the Thirteen Colonies to send them upstairs to the glory of the United States of America. Up there on the wall Pitt looked benignly down; *he* applauded my boldness; *he* was on my side of the Atlantic. At dinner I shook those marvels of the silversmith's art, the sugar shakers given by Lord Bryce, who has best explained the wonderful work for which Lord North was indirectly responsible, unabashed over my gooseberry tart. I came to think it very proper indeed

to have the literary dictator of a century, lexicographer, and rare philosopher of *Rasselas* look down over my shoulder each night upon very ephemeral brussels sprouts. Mitres and crooks of bygone archbishops on the walls did not daunt me. I took it as a graceful matter of course when one memorable afternoon the President, in flannels, bound tenniswards with me, let me out with his great, grave key through the postern, at least, of that gate which will never be opened again until a Stuart sits on the throne of England. Under the candelabra of the famous St. Michael limes it was natural to saunter as the fine ladies of the Court of the First Charles in dresses imitating cherubs used to do. The two Lords Baltimore, the Calverts father and son, must have enjoyed kicking their heels on the marvelous velvet of the College grass as much as I did. Though I was from Puritan land, I had no scruples against consorting with the College tortoise that tradition says used to hobnob with the men of gold lace in the days when Oxford was a Royalist camp and St. Michael's melted down all its mediæval plate to pay the troopers of the King. It was pleasant being a democrat in the hotbed of aristocracy. And, in any case, Ireton, prince of Puritans, was a St. Michael's man. My Dissenter principles flourished like the bay tree within walls that had housed Newman and High Church thoughts.

Worn tankards and coffee pots that had ministered to genius, chairs and tables worn by many College generations, lovely old windows and arches of the Middle Age builders, picturesque walls in Sir Christopher's best Renaissance plumpness, the eloquence of golden stones and the sanctitude of long learning enclosed in a place of green loveliness—all these are the sweeter for the use of younger hands and minds. What if Wren's chapel have nicks on its portals? There is no fence about it; it is used every day, and carefree youth are not hermits; they are gifted with glorious limbs; and the College is the richer by these tokens of wear, the sanctity of use. This place of the aureoles of tradition is a dwelling place. The cherubs of Grinling Gibbons must expect to lose wings now and then in a house that is lived in wholeheartedly. There are the Founder's bones housed in their carvings of faded gilt lying in the very midst of life, among fresh faces flushed with football and October winds glowing in the candlelight of vespers.

One can learn the meaning of Shakespeare's "dusty death" by looking at the stone reminders of departed human glory. Morals and *memento mori's* come home to young men best when the shadows are lengthening across the twilight, when dinner is half an hour away and vigourous and very hungry youths sit among the shadows of the chapel. At such a time of yearning for the best, evening stars and pastries, the words of perpetual praise sent up for the Founder, so often reduced to a jargon, become the words of sincerest thanksgiving:

We yield Thee thanks for Sir Thomas Pope, Knight, our Founder—

and even his second—or was it his third?—wife is dwelt on more earnestly,

and the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, deceased.

For they have bequeathed us a noble home, a place where the best of the years is stored up, against the moth, against the rust. These dim names that keep alive in halting word and crumbling stone have set the sanction of time and the colour of stirring events, the fire of great minds, upon a place perpetually renewing its youth like the phœnix in men forever young. The past was crimson and gold and green; here it touches the future. Kingly faces in stained glass shine down upon those who are to be the kings of tomorrow. To live in a place like St. Michael's is the best way to study history. One walks through the Wars of the Roses in the gloom of cloisters built in that time; the Reformation speaks in hacked mullions and empty niches. It is a shrine of beauty that haunts one, for centuries of men have lived and dreamed here, embraced beauty or ugliness, done their best and their worst, shed blood and seen visions, eaten and drunk, warred and sung, and gone to their rewards in the world, gone back to green earth forever. But their monuments are here in ivied buttresses and worn stairs, battered chairs, and the smell of great deeds. To open a door is to turn the page of a book. How could plain bread and cheese be anything less than manna and ambrosia when it comes up to you from a buttery that was once a haunt of holy songs, where Benedictine monks prayed seven hundred years ago? The sweetness of their songs has gotten into the walls; it gets into the loaves that lie there. One eats

the treasurings of the years with one's breakfast. And such things, lichened arches and tracery like the inside of an angel's wing, legends of splendid men and dust of books, help fit one's little life into the great blue-and-gold tapestry of all time. They make one at home in history. After St. Michael's, I could eat in Westminster Abbey with never a qualm of conscience, and sleep my sweetest among the tombs.

So the story runs through all the City. Oxford is full of St. Michaels. There are great universities across the Channel, older even than Oxford. But they are not homes. Traditions they have running back into the Dark Ages, legends of the voices of Alcuin and Abelard; but not a single room hallowed by the thoughts of great scholars where the Abelards of the morrow can live. Their students must disperse after lectures to their cheap and tawdry city lodgings, poor nests which another century will tear down to make place for newer and tawdrier. Some of these universities have fine old buildings; but they are locked up at night like the museums that they are. The world is full of museums, beautiful cold places of the dead; and passing through them one gets the bleak idea that all the beauty of the past has stopped breathing; here one sees it, embalmed, dusty, doomed; a few centuries more, and even its mummy will flake apart. One goes through such places with hushed voice and chilly heart; one is glad to escape into the sunshine among the cabmen. One cracked and grimed portrait of some college worthy in lace or gown hung above the steam of roast beef and the reek of Virginia tobacco is worth all the icy Madonnas and Mona Lisas in all the museums of the earth. It can teach men more of the majesty of daily living and the loveliness of the world. Pictures one can live with and touch . . . old and fine things for use every day. By such things brief life can bind long art and long wisdom to the wheels of tomorrow's chariots.

We on our side of the Atlantic have too many college sanctuaries that are mausoleums. A graduate becomes great; we fence off his room, put it within railings, mark it with a tablet; we seal it as a tomb. Thenceforth the world is invited to stand in awe and admire; and is turned out sharply at four o'clock when the show is closed. Many a fine old Colonial house full of the sun-

niest of possibilities in the way of children of our loins and children of our brains has been turned into a sepulchre. We keep it, save it; and saving, lose it to life forever. Our university libraries are full of fine old books, our university art collections of splendid pictures; but too often they are chilly places, show places, and they close up their show cases at night. College dining halls with us are apt to be rather bare of beauty; most students have to live among furniture and in the atmosphere of the mail order catalogue. We keep history and old beauty carefully away from the young. We embalm our traditions. We are too New Englandish to live in the parlor, or to open the blinds. Sunlight, we feel, would fade things; so our plush and velvet fall to the moth. If Oxford were over here, we would scatter the students out of their priceless colleges, put a wall around the old towers, and hire a curator and guides. I think we would put the lawns where famous men have smoked and played at bowls under glass. Certainly, we would permit no careless boys in their teens to climb Magdalen Tower and sing carols on May morning. The sight of pigs wallowing in the shadow of St. Mary's spire would sicken our souls. No one would be so rash as to allow students to throw bread crusts about in the dining halls with mediæval glass in the windows. And most likely there would be fewer babies of a Sunday afternoon in St. Michael's gardens.

Why shouldn't there be babies in a college garden? I know of no better places for them. And I have always thought that Cardinal Newman smiled the more benignly in bronze beside his mossy wall when a pram with a chuckling baby trespassed upon his flower bed. Students must know human nature; it is good to know it thoroughly, starting with the rosy-faced Genesis looking like all April buds, and passing thence to boisterous Exodus, very tight in his gray breeches and bare of knee, treading on the summer clouds as he lies on his back in the grass. College gardens bring these books of human nature to join one's other books. One has only to look up from *We Are Seven*, and several of Wordsworth's originals are picking the Lilliputian British daisies at one's feet. And the studious of human nature can learn more of the art of love-making than from many treatises

from some shopgirl walking out with her very splendid young man among the College laurels.

Oxford is a marvelous blend of the many centuries and of the many wholesome things of life. Rare books and rare cattlemen, old and glorious thoughts and ancient and glorious cookery. I wager that many of the suet puddings steaming in college halls around Michaelmas time can claim lineal descent from those concoctions of the Cook of *The Canterbury Tales;* at any rate, ovens that baked in Chaucer's day are still warm and fragrant, the undying fires of Vesta, burning down from the Middle Ages; you will search long in the Bodleian to find a more eloquent witness of man's unity. And no one has put a railing around them or cooled them down to be mausoleums. The youngest cabbages jostle the best Perpendicular Gothic in Christendom. Rosy life has never left the cobbled alleys; she sings her wares under the leaded windows where scholars dream. The colleges of an earlier day in America could show more of this Oxonian blending of good things. At my own American College Hawthorne was fined for visiting too often the tavern that stood on the very soil of learning. Commencement there in his day was a glorified county fair, with booths and vendors, gingerbread and cider, and fine Latin orations. Even today a county fair, though kept at a respectable distance, is one of the institutions of the College. All the old parish churches in England speak in their carvings of this mixture of life; serene and rapt beauty enhanced by the grotesque; holy faces looking down on the fat and laughing monks and the tumbling clowns of the stall ends. Oxford repeats the story; vigourous and jovial boys living in the little quiet rooms that thousands of Friars, Black or Gray, have made holy with their prayers. So the pigs that Puritan times drove and traded in the porch of the ancient Divinity School were not so wholly out of place there. The porch is still called with affection the Pig Market. And the descendents of those pigs still haunt the vicinity.

And the beauty of it all is plain. The boys living in these college rooms, between much of football and much of strawberry jam, grow into the atmosphere and traditions of their rooms, these shrines that have never been too much above the good

things to eat and drink which temper high thinking. Living in the places of history, they come to see that the past is flesh and blood, *their* flesh and blood. The old men of wide beards and carelessness in spelling are earlier editions of themselves. So the tombs give up their dead; mankind becomes something of an endless pageant; and they not the least among the hosts. There is a sanctity about a spot where so many purposeful hands and minds have worked before; so many young and eager hands, so many lovely minds weaving aureoles of light through the long nights like candles; so many men who have made the little lights of their dreams the stars for the generations to come.

Every Oxford college sees to it that the young men have the best of all sorts. Each is concerned that they live well; the feeding of them is not farmed out to the uncollegiate and unhistorical stewards of Philistia. St. Michael's buttery and kitchen are as holy ground as the chapel. Once, indeed, they were the holiest places, when the Benedictines held forth. They have never lost that quality of a sanctuary. So the roasts and the tarts have the sanction of centuries and the seal of the College behind them. The St. Michael's ale has a proud name among college brews; the old St. Michael's port has been mellowing for sixty years among the cobwebs of the cellars. On every hand this thoughtfulness, this long tradition of caring for the undergraduate's needs, is evident. The geraniums of the window boxes are not any geraniums at all. If such green and carmine beauty helps the fortunate youth when he looks from his windows, then the best geraniums are none too good. They are chosen like his tutors. And the wistaria that climbs his wall has its history and its ancestors. The college cares as much for the physical and æsthetic as for the spiritual wellbeing of its sons; or rather the two concerns have never been separated. Chapel service and service at table are reverend and undivorced rituals. The college prides itself as well on its lime trees and grass, its port and its commons, as on its lectures on Plato and its portraits of great sons. Such golden things make the college a home indeed; if his green and growing beauty and the cups of his conviviality are best provided at home, then the undergraduate will not have to fare into the doubtful and unhallowed City places for the pleasure that is his

by right of flushing cheek and warm young limbs. So the college is a garden of flowers and an inn.

Almost every good English thing can be explained best by the English inn, sports and statesmanship, songs and charters. For the congeniality and good cheer of that institution have gone over into the lives of those generations who have lived there. And the cumulative process of the years has made a simple, homely hostel a place great and holy, smelling of man. Without the inn, there would be no Chaucer. The colleges of Oxford are inns, too, by origin and by development; and they smell of man most fragrantly. They are a peculiarly glorious sort of inn, because they are also, in architecture and in history, inns that are cathedrals. . . . I have an idea that one who eats and sleeps, laughs and thinks, for a long time in a cathedral will grow at last to think and act in a cathedral wise. At all events, that is how it seemed to me, among the flowers and the silver tankards of St. Michael's.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

THE MODERN ART MOVEMENT

BY JOHN W. BEATTY

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

THE art world has been much disturbed during recent years by the appearance of unusual paintings and works in sculpture representing new movements or tendencies. Following the adoption of the term Impressionists about thirty years ago, a title which very accurately described the art of the period, there came the Pointilists, the Futurists, the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists, the Symbolists, and various other groups. There appeared in quick succession, first in Europe and finally in America, exhibition after exhibition representing these new schools of art. The most casual observer has noted the unusual character of many of the works shown at the more recent exhibitions. The "new" art has been a subject of discussion and comment on every hand. The departure from the old manner and the adoption of new and strange forms of expression have attracted universal attention. As a result, the term "new" art is on every tongue. The topic is in the air. Even magazine covers and illustrations have been noticeably affected by a new and strange manner of design, and the daily press and the art journals use the terms "new art" and "modern art" interchangeably. Great crowds have visited the galleries in which these ultra-modern works have been shown, some to wonder, but many to laugh in derision.

The managers of some of these exhibitions have cast tradition to the wind. A kind of go-as-you-please method has been adopted for the admission of works. The spirit of the "Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates" has even ventured into the world of art, and "No Jury" has come to be a kind of slogan with the inconsequent.

As a result of all these things, there has been much confusion in the public mind. Violent protests on the part of many have been frequently heard. Art students especially have been led

into a field of speculation and uncertainty touching principles, or the fundamental qualities in art.

The older members of the profession of art, or at least the great majority of those who have achieved recognition, are quietly going their way, not unmindful of the animated discussion but undisturbed by the noise and tumult created. They seem to be simply striving to express truth and beauty as these qualities are discovered in nature and understood by them. This, at least, is the situation as it appears to an interested observer.

Before attempting an analysis of the so-called "new" art, it will be well, I think, to refer to three things having bearing upon the subject. The first of these is the fact that, notwithstanding the extreme and radical tendencies and in spite of false standards and manifest inconsistencies, there is found running through recent art one significant quality or characteristic. This is the quality of breadth, or simplicity in treatment. However erratic or unusual have seemed many of the modern paintings, simplicity, or broad treatment, has evidently been sought after. I think we have all, professional and layman alike, felt this note. I mention this now because simplification is not only an important trend of modern art, but is an important quality in any art. To this phase of the subject I will refer later.

A second significant fact is this: The most pronounced or radical movements have occurred in countries having the lowest modern art standards. Paris is cosmopolitan, and to that city students gravitate from every country. Extreme tendencies have met and developed there rapidly; but even more radical have been the so-called new schools in Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Germany and some of the northern countries. No limit seems to have been set in these countries to bizarre tendencies. The most radical exhibition I have ever seen was in Zurich. It was a riot of violent color and form. This second fact would seem to indicate that novelty and eccentricity flourish in the poorer soil. Royal Cortissoz called attention to this fact recently.

This brings me to the third significant fact: The overwhelming majority of art students and artists are incompetent. It is extremely doubtful if more than one per cent of all those who enter the profession of art succeed in producing works that will live

fifty years. The weak student, failing to comprehend the real significance of a work of art, is very prone to imitate some technical or unimportant quality. It is from this group that most of the eccentric and unusual works have come. It is not surprising, therefore, that we have new fads and new schools at every turn of the road.

And now, having called attention to these three facts which have bearing upon the subject, and before entering upon an analysis of the so-called "new" art, I desire to fix a limit for the discussion. In all the writings upon the modern or "new" art, three men stand out prominently. These are constantly referred to as the leaders or founders of the modern school of art. Their names are Paul Cézanne, Vincent Van Gogh, and Paul Gauguin. These are the men credited with the distinction of leadership, and their names are always coupled together. They seem to be accepted by common consent as the great, outstanding exponents of what is "new" in art. It would seem fair, therefore, to accept these three men as representative and their works as expressing what has been conceived by their followers to be a "new" art. If there is found to be anything really new in the art of these painters, their followers will have ground for their rather broad claim. If, on the other hand, there is nothing essentially new in the art of these men, this claim would seem to be without foundation.

The works of these three painters differ in several important respects: First, they differ widely in the subjects chosen for representation. This is especially true as between Gauguin and the other two. Second, they also differ in the technical treatment employed. They also doubtless differ in the strength or merit of their productions, but this is not the question raised by this discussion. The question is, rather, Have these painters created a "new" art?

A careful analysis of their works will, I think, show that they have not done so. It will also show that they do not differ, one from the other, in purpose or intent; nor do they differ in any essential respect from the painters of the same and preceding periods. In fact, these men did not create or establish a "new" art at all. They simply sought to represent the characteristic

phases of life and nature with which they were surrounded; the qualities which they best understood. They did not change art in any essential respect. Their conception differed widely, and the usual personal or technical qualities appear in their works, but technical treatment is a means, not an end.

It is true, however, that Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, together with other able painters of their time, gave to the art of landscape painting a tremendous impulse in the direction of greater truth. To understand the relation these three painters bore to modern art, let us examine their works with some care.

Cézanne would doubtless be considered by the public the most radical painter of the three. He was associated during the early years of his career with Pissarro, Monet, Renoir and men of that period. These men were of the group known as Impressionists, and from them Cézanne received much.

As I have suggested, the Impressionists, among whom were Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, undoubtedly advanced the art of landscape painting. They did not thus create a new art, but they vitalized an old art. The new spirit was in this sense, and in this sense only, an innovation. It was a departure, moreover, from weak art, not from the strong art of that time. It was certainly not a revolution against such powerful painters as Manet, Degas, Renoir and Monet.

It was upon this wave that Cézanne came into prominence. He undertook, as did the other men of the group, to secure and reproduce a unified and vital impression of the whole. This was the spirit of the moment. This was the Impressionist's contribution to art, and an important contribution it was. In addition to this, Cézanne sought in some of his works, for instance in the painting entitled *The François Zola Dam*, to arrange the colour notes into a pattern or design, each form having relation to every other form, the purpose being to create a symphony in design comparable with the harmonious arrangement of musical notes. In fact, a symphony represented by forms in addition to the harmony expressed by colours. This was not a new thought. It is this principle of law and order which is used in designing rugs, tapestries and a thousand applied art objects. Cézanne applied this principle of design to the art of landscape

painting probably more scientifically than did his contemporaries.

In his paintings of village subjects Cézanne also represented essential qualities. He undertook to give the general aspect rather than the minute details of nature. This was the spirit of Monet, of Manet, of Sisley, of Puvis de Chavannes and many others.

These were the two dominating notes in Cézanne's work, the spirit of the whole and the arrangement of landscape forms into a kind of pattern. The first was the method adopted by the men with whom he was surrounded. The second was as old as art itself, and had been used by painters intuitively or scientifically from the very beginning. Cézanne, therefore, made no new contribution to art.

Van Gogh, a man of solitary habits, accustomed to quiet meditation and study, was not influenced by the painters of his time as much as was Cézanne. He was, however, a painter of decided power. Mr. Davies has paid him a just tribute by referring to his seriousness and sincerity. His complete sincerity is realized in all his work. Truth, in a profound sense, dominates his important canvases; not the little, trivial truth of detail commonly referred to as Realism, but the deeper truth which is more significant. His paintings may be described as masterly representations of the essential qualities in nature.

I recall landscapes by Van Gogh representing wide fields upon which farming implements lie; others representing ploughed and furrowed sections; but all replete with a sense of earth and sky, of living nature, manifestly seen and felt by the painter. And then, and over all, there is in these paintings a delightful spell of rhythmic harmony, of intelligent design, and of conscious arrangement. Again and again these pictures come back to me in memory, always accompanied by a feeling of pleasure. They give one a vivid impression, revealing moods of nature which were well understood by Van Gogh. At the same time they offer an index to his character. Davies was right when he referred to Van Gogh as a "serious, earnest" man. His self portrait deepens this impression, representing, as it does, a rather sad face, earnest and thoughtful withal. His very temperament

drove him to solitary and silent work. Extremely religious, a preacher, mingling with the poor, a hard working student, a solitary man, he was by his very character impelled to study and work.

He studied drawing with great devotion and earnestness. He then painted, much alone, and finally visited Paris, where he remained for some time. This experience broadened his vision and gave him a new conception of colour. Later he was associated with Gauguin, and this association added to his knowledge. All this indicates so logical a development of his art, of his power of seeing and of understanding the essential qualities in nature, that no extraneous explanation is called for to account for the strength of his works.

The flights of fancy indulged in by the writers with reference to his exalted spiritual character, his uninterpretable love, his deeply hidden impulses and his super-man characteristics, are harmless ebullitions of the writers' imaginative powers. His life is a simple story and needs no literary embellishment. It is a source of constant surprise to me how much the literary man can write into a work of art or weave into a simple life like Van Gogh's. Turner once said that Ruskin saw things in his pictures of which he never dreamed; and Renoir expressed great surprise upon hearing for the first time an explanation of his art. I think students would get more out of Van Gogh's life without all this. His life was simple and sad. His end was pathetically tragic.

Van Gogh's record shows that he concentrated his thought and effort upon one purpose, the mastery of nature, and this he finally accomplished to a very great extent. Thus did our Winslow Homer live and work with the same result.

Van Gogh's paintings represent, I think, three definite qualities. The first of these, the quality of absolute truth, is manifestly felt in his landscapes. In his paintings representing furrowed fields there is a sense of verity which is convincing. These pictures of farm lands are based on a thorough knowledge of nature and are especially impressive. A second type of subject painted by Van Gogh represents tree forms and glimpses of villages, and a third represents portraits and still life compositions. The dominating notes in all his works are truth, sim-

plicity and design. In these elements there is nothing new or different in purpose or intent from many works produced by other painters during the period in which he lived.

The third member of this group of painters, Paul Gauguin, presents a less unified subject for consideration. He was a man of undoubted natural ability, but possessed of a violent temper and lacking in moral sensibility. His life is not a pleasant one to read. Gauguin secured great force in his works by the same means employed by Cézanne in some of his pictures, namely, by the elimination of all non-essential details. He carried this method very far. By limiting himself to a few dominant notes, and rendering these with much directness, he secured a degree of strength which was, at that time, unusual.

This method, however, was in no sense a new thing in art. It is a marked characteristic of all forceful art. Too many painters of the period of the Impressionists produced timid, map-like pictures skillfully drawn outlines filled in with colours. The method adopted by the Impressionists, including Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, was the very antithesis of this. In the presence of nature they struck hard for the main effect, or spirit, of nature and sought to give the greatest possible force, or value, to the work as a whole. Many of their paintings are based on two or three broad notes, or values, and the result is a great degree of strength. Breadth and simplicity are the keynotes of this manner.

A notable example of this manner may be found in Puvis de Chavannes's decoration entitled *Childhood of St. Genevieve.* In construction or general design this work is not unlike Gauguin's *Nave Nave Mahana.* Both these paintings have been reduced to three broad and rather flat value notes. Thus they are given the great charm of simplicity.

These are the dominating notes, heretofore referred to, running through modern art. These are the outstanding qualities in modern art which have challenged attention. They usually mark the line of distinction between the weak man and the strong one. The former is concerned with the details only. The strong painter grasps the spirit or essential character of the subject and never loses it until he records his impression by a few

masterful notes and forms. Winslow Homer was of this type. Like Monet, he perfectly understood this. He also knew the importance of a momentary effect. I received a letter from him in 1907 in which he wrote: "I work hard every afternoon from 4:30 to 4:40, that being the limit of the light I represent." Without regard to whether the picture was painted rapidly or more deliberately, that was the spirit in which both Homer and Monet worked. It is the very genius of modern art.

Gauguin by the adoption of these means undoubtedly secured great power, but a note of almost brutal strength characterizes some of his works. It was doubtless this type of picture to which Cézanne referred when he said, "Never will I accept the lack of gradation. It is nonsense." Many of Gauguin's works, however, are not subject to this criticism.

For instance, his painting entitled *No to aha oe ri ri* is the very opposite of this. It is refined in treatment, beautiful in the harmony of lovely colours and gentle in character throughout. The title is an index to Gauguin's purpose or thought. Translated, it means, "Why be angry?" It might be freely translated to read, "Why worry?" This was probably the thought which inspired the title. The scene represented is peaceful in the highest degree. It is the very antithesis of the things which vexed Gauguin during his residence in France. A simple, thatch-covered Tahitan hut, shaded by palm trees, forms the background for a group of native women seated on the ground. A Tahitan maiden approaches the group. Every line, the heavy face, the quiet movement, express the native type. The picture is a strong portrayal of the life and character of a people. This undoubtedly is the chief characteristic of the work.

There is another side to this painting, however. This is a symphonic arrangement of harmonious colour notes. The entire picture—the ground, the trees, the hut and the figures—are overlaid, as it were, with a veil of lovely colours. Combinations of reds, greens and delicate greys mingle and intermingle throughout the canvas and give one a sense of pure æsthetic pleasure, quite apart from the subject represented. This intermingling of harmonious colours is a delightful expression of art. It was not new with Gauguin, however. Monticelli's paintings

offer a notable example of this kind of art. Our own Ryder produced the most delightful colour schemes by the skillful mingling of colour harmonies. Davies has added, to the grace of line and rhythmic movement of the human figure, the charm and harmony of colour. This particular phase of art expression may be considered quite apart. It is found in Persian rugs, in tapestries and in innumerable art forms. It is expressed in the wonderful colour harmonies revealed by the opal and in a thousand natural objects. This is an important part of the painting by Gauguin to which I have referred.

The paintings by Gauguin of this period remind one of the South Sea pictures by John La Farge. Without instituting a comparison touching the quality of the works, they are essentially the same in character or intent. This is particularly true with reference to their composition. Black and white reproductions, when placed side by side, exhibit a striking similarity.

In those works by Gauguin there was no pretence or attempt to introduce any radical or new thought. Gauguin did, however, introduce a symbolic or mystic meaning into some of his paintings. He sought by a visual representation of an idea to deliver a moral or religious lesson. His painting entitled *Where do we come from—What are we—Where are we going?* is a philosophical work of this character. Symbolism in art is, of course, very old. It was not a new thought with Gauguin.

It is not my purpose here to enter into a full consideration of the importance of symbolism in art as compared with those elements which give æsthetic pleasure alone, but I think this may be said in passing: Unless the æsthetic quality, the truth and character, or the grace and beauty of nature are successfully combined with symbolism, the picture will possess little value as a work of art. The chief purpose of art is to interpret the great, significant and wonderful characteristics of nature and man, and I think the life of Gauguin's works will depend upon the success with which he has realized these things rather than upon any moral lesson he has undertaken to convey. Human language would seem to be the logical means of conveying thought from one mind to another while art is the only means of producing æsthetic emotions—its exalted mission.

Gauguin did, I am told, attempt to introduce one new method of design into his work. This was his only radical or attempted new contribution. He studied very earnestly the stained glass windows of the thirteenth century and deliberately tried the experiment of drawing black lines through his paintings in imitation of the lead in the windows. He thus sought to enhance the effect of design or pattern. This was a very definite attempt to give greater importance to the element of design. It was also an indication of the tendency of art at the moment. Problems of design as applied to painting were in the air. Gauguin's attempt to emphasize this quality attracted attention and commanded consideration. Writers upon art were quick to perceive this tendency, and presently a descriptive term, "significant form," was adopted to define what seemed to be a new art. Significant form, or design, is modern art's chief claim to consideration. It is, moreover, an important and commanding claim, and the theory of a "new" art rests chiefly upon it.

Therefore, let us examine this phase of the question briefly and see whether or not there is sufficient ground for so broad a claim. This we know: The application of the law of symmetry or design to art is as old as art itself. The law is based on a natural law of symmetry which runs throughout nature, and of which we are all at least dimly conscious. This law arranges natural forms in such an orderly manner as to produce the effect of rhythm or harmony. It is this law which fashions the many beautiful and symmetrical things with which we are all familiar. Leaves, flowers, blossoms; the grace and elegance of animals; the pattern of the snowflake; the shapes of all these things are governed by this universal law. Visual music of line and space, the expression of harmony by means of form, are its manifestations.

John La Farge was greatly interested in this phase of art. He wrote: "I might acknowledge that I have far within me a belief that art is the love of certain balanced proportions and relations which the mind likes to discover and bring out in what it deals with, be it thought, or the actions of men, or the influences of nature or the material things in which the necessity makes us to work. I should then extend this idea until it stretched from the patterns of earliest pottery to the harmony of the lines of Homer.

Then I should say that in our plastic arts the *relation of lines and spaces* are, in my belief, the first and earliest desires." (The italics are mine.)

In recent years this law of symmetry, especially as applied to Greek art, has been carefully studied by Hambige, and the results of his investigations are now before the art world. He has shown very conclusively, I think, that the Grecian architects and designers were governed by a well defined law of symmetry, or that they intuitively followed a law of symmetry which runs, as I have indicated, through the natural and animal creations. Hambige used the sunflower and the forms of leaves as illustrations to prove the existence of this natural law.

There is no gainsaying the importance of this side of art to which John La Farge and Hambige have called attention. It is of almost supreme importance because it is by this means the artist expresses his innate love of symmetry and order. Combined with abstract truth, it raises a work of art high above the commonplace. If modern artists have brought art back to this standard, they have done well. In doing this, however, they have not brought into art a new thought. Able painters and designers have always sought the coördination of colour with a conscious order of form. The pattern or composition of the work has governed them continuously throughout the entire history of art.

The response to this law is universal, and Cézanne, in arranging his landscape, *François Zola Dam*, into a pattern design, and Gauguin, in some of his paintings, have simply sought to adapt this universal law to their art. The claim, therefore, that "significant form", or design, is a new element in art would seem to fall to the ground.

There is one other phase of this subject and a possible cause of confusion in the mind of the art student to which I desire to call attention. It sometimes happens that an unintentional defect, or error, is permitted to remain in an otherwise perfect painting. The defect is permitted to remain because to remove it would result in serious harm to the work as a whole. In one case it may be imperfect perspective; in another rough or careless treatment of detail. In every case it is the result of rapid work. I

will not say that the false perspective seen in many of Matisse's paintings is unintentional,—it may be deliberate misrepresentation,—but I doubt not that apparent errors have led many a student astray. Certain it is that there have been many imitators of inaccurate and false drawing. That these defects are often permitted to remain in paintings is perfectly well understood by painters. Kant, in his *Critique of Æsthetic Judgment*, calls special attention to these defects, saying: "They are only of necessity suffered to remain because they could hardly be removed without loss of force to the idea." Not all the sins of modern art are to be charged to this cause, but it is more than probable that many of the curious productions representing toppling houses, violent perspective and otherwise distorted objects have been the result of following accidental imperfections of this kind.

To sum up: These able painters of the Post-Impressionist group, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Cézanne, have sought to do only three things. They have striven to reproduce on a flat surface a truthful and forceful representation of the whole, the orderly arrangement or disposition of spaces to produce an agreeable design, and colour notes in harmony with each other. In so far as they have succeeded they have done well. These are three very definite and beautiful qualities. Perfectly combined, they represent the highest expression of the art of the painter. They are not new. The disposition or arrangement of lines and spaces in symmetrical order is as old as Greek art. The harmony expressed by colours has been known and realized for hundreds of years. The vital, truthful expression of the whole was the very theme of the Impressionists. Hundreds of painters who have combined these three qualities might easily be mentioned. Up to this point there is no confusion with respect to the purpose of art, no radical deviation from a logical development.

It will be seen from the foregoing statement of facts and analyses that these painters, the accepted leaders of the so-called "new" art, contributed no new principle or thought save only the experiment made by Gauguin based on the leaded design of the stained glass window. This experiment Gauguin abandoned.

Following Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, however, there

came about the most extraordinary and unprecedented manifestations. The results have been seen in many recent exhibitions. No one has visited the annual exhibition of the Independent artists in recent years without feeling the apparent struggle for sensation, the loud clamour for attention. The most extraordinary and bizarre things have disturbed and even alarmed all who prize truth, beauty and distinction in art.

Notwithstanding these things, there has been apparent, running through these exhibitions, two saving elements: greater emphasis upon design in painting, and simplification. These tendencies are wholesome and lead in the direction of stronger art. They tend to emphasize the importance of line and form in combination with colour. They tend to give greater force in expression. Sincere students have been impressed by these qualities and have sought to adopt them. Design, or significant form, has become everything in their eyes, and a strong, almost brutal tendency has been shown in many of their works. The more delicate qualities have for the time been neglected. They have striven for strength at any cost and have often missed the more subtle quality of tone. They have frequently overshot the mark. The general tendency, however, is a wholesome one and will ultimately result in more vital and impressive art. The second tendency has been, I think, in the direction of pure charlatanism. Obscure young painters and students, by adopting sensational subjects and radical methods, have sought to ride into notoriety, which they mistake for fame. The result has been a deluge of canvases representing incompetence and vulgarity.

These seem to me to be some of the causes of the amazing results seen in the world of art today and of the consequent confusion in the public mind. The immediate effect has been felt among the students and younger painters. Let not the public flatter itself however, that it is wholly free from responsibility for this condition. A little less interest in the sensational, a little more caution in assuming a knowledge of probably the most difficult of all sciences to master, a little common sense with reference to wise counsel touching these matters, would go far to prevent that kind of fadism upon which the vanity of the weak painter feeds. This policy would also do much to maintain an

even keel while we pass through an extraordinary period of mediocrity and exploitation.

Let us not be discouraged, however. Art does not change; technical methods change, national characteristics change from period to period, the prevailing taste of the time is influenced by manners, but art remains true to its chief purpose, the interpretation of character, beauty, grace and harmony.

An inspiring period such as was that of the Impressionists will have tremendous influence, impelling men to see with clearer vision, and to record their impressions with greater skill and power, but the fundamental purpose will remain the same. Out of the confused mass will ultimately come the one per cent, or possibly the two per cent, of great painters, and these men will continue the established traditions. One by one the really great modern men will take their places side by side with Delacroix and Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir and Degas, Manet, Monet and Ingres, Gainsborough, Constable, Whistler, Homer and Sargent, and the record will continue uninterrupted, an inspiration to every thoughtful student of art.

JOHN W. BEATTY.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND FAITH

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

OBSOLESCENT as the mere *controversy* between science and religion may be, it is idle to deny that the emotional conflict between scientific truth and certain fundamental instincts is still devastating to many spirits. "Religion," says John Jay Chapman, "is indestructible"—an affirmation more justifiable than most prophetic generalizations. Dr. Veblen, from his point of view of marked superiority to most things mundane, observes, with truth, that while Science in our modern civilization is undoubtedly the final authority, it is by no means so certain that men consider its results to be as good and beautiful as they are true. The ideal human being, he somewhat bitterly remarks, is not necessarily either "the finickin skeptic in the laboratory or the animated slide rule". In short, men are discontented with the scientific dispensation: knowledge has no doubt increased faster than human powers of assimilation. And the strain is felt not only in the religious consciousness, but in the literary consciousness as well. Works of the imagination nowadays tend to be scientific, or pseudo-scientific, or wildly and protestingly unscientific in spirit. On the one hand we have poetry like Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy*—a work unquestionably of genius, which is, however, virtually one of William James's "varieties of religious experience" versified. The realism of the realists is mainly a collection of facts in the dryest scientific spirit. On the other hand, there is a reaction: we have vagaries of fancy and more or less inspired unreality. But the poetry of Yeats and the plays of Dunsany testify less eloquently to a kind of disillusion and dissatisfaction with art than does the work of those novelists who make the principal element in their fiction either sociological criticism or fiddling observation of character.

The hypochondriac goes to the doctor with every complaint. The mental valetudinarian nowadays betakes himself to the psy-

choanalyst. With somewhat less justification, the world to-day, being spiritually valetudinarian, is prone to apply to psychology for the relief of its "complex".

The real question that is raised by the appearance of a book[1] that attempts to apply our newest psychological knowledge to our most cherished traditions is simply this: Can psychology act as a mediator between certain fundamental instincts or instinctive beliefs, and the skepticism of science? The superficial question as to whether the attempt is a proper one may be passed over; it scarcely admits of an answer—*quot homines, tot sententiæ*. Professor Berguer, be it said, has written as modestly as we should ask a scientist to write in dealing with religion—and more: with the reverence and the unction of a theologian. Those who admit the propriety of his point of view will recognize an edifying book. But such recognition is not an answer to our question. This question, moreover, needs to be guarded from another possible confusion. The merely skeptical or rationalistic results of Professor Berguer's analysis are not what count. These will be acceptable to some readers, offensive to others, but with respect to the main issue, they are neither here nor there. Does the psychoanalytical point of view give us a better and surer Christianity?—Does it deepen religious belief?—that is what we want to know.

To begin with, Berguer psychoanalyzes the religious consciousness, as it is represented in ancient religions, in myths and folklore and fairy tales, in the mystery religions of the Hellenic period, and finally in Christianity itself. It cannot be denied that his criticism reduces to mere symbolism many features of the gospel story; but then the symbols have a fire-new scientific meaning: they are psychological symbols. It should be distinctly understood that if Professor Berguer finds the so-called family complex at the root of certain fundamental religious ideas, he regards this discovery as adding to the dignity of religion rather than detracting from it. The notion that, because an idea has evolved from an unrefined and irrational beginning, it is therefore valueless, is in fact naïve. "Everywhere the necessity

[1] *Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus.* By Georges Berguer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

of a new birth and of death as a condition of it recurs and obtrudes itself as an essential *leitmotif* of the human soul. Fairy tales, legends, and myths add further weight to the force of this inference; for they are full of the same idea. The conclusion is inescapable that we have here one of the profoundest traits of the psychology of man. Whence does it come? Why do we find it on all sides? Surely because these antithetic symbols, *death, new birth,* correspond to an inner process which is that of life itself."

In order to live, we must die. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." This idea was obscurely adumbrated in the earliest religions. In the course of time it became more and more refined, *sublimated.* In the mystery religions, however, the fulfilment of the idea was still merely a dream fulfilment, and there was a constant tendency for worshipers to relapse into crude and easy interpretations of the religious wish. Sublimation, as is often the case with neurotics, tended to reverse itself, and was often thwarted. By no other personality than that of Christ, by no other teachings, by no other life, by no other sacrifice, could the great essential idea, so profoundly expressive of the life process, have attained that purity and strength which enabled it to change the face of human life. Such is the most important part of Professor Berguer's thesis.

The thesis is forcibly and acutely developed; accepted, it may prove inspiring. It may perhaps bring its message to minds that could not so well be reached from any other angle. It is always to be remembered, moreover, that a perfectly definite and original point of view usually helps one to write well, even though the principal value of what is written may not reside in the point of view! Certainly few have written about Christ with greater eloquence or sincerity or sense of reality than Berguer. But while it may be of advantage to an enlightened mind to substitute "complexes" for evil spirits, one has to ask whether the psychological version of the essential facts is very much more effective than would be a common sense account of them. Psychology adds no certitude to religion, because psychology, like every other science, is concerned not with the essential nature of things but with modes of action. Thus, if there be a soul, psychology could not discover it: the very definitions of *soul* and *psychology* forbid

the possibility. And if there be a true religion, psychology by its very nature would be prevented from finding it. However impressive may be the thought of the gradual sublimation of an idea rooted in the very process of life, however inspiring may be the chapter of evolution that deals with it, the fact remains that we do not worship the life process, the psychological law. If there be any religion in a psychological treatise, God must be presupposed in it. And, in point of fact, there is nothing religious in Berguer's treatise except its implied supernaturalism. It is this, as in all theological treatises, which gives its peculiar force and conviction to what is said, and infuses the whole discussion with an atmosphere of its own. Apart from its implications, the book is merely a scientific description of certain phenomena. To describe it as a gospel according to St. Freud would probably be a sacrifice of truth to "smartness"; yet it is a sort of epistle to a scientific generation.

As spiritual valetudinarians, we apply to psychology for relief from that sense of inferiority which comes upon us when we feel that science has destroyed our ideals or repressed our religious desires. We receive instructive essays on the evolution of religious thought or on the psychology of religious experience. These are excellent, of course, if taken for just what they are. Nevertheless we do not really gain much by regarding the facts of religion as fundamentally psychological facts. Nowadays whatever can be proved to be rooted in the unconscious is felt to be explained and to be crowned with a certain authority. An attempt has been made to explain and to justify poetry in this manner. Religion is susceptible of the same treatment, but whether these modes of thought be regarded by preference in their unconscious and instinctive or in their conscious and ultra-rational aspects, it still remains true that beauty and Truth with the capital T are grasped only by an act of faith—a virtue which many plain people call "optimism". Ultimately it may prove that our present reverence for the unconscious is but a fashion of this time.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

Some low mean houses and a waste of sand,
And little gimcrack shops on either hand,
And in the midst a gaudy-curtained tent
With tawdry pennons—ah, what ravishment
Is in that brazen music! Elfin meads
Have fed with faery herb those wooden, painted steeds.

I still can see the child that once was I
Mounting the flying horses solemnly,
Still can I feel the tumult in my breast
When the shrill whistle stirred them from their rest.
Slowly we turned at first, and slowly grew
The deep enchantment that my spirit knew,
Until with one wild blare, the pace, grown swift,
Broke free of Time and Space—I felt the lift
With which we sprang into the starry ways
And suns and moons went by me all ablaze;
And Time and Space were underneath our heels;
We wheeled thru' aether as a comet wheels;
And in a dream I felt my being fuse
Into those dreams on which I loved to muse
In lovely, lonely hours when the Earth
Was clad again for me in pageantry and mirth.

I was Roland on Veillantif in the Pass of Ronceveaux,
And beautiful before me were the banners of the foe,
Where the mountains rose before us and behind us like a wall,
As I cried "Montjoie!" and swung aloft the great sword, Durendal;
And Turpin rode beside me and the courtly Oliver,
And our horses leaped together at the pricking of the spur,
As we thundered up the valley where death sang upon the wind
With the foes of France before us, and the flower of France behind
Till I felt the shock and thunder as we struck the Moorish host,
And the mailed sea rose about us till our little band was lost—
Yet still I rode and shouted and the great sword tossed.

Or in the glamoured land of Lyonesse
I rode, a perfect knight of gentleness,
And none there was so rude as knew me not,
For I was Launcelot.
The great plain fell away into the sea,
We heard it cheerlessly
Make lonely music round the headlands dim
And out to the world's rim.
In the black rain
I rode with mailed train,
Tireless thru' the night
To the place of my delight.
Oh hapless Guinevere—
White throat and shining hair—
She says "He cometh not!"
Ride faster, Launcelot.

Again we swept the woodland ride
The year was at the hawthorne tide,
And I was riding knee to knee
With the pale Queen of Faery.
Her body was as white as milk,
She clad it all in shining silk
Was not of any mortal spinning
And gold was not of mortal winning.
And where her pacing palfry set
His cream-white pastern violet
And primrose sprang where none had been,
Enameling the mossy green—
And there were silver bells some where,
And thin sweet music in the air,
And voices crying on the wind
Were not of any mortal kind.
Her mouth was lovely to my eyes—
I had forgotten Paradise
And God and all the Saints in Bliss
To ride and ride and ride like this.

Faster we fled, and now we seemed to melt,
Rider and steed in one, confused I felt
With curious hands along my shaggy thighs,
Felt the great muscles ripple with the rise
And fall of strong limbs gathered for strong flight,
Mine eyes were blinded by excess of light,

And over rosy-flowered pasturage
I galloped straight away into the Golden Age—

Oh, beauty that mine eyes have never seen
And yet my heart remembers! Oh, serene
And golden morning, how should I forget,
Who walk in sober ways an exile yet!

Beautiful were the hills—beautiful, seen in my dreams,
The purple-misted scaurs with the silver fret of the streams;
Lovely the upland pastures, and the vineyards heavy-fruited,
And the thickets in the valley where the Gods, the silver-footed,
Followed with amorous plaining the ruddy daughters of Earth,
Or the white-limbed rout of the nymphs with sweet wild music and mirth;
Lovely the sea-ward meadows with the wind-blown wave of the poppies,
And the blue wild lupin blown by the wind, and the violets white in the coppice—
Cool was the wind on our breasts as we stamped on the headlands of dawn;
The noise of our gathering travelled and troubled afar off the nymph and the faun;
The beat of our hooves made terrible music, a thunderous clang in the valleys,
Fleet as the Far-Darter's vengeance-tipped arrows our flight through the leaf-bordered alleys,
Strong and rejoicing we ran with beautiful tireless motion
Like a wave that runs from the edge of the World on the wine-dark plain of the ocean.
We were flame on the hills, we were cloud on the meadows, a leaping stream in the hollow
We were drunken with pride of our strength and our speed, since no one might flee us or follow—

Excellent were the days; and the end of the day was good
As we breasted the last long hill to the cave in the chestnut wood,
To the cave and the couch and the fire and the bowls of milk and wine—
Out of an infinite darkness I see that fire-light shine,
Where in the woven shadows a towering legend moved,
Cheiron, the old wise Centaur, whose speech the Heroes loved—

Some low mean houses and a waste of sand
With little gimcrack shops on either hand,
And in the midst a gaudy-curtained tent
Where dying music wails of banishment
From old delight and beauty long foredone—
Slowly we swung to earth and the dream was gone.

THE BEATEN PATH

Ἴυγξ, ἕλκε τὺ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
Theocritus: Idyl II.

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Dido with the driven hair
And with the salt sea spray
Upon those undesired lips,
And eyes that follow fading ships,—
It is no use to wander there
Along the shore
All day,
Or hope to see him any more;—
The way
He went is the old way!

Calypso, let the wanderer go
And weave your web and sing your song;
You knew you could not hold him long,
Though lost and shipwrecked on those shores,
And how can curses keep him yours
When kisses could not make him so?
There is no help from winds that blow,
No seas so strange or so unkind
That they can make him stay behind;—
The way he came he doesn't know,
But there's one way they all can find!

Fond Simaetha, turning, turning
The bird upon your wheel and burning
Laurel leaves and barley grain,—
It will not draw him back again.
The moon above the lemon tree
Will watch with you, but watch in vain,
Nor are the dead of Hecate
Gone more utterly than he,—
Fled along a pathway fleet
Worn smooth by many feet. . . .

They make a long procession, sweeping
Relentlessly
Through all the past,—
These hearts that were not meant for keeping
And failed too fast;
And ships with windy sails at sea
And flowery lanes in Sicily
Alike led lovers down the track
That knows no turning back.

AVE ATQUE VALE

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Through lands remote, o'er many oceans sped,
Brother, to this sad parting am I come,
That I might bear my last gifts to the dead,
And vainly speak unto thine ashes dumb.

Since fate, O hapless brother! hath denied
That we, as one, in love and life might dwell,
Untroubled by the tears I cannot hide,
Receive these gifts which ancient rites compel
That I should leave, in parting, at thy side:
Then, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

—*Catullus, Carmen, ci.*

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"To administer to their wants, without being engaged in their quarrels." The words of Washington to Edward Newenham come gratefully to mind today, in a noteworthy example of their fulfilment, as the ideal of our policy toward the nations of Europe. The want of Russia was that the sick should be healed and the hungry fed and the naked clothed; and we did that work to an extent and with a thoroughness unrivalled in human annals; despite the fact that at the same time the Russian Government was treacherously trying to stab us with a poisoned dagger. The want of Germany is said to be that the starving shall be succoured; and we are undertaking that work, regardless of the overflowing granaries and storehouses of that country, the contents of which are not distributed to the needy only because of the criminally perverse policy of the Government in wrecking the national finances in an attempt to swindle its creditors. The want of our recent Allies is that we shall aid them in determining the complicated controversy over German reparations; and to that call we respond by sending a commission of highly competent authorities to do that work. And in all this administration to their wants, we scrupulously refrain from being in any way engaged in their quarrels. That is the answer to the insincere or ignorant reproach of our "selfish isolation". Where is there another nation in the world that has been so ready unselfishly to aid its neighbours? I have been tempted to wonder whether some of those who rail against our present wise and generous policy are not more desirous of meddling than of helping, and would not prefer to reverse Washington's rule, and "engage in their quarrels without administering to their wants". So much seems certain, that if we were at this moment implicated in European intrigues and rivalries, as a member of the League of Nations, we should be *ipso facto* incapacitated for the very services which Europe is now begging of us and which we are altruistically rendering.

Meanwhile, pending our unofficial but therefore all the more valuable and efficient aid, France and Germany have come almost immeasurably nearer a determination of their controversy through direct negotiations between themselves. The strict legality, the flawless justice, the impeccable equity, of France's procedure in the Ruhr could not have failed in time to have effect. The obstreperous and self-stultifying German Government which tried to resist it, found its opposition vain, its mendacious propaganda futile. France in the Ruhr was as impregnable as she had been at Verdun. So a new Government was installed at Berlin, which signalized its accession by practical confession of the guilt of its predecessor and of the righteousness of France's course. The new Chancellor's Christmas Day message to the German people was the most noteworthy and the most hopeful utterance of that Government since the abdication of William Hohenzollern. It was the first frank confession that Germany was beaten in the World War and that she must, through whatever privations and burden-bearing, pay the penalty. The frame of mind which that betokens is of course an essential prerequisite to real rehabilitation—just as theologians insist that conviction of sin is always prerequisite to the conversion of the sinner.

President Coolidge's straightforward declaration on the subject of Russian recognition, and the equally straightforward supplementary statements of Secretary Hughes, brought to a crisis the matter of Soviet intrigues for a Red Revolution in America. Confronted with direct charges of their deviltry, the Soviet statesmen had recourse to characteristic equivocation and misrepresentation. Unluckily for themselves, they denied facts which they might have known Mr. Hughes could readily and completely establish. Disputing the indisputable is unprofitable business; though it was not surprising that the Soviet Oligarchy, running true to form, engaged in it. What was surprising, and melancholy, was that Americans of presumptive light and leading should, through factional ambition or personal spite, profess belief in alien usurpers rather than in their own government. We may agree with John Quincy Adams that, carried to certain extremes, "my country, right or wrong," is a most immoral doctrine; but

at least it is incumbent upon Americans in every case to give their own country and its Government the benefit of the doubt. Surely one's own country is entitled to as courteous treatment as a prisoner in the dock!

The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury for a sweeping—but discriminating—reduction of national taxation were nothing short of epochal. Neither in the history of America nor in that of any other country is their equal to be found. Nor can I recall any administrative programme that has elicited from the nation, regardless of party, so prompt, so extensive and so persistent expressions of approval. Perhaps the highest tribute that has been paid to Mr. Mellon's plan is implied in the limited but noisy opposition to it. This seems to arise chiefly from two sources. One, and the greater, is found in those who want to "fix their fences"—euphemism for "purchase votes"—at the expense of the public treasury, by voting a bonus to men the majority of whom either do not want it and are opposed to it, or have already received it from another source. The other is found in those whose ideal of democracy is government of classes by classes for classes, and who therefore disapprove the plan because it lessens taxation for all, though for the poor and those in moderate means far more than for the rich. A certain degree of discrimination is legitimate, and is commended by nobody more cordially than by the rich themselves. But to rage against a measure because it reduces the taxes of men of moderate means not more than three or four times as much as those of men of wealth, is offensive to every sense of equity and reason.

The pardoning of war-time prisoners by the President has been heartily approved, even by those who most detest the crimes for which they were justly punished, and who irrepressibly feel like saying of some of them as Charles Reade's sailor man when dying said of the scoundrel who had scuttled the ship, "I forgive him; damn his eyes!" Those men were imprisoned for two chief purposes. The one was, to prevent them from doing seditious mischief during the war; a purpose which was completely fulfilled five years ago. The other was, to punish them and, if possible,

to bring them to a better frame of mind. Seeing how little actual harm their deviltry accomplished, they have probably been sufficiently punished; while if these six or seven years have not sufficed to change their minds, there is no reason for hoping that further incarceration would do so. Not the least interesting reflection upon the case is, its exercise of super-legislative and super-judicial authority by a single man at his own uncontrolled discretion. We have heard much about the impropriety, to put it mildly, of having judicial decisions made by a single justice of the Supreme Court. Of course, such a thing never happens. The so-called "one man decision" is always a decision of one man plus half the other members. Yet there are those who rage and rail against such a decision, who are zealous and enthusiastic for having the President, alone and solitary, overrule the laws of Congress and the judgments of the Courts, by giving free pardons to men whom those laws and those judgments have condemned to terms of imprisonment.

Five kings in a hundred years is not a bad record for Greece, but she made it only through having one of those sovereigns fill the throne for fifty years. It is just a hundred years since Byron at Cephalonia gave the cause of Greek independence an impetus which did not fail till victory was won. Since then there have been the Presidency of Capo d'Istria, the stormy reign of Otto the Impossible, the long reign of George I, the apronstring antics of Constantine, the brief tragedy of Alexander, and the futilities of George II. Strange, that the land which gave the world the first great treatise on republican government should itself display so conspicuous inaptitude for ordered rule. If it were some little Central American State, it would be regarded as a "horrible example" of incapacity for self-government; but being one of the most ancient and honourable countries of Europe, we must reverently respect its ructions as demonstrations of the divine right of self-determination. It was of hopeful omen, however, that in the crisis of the enforced "vacation" of George II there was an instinctive turning toward Eleutherios Venizelos, as the best counsellor and guide.

The stalemate of the British election was a disappointment to all three parties in that country, and a cause of regret to its well-wishers elsewhere. Its sequel must obviously be another election in the near future, the result of which it would be idle to attempt to forecast. That on so brief a notice the programme of Tariff Reform was unsuccessful at the polls, was not in the least surprising; though it is not to be imagined for a moment that it has received a permanent quietus. Athanasius may continue to stand against the world, but his attitude will not escape challenge in his own house. Cobden's policy was always based upon the confident expectation that it would quickly be adopted by all the world. That such would be the case, he said, was no more to be doubted than that the sun would rise the next morning. It has always been to me an interesting question of speculation, whether he would have advocated Free Trade for Great Britain alone, had he known that all the rest of the world would remain Protectionist. He was an interesting combination of the idealistic and visionary philanthropist, and the shrewd, practical business man. Would he knowingly have emulated Athanasius? Or would he have said, in adaptation of Canrobert's epigram, "It is magnificent, but it is not business"?

Church controversies increase and multiply. Three of the foremost nation-wide organizations are little short of convulsed with acrimonious disputes largely over matters which are insusceptible of positive proof and which can scarcely be regarded as essential to the spiritual salvation of the world. If the contentions of either side were entirely right, the clergy of the other side would have no business to fill their pulpits. But are they right? When I hear some of the current fulminations of the *odium theologicum* I cannot help recalling an incident which you must not charge me with irreverence for repeating, since it was told me by an ordained missionary of an orthodox church. He had told, for her first hearing of it, the story of the Passion to an aged matriarch amid the Great Smoky Mountains; when, tremulous and tearful at its unequalled pathos, she murmured softly, "Well, stranger, le's hope it wasn't so!"

NEWS BOOKS REVIEWED

Jo Ellen. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It was the innocent opinion of Jean Jacotot, the teacher, that all men have equal intelligence. He also held that every man has received from God the faculty of being able to instruct himself, and that "everything is in everything". Would that these principles held true without qualification both in the schoolroom and in life! As a matter of fact, everyone not a fool knows that his intelligence is not equal to the intelligence of everybody else, and that self-instruction is often a very slow and dubious process. By self-instruction some of us might learn the higher mathematics, if we could keep young and vigourous, in a hundred years. How long would it take to make us really wise! "Every thing", alas! is not "in every thing" for us, even in our most poignant experiences: we learn what we can from these and stumble on.

Realizing our limitations, and our limited perfectibility, we can read Alexander Black's story of the girl, Jo Ellen, with far more real sympathy and far less maudlin pity than a good many novels used to call for. Mr. Black's Socratic wisdom and tonic style, his insight that is of the "antique world" and his striking up-to-date-ness, help us to do this. We do not say of Jo Ellen, "Poor girl, she had no chance," because it is not true, and because Jo Ellen, after all, found life an experience worth while. We do not say, "She ought to have known better," because that would be obvious hypocrisy. Best of all, we do not say, "This story ought to be admired as a searching analysis of life or as a marvellous depiction of character", because it is first of all an interesting story—interesting as life is interesting. What a joy to be rid of banal reflections and to encounter a point of view neither old-fashioned nor extreme, but thoroughly congenial to the reasonable modern soul. What a pleasure to go through at a ripping speed (for the story carries you along) a novel of the present that is wise and tender and unsentimental all at once.

Jo Ellen lived on the northern tip of Manhattan, near the head of the Creek, the harbor of the last of the Indians to leave the island, and one of the oddest places in the world. It was, like so many other places, neither a very good nor a very bad place to bring up a girl in. But it was interesting, and that was much in its favour. It held the emotions of home, social complications, love and adventure, and it was but a step into the great world—New York. As for adventure, Jo Ellen had hers early, becoming involved, more or less, with the ne'er-do-well cousin of a neighbour family. It doesn't matter much that nobody in the story seems to know definitely whether Stan Lamar was ever really a "crook" or not. Our not knowing seems to make him more human, and there is a very taking atmosphere of unreliability and good intentions about the

chap. At any rate, Jo Ellen had the thrill of supposing that she might be regarded as a "crook's woman", and the experience doubtless helped to make a real woman of her. Afterwards she left home and began the battle of life in earnest, finding the work part sometimes ridiculously simple, and the other parts hard and complicated. It is clear that she ought not to have married her girlhood beau, Marty Simms, because Marty was a born sentimentalist and Jo Ellen had not a spark of sentiment in her. Sentimentality, with the moral cowardice that the term connotes, appears to have been Marty's only serious weakness; but it was enough. It was rather rough on him that a slight accident on the day of his wedding made him a paralytic for life—the result of a wound received in France. And yet—the one unsentimental thing he did in his life was the manner in which he ended it—after Jo Ellen knew how he got his wound. Jo Ellen lives through her time of trial without self-pity, or mock cheerfulness, and when she is released, she still has the reader's interest and warm sympathy.

Jo Ellen is a distillation of modern young womanhood—the modern girl without the frills. Her obviously superior intelligence, her distinctive yet very American "temperament"—as lively in her as in a prima donna, but with all the inhibitions of "niceness"—her genuine courage, her little touch of "gutter devil" along with much innocence and sweetness—all these are barely enough to carry her through the complications of what is after all a comparatively simple life-experience. Her not being a pitiful wreck at the end of it is a real triumph of youth and a proof of the author's sane optimism.

Mr. Black's philosophy, by the way, is rather less overt in this last novel of his than in some of his earlier tales. Sayings like, "I'm telling you to kick at kicking time, no matter whose shins get hurt. You'll last longer," and, "When it comes to punishment, we ought to get more for the wrongness that's like us than for wrongness that isn't like us", are true examples of the wisdom of the people expressed in their own way. All the wisdom in this story is put into the mouths of people who can express it with conviction because they are not "sicklied o'er" with thought. In his treatment of character, Mr. Black has achieved the detachment of the realists without their deadly coldness or their purely artistic and epicurean enthusiasm. There is a real warmth of heart in this story, a warmth less qualified by scruples or by excessive modesty than was the feeling for humanity of the truly large-hearted William Dean Howells. The story, too, is, in all its reality, fundamentally cheerful, and amusing in almost every line. As for plot, few novels have so much emotional drama without shallow intrigue.

ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Romantic" is too worn and dubious a word to express the quality of Sir Philip Gibbs's new book of journalistic adventure—the least padded, the most

sincere, the least pretentious and most closely packed record of experiences and observations that any newspaper man has written in our time. With all his conciseness, Sir Philip never falls into the notebook style of the hasty compiler. Perhaps there is only one merely "graphic" phrase in the whole volume: "As night came over the Rhodope Mountains, there rose a crescent moon, with one bright star in the curve of its scimitar." It seems a small matter to mention, yet one feels that where Coleridge has been criticized for an astronomical error, Sir Philip should not escape.

But there is in most of Sir Philip's writing a distinction that goes far beyond mere effective description. Almost always when one feels that the distinction belongs to the *subject matter*, that the writer has been singularly fortunate in finding such a subject to write about, one is reading the product of a first-rate literary mind. (When we feel that the distinction is altogether in the *style* our conclusion *may* be quite other.)

Elsewhere in literature there is nothing quite like Sir Philip's description of what happened on the day when the Old Bailey prison was abandoned:

"It was one of the most remarkable crowds I have ever seen. Some queer sentiment had brought all these crooks and jailbirds to see the last of their old home. Frowzy women and 'flash' girls, old scamps of the casual ward and doss house, habitual drunkards, and young thieves, sporting touts and burglars of the Bill Sikes brand, had gathered together, as though by special invitation to the 'private view'. Laughing, excited, full of loquacious reminiscences, they wandered through the charge room and the cells where they had been 'lagged', pointed out the cell from which Jack Sheppard had escaped, and other cells once inhabited by famous murderers and criminals, and surged into the great court where they had stood in the dock facing the scarlet-robed judge and all the majesty of law. They stood in the dock again, lots of them, jeering, with bursts of hoarse laughter at the merry jest."

The picture is surely unforgettable, and somehow the passage makes one think both of Dickens and Hazlitt.

Then there are the humourous things—the sort of thing that Providence mercifully lets happen, but which cannot be invented by the most gifted of humourists—as, for example, the remark of an old farmer who could not make out the function of the newspaper correspondents in King George's Coronation Progress through Scotland: "Eh, mon; they maun be the King's barstards." It is no wonder that Sir Philip "laughed from Perth to Stirling Castle, and back again to Edinburgh."

Much that he tells us, serious as well as funny, has this same quality of genuineness and surprise. The serious subjects, of course, greatly predominate. And these serious things are told in the spirit of the man who at the outbreak of the war plunged straightway into the vortex without waiting for official permits, and who when he was there found tragedy and drama enough without manufacturing atrocities or fabricating adventures.

In this world of "chance, love and logic" few experiences can be more re-

markable then Sir Philip's exposure of Dr. Cook, the pretended discoverer of the North Pole. Dr. Cook, when Sir Philip first encountered him on board the *Hans Egede*, was not the impervious person who was recently sentenced in a Western court. He lost his nerve for a moment under the correspondent's questioning. After that, Sir Philip Gibbs knew. It is perhaps the dramatic circumstances of the discovery and its inspirational character that make the author's account of this matter one of the most interesting of all true stories; but what renders the story so thoroughly acceptable is the moral courage of the man who made the exposure.

This same quality runs through the whole narrative, giving its force to every serious interest that is presented. Earlier books of Sir Philip—his *Now It Can Be Told* and *More That Can Be Told*—possessed this characteristic, of course, in a high degree. They were mildly criticized in these pages as being a trifle overcharged with feeling, a little too much in the style, though not in the spirit, of the special pleader. It is just, therefore, to set down the fact that this latest volume, *Adventures in Journalism*,—a book that ranges over the greatest variety of important or curious topics, with complete avoidance of mere gossip and triviality,—is not only a high-minded and straightforward book, but a mellow book as well.

My Diplomatic Education. By Norval Richardson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Richardson, who entered diplomacy when he was thirty years of age, and whose experience has included service in Cuba, Denmark, Italy, Portugal and Japan, has the knack of causing his readers to live over his experiences with him; he tells each episode, with uncommon frankness, from exactly the point of view that was his at the time when the events occurred. His book is, therefore, very different from most diplomatic memoirs: it is genuinely a record of diplomatic *education*. Character sketches, impressions of foreign countries, and opinions about what was going on behind the scenes, are not missing, indeed, but are subordinated to an account of the actual work, the problems—exceptional or routine, funny or solemn—that the diplomat has to solve. The author has retained through the whole of his career a way of thinking quite unspoiled and refreshingly American. He writes, without affectation, from the point of view of the average man. If, then, one wants to know what it would be like to be a diplomat in the service of the United States, what one would have to do, what the material and spiritual rewards would be, and how one would feel about it all after a few years, this volume probably comes nearer than any other to satisfying one's desires. It is also an immensely entertaining book, for while the point of view is always adequately serious, the reader is delighted by explosive bits of fun.

There is a real significance in what the author tells us about the effect of diplomacy upon the individual mind and character. Mr. Richardson ap-

proached his new career with all the naïveté and all the casualness with which Americans are accustomed to make new departures. He simply had a "hunch" that diplomacy might be the most interesting work in the world for him, and possessed the good sense to perceive that it is soul-killing to go on with work that lacks immediate interest or good prospects. So he called on Senator John Sharp Williams, who introduced him to the proper officials of the State Department and put in a good word for him. The author tells us all about the terrors and the farcical features of the examination he was obliged to take, including even the full text of that mellifluous French sentence which he had committed to memory in order to prepare himself for the oral examination in French. His first instructions sent him to Havana—a disappointment after all that he had dreamed of the splendours of foreign courts. But he soon changed his mind: there could be no better place in which to learn the routine of diplomacy, and the contact with an unfamiliar civilization at once began to broaden the mind of one whom the examiners had described as being "of a provincial type." The process of education went right on. Summing it all up, after fourteen years, Mr. Richardson says: "As a matter of fact, diplomacy probably offers a pleasanter and more diverting existence than any other career that I can think of; and surely, if one views it from a patriotic standpoint, nothing could possibly offer a higher mission than going out to the nations of the world and carrying our message to them. And we have a message to carry —one of cheerfulness, eagerness and energy; one of good-fellowship, helpfulness and equal opportunity; one of clean sentiment, youthful simplicity, and an extraordinary freedom."

One does not recall another book about the diplomatic life written from quite the angle of this one. A person who tells about his own work without concealment of difficulties or embarrassments, without deadly earnestness, and at the same time with unquenchable zest and with normal confidence and pride, is generally sure of an audience. No one but an American, one thinks, could write a book of just this sort—the *diplomacy* being all in the facts and hardly at all in the manner. And the volume conveys to American readers the international point of view in a very understandable way.

THREE GENERATIONS. By Maud Howe Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The only adverse criticism one could possibly make upon this book by a daughter of Julia Ward Howe is that there is such an opulence of material in it, and that the best things in it are treated so lightly, in the author's haste to get on to something equally good, that one is scarcely able to taste the real flavor of what one reads. As in every good book of reminiscences, there are many delightful revelations of character and some surprising incidents or opinions. One has scarcely ceased to marvel at the fact that the genial "Marse Henry" could be icy as the result of a *faux pas* immediately after an introduction,

when one finds oneself reading what Ichizo Hattori, the Japanese Commissioner, had to say about education in his native country. One has hardly had time to digest the author's opinion that F. W. H. Myers was altogether deceived by cheap mediumistic trickery at a certain *séance* before one is in the midst of an account of a charade, given at Newport, in which someone represented "Blondin crossing Niagara Falls."

Yet the book has a fine flavour of its own—a flavour of personality and of our best traditional Americanism. The author has an inherited gift of writing seriously, and even impressively, in a style not at all "dressed up". To eschew all pseudo-culture, to be literary without being bookish, on the whole to make simple and familiar things instead of going the other way about it (as the little people do), to think of great people primarily as friends and only in the second place as great people, and without sentimentality to find goodness everywhere—these are gifts that appear to belong by right to the author and her family. Nor does a somewhat touch-and-go method connote any superficiality in the case of Mrs. Elliott; she makes charming notes, composing with all the grace and tact of those who possess the exceptional faculty of writing familiar letters that are also brilliant. Our real American social tradition is a destructible and evanescent thing. Books like this help to preserve it in all its simplicity and its subtlety. Apart from which, we should be grateful in any event for reminiscences of persons so eminent in so many different ways as Bret Harte and Henry James, Ellen Terry and Margaret Anglin, Watts and Alma Tadema, Marion Crawford and John Hay, Laura Bridgeman, Queen Margherita and Queen Olga. In this book it is surprising how many figures appear, the least reference to whom is of interest to almost every reader.

Pierre Curie. By Marie Curie. Translated by Charlotte Vernon Kellogg. New York: The Macmillan Company.

When Pierre Curie, who, with his wife, discovered and gave to the world, without compensation, the new element, radium, and the science of radiology, was struck and instantly killed by a truck in Paris on April 19, 1906, the world undoubtedly lost one of the "saints of science". His life, as written by Mme. Curie, is one of the really fine things in biography.

With perfect simplicity and straightforwardness, Mme. Curie has told of her husband's early life, his character, his struggles and his final success. We are made acquainted with a young man, shy, intense, rather a slow thinker, an overworked teacher even at those times when he was engaged in the most difficult researches. Pierre Curie impresses one as a man without much experience of good cheer in the ordinary sense, or creature comforts, or the glow of success that brings the sense of security—a saint of science, but by no means in temperament an ascetic or a hermit. He rejected on principle all honorary distinctions; he disapproved of everything that provokes emulation, and thus

substitutes for the love of truth the desire to excel others. He felt an unconquerable repugnance for all formal social obligations, because he could not allow what was unreal or conventional to interfere with what was to him the chief reality; yet he had a well developed faculty for friendship. He was entirely frank in the expression of his opinions, when these were called for, believing that diplomatic methods are puerile. But in spite of the severity of his ideas, there is in his character, as presented in this book, none of the excessive sternness or arrogant materialism often falsely associated with the scientific personality. He appears unworldly, lovable, even a little boyish outside the laboratory.

Biography, like fiction, should not of course aim at the exaltation of the moral virtues. It is the concrete experiences that count, and these Mme. Curie has given with a sufficient degree of fulness. The various stages in the discovery of radium and the study of its emanations, with other scientific problems, only second in importance, upon which she and her husband were engaged, are made quite simple and intelligible to the average reader. But out of all this there comes a rare tone of feeling which cannot fail to impress. This book about Pierre Curie is the story of two people who lived with absolute consistency, in perfect harmony with each other, and for an ideal end. They were willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of scientific truth, and what they did not give to the pursuit of knowledge they gave to principle, for they were quite agreed that there should be no patent upon their discovery: "Radium is an element; it belongs to everyone." Was there ever a simpler creed, or a more difficult?

The biography, neither very long (for Curie's life was not long), nor especially varied (for the laboratory does not offer adventures), impresses one with a singular sense of totality. Here was a life which, within its own limits, was absolutely true and reached a great height. All the respect that entire consistency always produces in the hearts of the sons of Adam, and something of the awe that any approach to perfection in human affairs makes us feel, are experienced as we turn these pages.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR. By Henry Holt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The privilege of being garrulous is always joyfully conceded to persons of large experience and unfailing virility of mind. At the age of eighty-four, Henry Holt is one of the most exhilarating of those who converse with us in print. To those who love frank opinions—the opinions of a man of really mature wisdom, expressed without petty restraint—and who delight in the spirit of originality, often so much more affording in age than in youth (if it survives youth), this book of the octogenarian editor will be a joy.

The secret of it is that Mr. Holt, beside being a man of large experiences and

an expert in the art of living, is first and always a philosopher. To write a book like this—and perhaps to live long enough to write it!—a man needs to be philosophic in all senses. Not only must he have large and varied interests, but he must have a receptive attitude on all the larger questions—immortality, the destiny of man, the problem of evil. He must not be content, however, with a vaguely sympathetic attitude toward the rest of mankind, or a bewildered interest in what is new. He must continue to be critical.

Let no one say, therefore, that Mr. Holt's book is a good one but for the fanciful interest in psychic research which the author occasionally betrays, or his occasional drift into moralizing. Without a range of interest that embraces the most speculative problems, and without a deep curiosity about morals and religion,—the most fascinating of all subjects to a liberal mind,—this book could not have been written and the things in it that are sure to appeal to individual readers and critics would never have come to light.

The book as a whole is a remarkable performance; the marvel being not that an octogenarian should have written it (for plainly no one else could) but rather that anyone, having had Mr. Holt's experiences and impressions and speculations, should be able to think so sanely and clearly and cleverly about them. No one should be allowed to criticize the book piecemeal, and the present writer has no intention of commenting upon it piecemeal. Nevertheless, to justify one's opinion of Mr. Holt as a philosopher, one would like to quote just one passage:

"Our share in regulating our lives may not be so big as we generally think, but the long years have brought me to a strong suspicion—or shall I say superstition?—that when Nature intervenes, or seems to, she intervenes favourably in proportion as we do our best."

In a drawerful of excerpts from various writers I do not find anything that greatly excels this as a helpful bit of pragmatism and an acceptable expression of modern faith.

Mr. Holt remains critical, unpartizan, and irrepressibly original. He has written a book without one dull or conventional line in it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT HERR DELBRÜCK DID NOT DENY

SIR:

One gains the impression from the article by Hans Delbrück, appearing in the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that the world owes Germany a most abject apology for believing her capable of the atrocities against French and Belgian civilians during the recent war.

Perhaps most of us would not credit reports of such atrocities, in spite of their having been investigated and reported true by men of such high character as the late Lord Bryce, if Herr Delbrück could also tell us that they did not wilfully kill thousands of civilians on sea and land, that they did not bombard civilians in defenseless towns, that they did not repeatedly sink hospital ships with their cargo of sick and disabled, that they did not systematically bombard field hospitals whenever possible, that they did not compel thousands of Belgian men and women to work as forced slaves to further military operations against Belgium.

Since he failed to deny these and numerous other outrages against international law and against humanity, he can hardly expect us to get terribly wrought-up over the fact that the French and Belgian troops are not dealing any too gently with the Germans when conditions are reversed.

Neither are we terribly worried over the occupation of the Ruhr. France has promised to get out as soon as she is given some guarantee that Germany will try to meet her treaty obligations; and, in some way, France has gained and holds the reputation for keeping her promises.

Is it not possible that this fact is a better explanation of the ease with which France borrowed the money to pay indemnity in 1871?

In spite of all the wailings from Berlin, the world is not yet convinced that salvation of the German State is the most important problem facing it. The time has long since passed, if indeed it ever existed, when the world greatly needed a State governed by the slogan "Deutschland über Alles". If Germany prefers self-destruction to keeping a treaty pledge, our interference in the matter is wholly unjustified.

B. B. HIGGINS.

Experiment, Georgia.

HERR DELBRÜCK ON "REPARATIONS"

SIR:

Professor Delbrück, in his attempted reply to Mr. Lauzanne, speaks repeatedly of the French "reparation" to Germany in 1871. Is he ignorant of the meaning of English words, or merely trying, Hun fashion, to deceive

his readers with the pretence that the indemnity exacted from France by Germany was in any sense comparable with the reparation demanded from Germany by France? There was never, until he penned his article for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the slightest pretence by anybody that the five milliards—which France paid in full long before the stipulated time—constituted "reparation", since there was not a centime of damage to repair. It was always recognized as indemnity—except when it was regarded as blackmail or brigands' ransom—and Germany's own boast was that it would go into the Berlin war chest as a nest egg for the funds for the next war which Germany would impose upon her neighbours.

The Herr Professor also observes that "Germany did everything that was possible to facilitate a speedy payment." He neglects to add, however, that one of the means employed was to warn France that in case there were a Ministerial crisis and change of government at Paris, which in Germany's opinion might delay payments, Germany would consider that a *casus belli*, and that if in consequence fulfilment of the terms of the Frankfort Treaty was imperilled, she would resume war against France. Suppose France had assumed such an attitude toward the changes of government at Berlin and the failure to fulfil the terms of the Treaty of Versailles! How many *poilus* would now be occupying Potsdam and Berlin?

By the way, Mr. Delbrück greatly stresses the fact that in 1871 "Germany did not disarm France". The world's impression—outside the chair of History at the University of Berlin—is that France permitted Germany's defeated and dishonoured armies to march back to Berlin carrying all their arms and banners, in the guise of conquering heroes. That is another of the things which Mr. Delbrück omits to mention in his "reply". However, his mentioning it would have served no purpose but to save himself from the imputation of disingenuousness. The world did not need to be reminded of it.

WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

Summit, N. J.

TRUE VIEWS OF RUSSIA

SIR:

I wish to commend Mr. Paul Wright's short story, *Anastasia Federovna's Amerikanski*, appearing in your December issue.

The article shows Mr. Wright as a keen observer of conditions and events during his sojourn in Russia.

P. L. OLSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1924

THE NEW TESTAMENT AND FUNDAMENTALISM

BY HENRY THATCHER FOWLER

FUNDAMENTALISM is a name too recent to be known to the dictionaries and encyclopædias, yet reference to the topic "Fundamental Doctrines" in an encyclopædia of religious knowledge will quickly indicate that the basic idea of the new "ism" is far from recent. The effort to discriminate between those doctrines which are foundational and those which belong only to the superstructure of Christian teaching has called forth no less thought in the field of Theology than the kindred effort in the field of Ethics to determine which of the virtues are cardinal.

The recently coined term is applied to the maintenance of certain very specific beliefs about the Bible and about Jesus, especially the manner of His birth, the method of His atonement, the character of the resurrection, and the time and circumstances of a second coming. Upon the last named subject, the most significant for some of the Fundamentalists, there are wide differences of view.

Leaders of the movement aim to drive out of their churches those who cannot subscribe to their interpretation of the doctrines which they select as foundational. They would also force out of the schools, whether supported by Church or State, all teaching that recognizes the hypothesis of evolution, a theory which they count contradictory to their basic doctrines.

It would be difficult to characterize more exactly the present issue in the Protestant churches than by applying the words

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which the Viscount St. Cyres used to describe the Modernist movement, of more than fifteen years ago, in the Roman Catholic Church. Modernism began, he said, in an attempt "to supplant the critical methods of the mediæval doctors by those of modern scholarship"; it condemned "popery", meaning by popery "the belief that spiritual doctrines always lend themselves to a precise embodiment in black and white, and can thereafter be dealt with like so many clauses of an Act of Parliament." "Modernists," he continued, "deny that the spirit of religion can be thus imprisoned in an unchangeable formula; they hold that it is always growing, and therefore in continual need of readjustment and restatement." The Fundamentalists of today evidently believe that spiritual doctrines do lend themselves to precise statement in black and white, and can thereafter be dealt with like so many clauses of an Act of Parliament, while the Modernists of the Protestant churches deny that the spirit of religion can be imprisoned in an unchangeable formula and hold that it is always growing and therefore in need of restatement. Whether in the earlier conflict in the Roman Catholic Church or the present difference in the Protestant churches, the issue is distinctly one between mediæval, scholastic modes of thought and statement and modern, scientific modes.

The modern scientist finds it difficult to discuss the evolution of species with his critics who deny his observed facts concerning species in the animal world, under the influence of certain dogmas which make it impossible for them to recognize these facts. The scientifically trained student of Biblical history and literature finds among his critics similar perversion or blindness in their treatment of the observed facts of the Bible. In the fields of biology and of Biblical study alike there is at present the same sort of conflict between those who emphasize unbiased observation, recording of fact, and drawing of conclusions therefrom and those who assert time-honoured inferences and beliefs which ignore, explain away, or even deny facts now patent to the observer. The stock criticism of the opponents of modern natural and physical science is that science is ever changing its views. An able biologist has recently replied, "When science adopts a creed, it commits suicide;" but he clearly indicated, in the same connection,

that science has a perennial faith by which it lives and works. If he meant by "creed" a formulation of scientific beliefs in fixed and unchanging moulds, the modern student of the Bible and religion may add, "In that sense of creed, when religion adopts a creed, it commits suicide."

As the basic ideas of Fundamentalism are far from recent, so its spirit is not new. Long before modern scientific observations and explanations came into conflict with earlier world-views and their associated theologies, the issue was drawn between those who felt that they possessed the one adequate formulation of Christian doctrines and those who held that new aspects of religious truth were ever to be apprehended. On July 2, 1620, Pastor John Robinson spoke to the Pilgrims, who were about to sail away from Leyden, after this fashion: "For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of His will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God; but, were they still living, would be as willing to embrace further light, as that which they first received." The issue is perennial between those who, like Luther, Calvin, and Robinson, are willing to embrace further light, and those who will rather die than embrace whatever part of His will our God has revealed to others. It is the issue between those who stick fast where they were left by great leaders of a former generation, who yet saw not all things, and those who are ready to embrace further light. At least that is one side of the issue.

We can trace much the same conflict back, not only through the Protestant centuries, but through the New Testament period itself and back of that through the centuries of the Old Testament when priest and prophet were bitterly contending. In following this age-long controversy, especially through the eight centuries from the outflowering of prophecy in the days of Amos and Isaiah

to the struggle between Paul and Judaistic Christianity, it becomes clear that the two types of mind and spirit, which at one time we contrast as priestly and prophetic, at another as Judaistic and Pauline, again as mediæval and modernist, or as fundamentalist and progressive, are ever with us. And it may be realized that each has work to perform, if the world is to preserve the dearly won heritage of the past and to advance to fuller attainment. It is, however, "a misery much to be lamented" when either type of mind becomes wholly prevalent, and it is worse when either would excommunicate or forcibly suppress the other; whether the methods be those of the Inquisition or of Fundamentalism.

All through the New Testament we find our two types present. The founder of Christianity called upon the Jewish people of His day to change their orthodox conceptions of what was foundational in religion. This was true not only in the case of the hostile Pharisees and their Scribes and of the cynical Sadducees and their Priests; it was true also in the case of His closest and most sympathetic followers. The history and literature of Judaism, from the days of Nehemiah and Ezra to the time of Jesus, and the Talmud, containing the traditions of the Rabbis, show the intense earnestness and devotion of some at least of the leaders of Israel's religion, to whom the teaching and practice of Jesus seemed destructive of all that they counted holiest. Their tradition finally developed into a whole volume of the Talmud on the observance of the Sabbath. "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath (the Rest) of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work;" that was one of their fundamentals *par excellence*. They believed it to have been written by the very finger of God on the enduring stone tablet, and they believed that God meant what He wrote and meant it literally. The teaching and practice of Jesus were destructive of their legalistic Sabbath. He substituted a spirit for a law. Or again, how holy were the laws of ceremonial cleanness to them, sanctified as they were by the blood of the martyrs who had saved the religion of Israel from extermination, less than two centuries before, when their foreign ruler, trying to unify his kingdom, made it a death

offence to possess a copy of the Law, to circumcise a child, or to refuse to join in the worship of the Greek gods. Jesus in His teaching and practice was calling upon His generation to abandon the fundamental things for which the martyrs of Judaism had nobly met torture and death. By their absolute devotion they had kept alive in the world the worship of one only God, holy, just, and true, and now Jesus called upon their devoted successors to renounce the things for which they had died. He knew that the new conditions of the new generation required the abandonment of their old fundamentals which had served their purpose in the needs of a former epoch.

Two scenes involving the three disciples who formed the inmost circle of Jesus's adherents may serve to illustrate that His closest and most sympathetic followers were called upon to change their orthodox views, as well as the leaders of the nation. It was after the Twelve had been companying with the Master for months and were still following, though the multitudes had turned away disappointed, that Jesus asked, "Who do men say that I am?" and "Who say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ." Up to this time, apparently, Jesus had not spoken of His coming suffering and rejection by the leaders of His nation, but now He began to unfold His doctrine of a suffering Messiah. The idea was absolutely contradictory to the fundamental beliefs of these followers and the others of their day, learned or unlearned. The outspoken Peter could not permit such a suggestion to pass without protest. Mark's expressive phrase is: "Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him." The compound verb used would perhaps better be translated "took Him aside". Peter might confess Him as Messiah, but could not permit Him to utter such heresy—an idea contrary to all accepted beliefs about the Messiah.

For the modern Christian who has inherited the interpretation of Isaiah LIII and its associated passages as Messianic predictions, it is difficult to realize the attitude of Peter and the other disciples. So far as the extant Jewish writings show, however, it had never up to that time occurred to anyone that those were Messianic pictures. The hope of an anointed deliverer, a Messiah, had taken many forms and found many expressions between the prophet of the suffering servant and the time of Jesus, but in

all those fifteen generations, we do not find the prophecy of the suffering one ever interpreted as a picture of an individual Messiah or even of a Messianic age. The great prophet had seen a universal law of life—the truth that the supreme service of God involves suffering and rejection of men, that the true servant is ever despised, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, wounded for the transgressions of others who are healed by his stripes. That law is as universal in the realm of spirit as the law of gravity in the realm of the physical. It is exemplified in the martyrs of political liberty, of science, and of religion alike. Our liberty, knowledge, and religion have been bought with the blood of those servants of God who have seen and declared the vision and have suffered the penalty. We may read the truth clear on the pages of history and also in the humble lives of unnamed preachers, teachers, parents, who suffer voluntarily for the sins of others and by sweating as it were great drops of blood, and only thus, are able to draw some a little higher. We are culpably blind if we cannot see this truth today; but it was only after Jesus's death, when His resurrection had convinced them of His Messiahship, that His immediate followers could see the truth completely realized and exemplified by Him. Even then they transferred their persistent hope of a Messianic king, conquering by force, to a later day when He should return to destroy the wicked. It required the divine insight of Jesus to see that the only salvation possible was through a suffering Messiah who should draw men unto Him. More fundamental proof of His divinity may be found in such superhuman insight than in any external circumstance or manifestation of control over physical forces.

The second example of the fact that the closest and most sympathetic followers were required to change completely their inherited ideas may be recalled more briefly. Luke records it at a little later point in the ministry than the incident just discussed. They were starting toward Jerusalem. Jesus's disciples had gone before into a village of the Samaritans to prepare for His coming, but the villagers would not receive Him because His face was as though He were going up to Jerusalem. James and John, imbued with the accepted ideas of the day, thought that the divine pro-

cedure under such circumstances should be fire from heaven to consume, but Jesus turned and rebuked them, for they knew not what manner of spirit they were of. Yes, Jesus called upon his immediate followers to embrace new light that seemed to them absolutely contradictory to their most cherished hopes and beliefs.

Conscientiously, but very haltingly, those who were true to Him followed where this light led. In the Acts and Epistles we may read something of the story of how they followed the new light as best they could, and of how they sometimes differed among themselves as to what were the fundamental truths. The fifteenth chapter of Acts tells a story of high debate in Antioch and Jerusalem. Certain men came down from Judea to the Christian church in Antioch, which had welcomed Gentiles to full fellowship, and taught the brethren there: "Except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses, ye cannot be saved." Paul and Barnabas, we read, had no small dissension and questioning with them. There was a fundamentalist controversy in earnest—Except ye be circumcised, ye cannot be saved. Finally the perplexed church sent Paul and Barnabas up to Jerusalem to submit the question to the apostles and elders. According to the account in Acts, there was much questioning at the Jerusalem council, until at last James gave the judgment that was accepted and transmitted to the church in Antioch. It is curious to note that, although it was decided that Gentile converts need not adopt circumcision, the narrative records that another Jewish ritual practice was to be imposed upon them—the prohibition of eating flesh with the blood. For some reason, it was felt that this requirement must be insisted upon. To the student who accepts the modern, historical, evolutionary conception of revelation, the whole series of incidents is an instructive example of the kind of problems that ever recur in the progress of religious experience. It is a long, hard struggle, not yet completed, for the Church to pass from the bonds of Jewish legalism to the freedom of Christ.

An historical study of the New Testament shows clearly that a large part of it is the outcome and the record of the new spirit, the new life, adjusting itself in the Jewish and the Gentile world, seeking to hold fast that which is good of the old, while it adopts the new and puts it into practice in the varied relations of life.

Viewed thus, it is a wonderful record of a transition period, full of guidance for those who have been called to live in another period of change.

In the first century transition, the New Testament shows many types of mind going through the necessary readjustments in their thinking and manner of life. The disciples are represented as completely nonplussed by the death, until convinced of the resurrection. A week after the resurrection appearances had ceased, a great sense of spiritual possession came upon them as they were all together. Peter explained the phenomenon as a fulfillment of Old Testament vision, and went on from this to maintain the resurrection as a fact of which they were witnesses, itself a fulfillment of Scriptural words. He was speaking to Jews and seeking to convince them that Jesus was the anticipated Messiah. Here we have one type of adjustment—hopes frustrated by the death, revived by the resurrection belief, and then buttressed by a new interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures. This is an adjustment made by Jewish disciples and, in the first instance, for Jews. It undoubtedly represents a primitive stage of apostolic thought. This line of thought and argument comes to a great culmination, perhaps fifty years after Pentecost, in the completed Gospel of Matthew—a book written in Palestine by a Jewish Christian, written primarily for those of his own race, and designed to convince them that Jesus was the anticipated Messiah, or to confirm them in this faith.

In contrast we may place the Gospel of Luke. When many had already taken in hand to draw up a narrative of the ministry of Jesus, it seemed good to a cultivated Gentile Christian, probably a Greek physician, to write his account, dedicating his work to another Greek. Instead of arguing from the fulfillment of Hebrew prophecy, he presents the gracious personality, in social intercourse with all sorts of people. He alone gives the parable of the Good Samaritan and of the Prodigal Son and many another picture of a compassionate God and a broad, generous, earnest humanity. The Greek author of Luke is a very different type of man from the Jewish author of Matthew, and he has in view a very different type of reader as he writes the story, using much the

same material, but translating it into Greek terms and moulding it to appeal to the noblest qualities of the Greek gentleman.

Mark, another Jewish Christian, but one who had travelled far on Gentile mission, had written his account earlier than either of these. We suppose, on the ground of early tradition supported by internal evidence, that he based his account on the picturesque preaching of the eyewitness Peter. He gives a sketchy, rapid narrative of the intensely active ministry of the Master. Writing, probably in Rome, to meet the needs of those with whom the memories of Nero's persecution were still a vivid horror, he wrote, we feel, in the atmosphere of the intense activity of the world's capital; with him everything happens "straightway".

Fully a generation later, another wrote a Gospel. He lived at a great centre of commercial and intellectual life, where East and West met, and where strange doctrines had permeated Christianity in the mingling of Greek and Oriental thought. There men had emphasized the divinity of Jesus to the exclusion of His humanity and had even gone so far, it seems, as to deny that He had any physical body, holding that His body was just phantasm. Influenced by Platonic philosophy, they separated God from any possible contact with the physical world and said that the creative agent was the Logos, the Divine Word or Thought. This Gospel writer met their abstract speculations with the assertion that One had come in the flesh Who was all that they claimed for the creative Word of God. He went on to show, with profound psychological insight, what the coming of this Divine Word in the flesh had meant of light shining in darkness, of the opening up of a life more abundant for man, of a comprehending fellowship with the Father through the Son, which true fellowship constituted life eternal, here and now. When men, whether in the second century or the fourth or the sixteenth or the twentieth, try to bring the truth of the New Testament into neat, fixed, final formulas that can be handled like the clauses of an Act of Parliament, the profound interpretation of the life of the soul given in the Fourth Gospel quite eludes their grasp. The theology of John is the interpretation of life in its highest and farthest reaches, and life laughs at definition.

Thinking for the moment of the four Gospels alone, we note

that they were written by very different men, through a period of several decades, in four different lands, to meet the needs of men of different racial heritages and environments. In them varied types of mind are revealed, going through the necessary readjustments in their fundamental beliefs, as they gaze upon the Son and the Father whom He revealed.

Before any one of our four Gospels was composed, Paul had written all his letters and met his martyr death. These letters were sent to Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece, Rome, to meet the pressing needs of men of various races and circumstances. It is usually quite possible to read behind the letter much of the conditions of the recipients and of the writer, which determined the theme and its treatment. Paul himself, the keen, young, Pharisaic scholar and fanatical persecutor, had had much adjusting to do to fit his new faith with his old modes of thought; in fact, his Rabbinical modes of thought were not fully discarded by him, though he made searching readjustments. He himself was not always sure that what he wrote was according to the Spirit of God; he was feeling his way, trusting the Spirit for guidance into new truth, to enable him to guide his converts. It was through experience that he worked out his great doctrine of salvation by faith rather than by works of the law. Faith meant to Paul something very different from what is meant by those who are especially fond of quoting "the faith which was once delivered to the saints". They mean, if I understand them, intellectual assent to a certain body of doctrine or group of beliefs. Paul's "faith" as the ground of salvation was no such limited thing as that. It was a whole-hearted, absolute devotion and trust in a person, not belief in a dogma or trust in beliefs about the person. It was closely akin to that inclusive virtue which Josiah Royce called "Loyalty". It is not fair to Paul nor to ourselves to take the idea of faith from Jude or even from Hebrews and to interpret Paul's teaching by that definition. The writer of Hebrews offers a noble conception of faith—Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—but that is not exactly what Paul meant by faith. That great word of the New Testament cannot be comprehended by any one definition, nor fully expounded by any one interpreter.

The writer of Hebrews, a man of well-girt mind, a close, exact thinker, trained in the Judeo-Grecian philosophy of Alexandria, and trained too in the Alexandrian rhetoric, gives us certain aspects of that great spiritual force, faith. Paul, a great human being, a born leader of men, trained in Jerusalem at the feet of Rabbi Gamaliel, and then by the vision of Jesus and the guidance of the Spirit, gives us other aspects of that great spiritual reality, faith.

One of the ablest of the present Fundamentalists has described an evangelical church as "composed of a number of persons who have come to agreement in a certain message about Christ and who desire to unite in the propagation of that message, as it is set forth in their creed on the basis of the Bible". If that is the true definition of a church, it would have required a number of different churches to include all the writers of the New Testament.

The above description of an evangelical church, as composed of those who have come to agreement in a certain message about Jesus, suggests an aspect of Fundamentalism which it is important to note. It is certain beliefs concerning Jesus and the Bible which constitute the essence of Fundamentalism. In the nature of things, it is a message about Jesus rather than the Gospel of Jesus which can be formulated into definite statements. In common with other framers of creedal formulas, the Fundamentalists are not able to embody in precise statements the Gospel which Jesus Himself lived and taught. If He was God manifest in the flesh, His meaning cannot be compassed by any number of propositions about Him. To define is to delimit. If He was merely very man of very man, His meaning cannot be compassed by definition, for human life in its greatness defies delimitation.

Twenty years ago, the cry in the Church was, "Back to Jesus!" Men were longing to get back of creeds, traditions, and fables about Jesus, so as to hear, see, and know Him through the eyes and ears and voices of men who had heard and had seen with their eyes and beheld the life, the eternal, which was with the Father and was manifested unto them. Today we do not hear that cry as we did a few years ago. We are weary and distraught. It is hard work to get back through the accumulations of nineteen

centuries, and the report from those who have dug their way into the earliest historical sources shows a Christ who did not formulate dogmas, complete, finished, definite. He called men to live earnestly and deeply, and His principles of life demand hard thinking and many a readjustment in the twentieth century, as they did in the first.

Fundamentalism is in part a phase of the struggle between a modern, evolutionary, and a mediæval, static, world-view. It is also, we may well believe, partly a reaction, however misdirected, against emphasis upon the historical Jesus as man and the loss of the sense of God in life. In some aspects, it may be regarded also, as one of the many effects of war weariness and after-war confusion. Out of the present uncertainty concerning the foundations of the social order, weary spirits cry for certainty, and the Fundamentalists are one group who confidently proclaim the certainty of their brand of truth.

If our survey of the great transition period of the first Christian century has been true to the facts, it indicates that the men through whom the progress was made were men of deep conviction and loyalty to the truths by which they had lived faithfully. They were men who abandoned their old beliefs only as the result of burning conviction that a new and better way was opened before them. They advanced, some more rapidly, some very slowly, as they sought earnestly to hold fast that which was good, and yet, proving all things, not to quench the Spirit who guided into fuller truth.

HENRY THATCHER FOWLER.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

BY CHARLES DENBY

In speaking of the condition of the Chinese Republic, a subject which engages at present the attention of the Foreign Offices of the Western World to a degree hardly less than does the condition of Europe itself, it is necessary to distinguish between the Government of China and the People of China. The Government at Peking is rapidly losing the confidence of all observers; almost of all friends. Peking of Manchu imperial days commanded the respect and obedience of its people, and even of its unfriendly foreign critics, up to the time of the overthrow of the Ta Ching Dynasty. The Manchu Emperors were drawn reluctantly into treaty relations with foreign Powers, but they carried out their treaty obligations with a sense of responsibility that gave promise of increasing cordiality as foreign intercourse became more familiar to them. The obligations of the Imperial Government were scrupulously paid. There is a saying of returned travellers that a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond. Entirely too optimistic as this is as a general assertion, it was true of the Chinese Government under the Manchu Emperors.

Now Peking is in financial chaos. The Government, for reasons for which it is not entirely responsible, finds it difficult to make good either its word or its bond. The Government does not effectively govern; the provincial authorities give it scant consideration; taxes are diverted to provincial use; Government officials speak with small authority; men of ability hesitate to serve in official positions; in short a republic, in any definable sense of the word, does not exist in China. It is not my purpose to attach moral responsibility for this condition. Perhaps it is an unavoidable feature of a new Government. Grasping foreign Powers are not free from blame; some of them have hardly shown a sympathetic attitude toward the new Republic.

As to the people of China, there is a more cheerful story. Under a Central Government which has shown itself incapable, the people of China and the commerce of China progress and prosper. It is a remarkable phenomenon that without a Central Government a great population can continue its daily life of gainful occupation, concerned to only a small degree with the chaos in its highest official administration. But such is the case in China. Business goes on as usual. Shops are open, fields are cultivated, the highways are thronged as always with wagons, wheelbarrows, donkeys, camels, coolies, carrying merchandise to the markets. The great city and village fairs are conducted as usual, with a rather more varied display of foreign and Chinese goods than in years past. The great business houses, Chinese and foreign, the latter at the Treaty Ports, the former throughout the country, continue as usual to plan ahead, to order goods for next season, to extend their business over an increasing area. There is also much local prosperity. The year 1922 closed the books of firms and companies engaged in local financial and manufacturing undertakings with a rather more profitable return than usual. Money in China is abundant; good investments are offering. There is a feeling that political disorders will be rectified eventually, and this feeling the critic must share, and must tolerate these disorders in this experimental stage.

The explanation of this contrast between a powerless Central Government and a keen commercial life, not only throughout the provinces and Treaty Ports but within the gates of Peking itself, is to be found in China's political organization. The Central Government never was very important in its bearing on the daily life of the people. There has always been in China a wide extent of local self-control. The merchant, the scholar, the farmer, has always been allowed to follow his daily life, carrying on his business, tilling his field, following his literary pursuits. The only touch he had with the Government at Peking was through some small local official. The Emperor sat in Peking, hidden in an unapproachable palace, surrounded by courtiers, eunuchs and concubines, conducting his empire by a delegated authority, through Viceroys and Governors of Provinces, who in turn ruled through prefects, intendants and local authorities, so that the

contact of the Emperor with the individual became of an intangible kind. The communities throughout the country were permitted to attend to their own affairs.

There is no more striking phenomenon to those intimately familiar with Chinese life than the indifference of the great mass of country folk, small town and village people, to what happens in Government circles at Peking. I had an experience of this on a shooting trip in the lake country west of Shanghai in 1908. It has always been my habit when in the country to engage in conversation with the Chinese met in the fields or on the highways. On this occasion I fell in with a well dressed villager, evidently a merchant, walking on a bypath through the rice fields. The Emperor Kuang Hsü had just died at Peking, and there was some rumour reflecting on the Empress Dowager in this connection. I asked this Chinese wayfarer if he had heard of it. "Oh, yes!" he said, "I heard of it that day I went to the city to sell the donkeys." "Well; what will we do now without an Emperor?" I queried. "We shall soon have another one," he said, "but it will have no effect on the price of donkeys." And so the two events, from his point of view and that of myriads of his countrymen, were properly coördinated. The death of his Emperor at Peking under suspicious circumstances was not of as much interest as the market for donkeys on the adjacent plains.

The fact is that when the foreign Powers in the first half of the nineteenth century (the first American treaty with China was signed in 1844) negotiated at Peking their treaties of commerce, they attributed to the Chinese Government represented by the Emperor a power which he did not actually exercise. They insisted on making a bargain valid for all China with a ruler whose rule was in fact exercised only on broad lines at any distance from the capital. The Chinese Government in the treaties assumed definite obligations towards the foreign Powers as to the conduct of its people and officials over a wide area, and as the foreign Powers recognized only the Chinese Government in the contract, they expected that Government to make good. This resulted undoubtedly in an accession of strength to the Throne, which had to act in a definite way in control of provincial authorities because the foreign Powers expected it to do so, and

prefects, taotais, and so on, hitherto essentially local officials, found themselves executors of Imperial policies. This led to a fundamental change in the old partly theocratic, partly military, partly economic attitude of the Emperor to the people. The Emperor before had levied taxes not on people but on Viceroys and Governors of provinces. A Viceroy would be instructed from Peking that his province would be required to send as annual tribute so much grain or money or goods to Peking, and he in turn would pass the order down to his subordinates, and eventually the head men of local communities would levy the tax. The Emperor in his capacity of Son of Heaven went twice a year to the Temple of Heaven to lay before the Supreme Deity an account of his Empire and a confession of his shortcomings in his stewardship. To prevent undue growth of power on the part of Viceroys and Governors, and to ensure his hold on his widespread dominions, the Emperor stationed at each important point a high military official, one of his own Manchu blood, a *Chiang Chun* or Tartar General, who reported directly to the Throne and who had under him a garrison of Manchu soldiers to ensure control. As to local affairs, the country largely ruled itself. The treaties with foreign Powers, however, tended more and more to modify this. By these treaties certain seaports and river cities were opened to foreign trade, and the local authorities were instructed to carry out rules as to relations with foreigners there resident. Certain import and export duties were agreed upon with the foreign Powers, and the local authorities were instructed to be guided by tariff schedules drawn up at Peking. Above all, the diplomatic representatives of the foreign Powers expected the Chinese Government itself to see that its engagements were carried out. If a foreigner in any part of the Empire suffered in person or in property, the Minister of his country laid the matter before Peking for redress.

In the sixty and more years since this treaty régime has been in operation, an operation characterized, it is true, by constant friction with the foreign officials and shortcomings on the part of China, some progress had been made towards a mutual understanding. The old China officials have now passed away, foreign relations have become a matter of general experience,

foreign trade is now a part of national life. Had the Manchu Dynasty continued the succession to the Throne of great men as Emperors, men like Tao Kuang, Chien Lung, Kang Hsi and other great rulers of the last three centuries, China would have adapted herself eventually, though slowly, to treaty relations, and have become a welcome and efficient member of the family of nations. Progress in this direction was slow, but was perceptible; and when we compare the China before treaty days in its attitude toward foreigners with the China of the last decades of the nineteenth century, we realize that this progress had been creditable to China.

With the treaties and more familiar intercourse with foreigners, however, came another powerful influence into the life of China's people; Western education. In the foreign schools which sprang up at every foreign mission center, Chinese youth began acquiring foreign learning. Chinese students went to America, to Japan, to Europe, at first in scores, eventually in thousands, and they returned to China with minds critical of their own Government. They found their country, as they imagined, in an intellectual servitude to the West, accompanied by a sort of a political and economic servitude as well, which they were inclined to exaggerate. The Chinese Government was not, as they saw it, strong and independent, as the United States, Japan and England were. It did not command the same respect in international relations. Chinese officials were incompetent, uneducated, corrupt. As a military power China, in spite of her great resources, had no standing, and so badly were her finances managed that her Treasury was constantly bare. Sound as these observations may have been, the Chinese foreign-educated youth, naturally enough perhaps, sought the remedy in the wrong quarter. To him it was the Imperial Government's fault. Reform the Government along foreign lines, he thought, and China would be like other Powers. Here arose the idea of the overthrow of the Empire and the establishment of a Republic. It did not occur to the returned student that the fault lay in the Chinese people themselves. By a long, slow, evolutionary development in education and in national government, the Chinese could have been brought to a political status comparable with that of Western

constitutional Powers, but not by a violent change of unessential forms. China will not, in fact, for several generations, be a proper field for a real republican Government. The attempt to improve her condition as a power by a change from a monarchy to a republic could be likened to giving up mule teams for automobiles with a view to revolutionize transportation. To make that change of vehicles successfully it would be first necessary to provide the automobiles, to make the roads, to secure the fuel, to establish factories and repair shops, and above all to train the mechanics. The Chinese people have not taken these steps. They are hardly more ready for intelligent conduct of a modern State than a child is to run a motor car. All that can be done is to guide this people in the early stages of representative government, as the chauffeur allows the small boy to put his hand on the steering wheel which remains under his more experienced control. The attempt to anticipate this necessary slow development accounts largely for the disorder in which China now finds herself.

How China is to be led through a necessary learning process is a question which engages the attention of many friendly observers. It is evident that the designation "Republic" in China means nothing comparable with what it means in the United States. Strong Chinese in the provinces, relying on their own resources, run official China as they please, paying not much attention to the Peking Government and hampered in their private ambitions only when their own efforts conflict with the ambitions of an able rival. The *Tu Chuns*, military governors, or "war lords", as they are called, of various large areas, control matters within those areas very much to suit themselves. They dictate to Peking the appointment of officials, they divert the revenue of the Central Government to their own use. They levy tribute on railroads and other business in their jurisdictions. They command their own armies, supported by this forcibly acquired revenue, and they defy Peking to reduce them to subordination. It is only when they conflict with one another that they meet a check, and this leads to the perennial rebellions which cripple China today. These rebellions are supported by the military, who make money out of them, and are more or less abetted by the Chinese returned student class and its modern press, some siding

with one military chief, some with another, in the alleged hope of finding eventually a leader who will save the country.

Evidently, to put the Central Government of China in order, the first problem is to deal with these conflicting military factions. The Peking Government is incapable of doing this. It would be necessary to overcome them by force or to pay them off with money. Both these methods are beyond the power of Peking. It has no effective army and it has no money. A widely held opinion, therefore, favours foreign intervention in some form; but that opinion is put forth in a tentative way and hedged with reservations as to how it should be done. The Powers seem to be afraid of disturbing China. The suggestion was made by a great naval Power that in order not further to weaken the Peking Government, the intervention should be in the form of a demonstration by allied navies off the coast of China. As a matter of fact, such a demonstration would be so far removed from the China coasts that so far as its effect went it might as well be made in the ports of the allies themselves. A competent authority quoted in an American journal says that the intervention should be made so as to involve the least possible interference with the Chinese Government. It is the purpose of this article to point out how this might be done.

The best plan would be to select the most acceptable strong man in China now in conflict with other strong men and help him, by moral and financial support, to overcome his rivals. This support might take the form of a loan to the recognized Government of sufficient funds to pay off the armies of rival military leaders and to meet the most urgent of China's financial obligations; with a provision that this loan should be administered under expert supervision, that the taxes for its repayment should be levied, collected and distributed under foreign control, and that so far as this involved foreign protection armed foreign guards should be admitted into the country. In short, leave to China the formation of her own Government and the handling of her own people, and reserve to the foreign Powers such control as to assure a well conducted Government and an honestly handled revenue. Under such conditions China's credit would be good for an initial loan of at least five hundred million dollars.

Her resources, handled skilfully and economically, could produce a revenue ample to repay this loan and all costs of operations of the Government on a liberal scale. China has great resources in capital, and it is probable that a loan guaranteed by a foreign administration could realize several hundreds of millions of dollars within China's own territory. Such a plan would involve the least interference with China, the least use of military force, and the least use of foreign money, and it would promise an economical and trade development which would repay a thousand fold the efforts necessary to put it into effect.

The fear of arousing the Chinese against such foreign aid is exaggerated. Student factions would doubtless cry out against it. Much hostile talk would be aroused by the proposal, but little opposition would materialize. The Chinese merchants and farmers, the backbone of the country, want a strong and honest Government. I was the *Secrétaire Général* of the *Gouvernement Provisoire de Tientsin*, the Military Government created by the commanders of the allied military forces in North China upon the fall of the city of Tientsin at the time of the Boxer uprising. This Government, at its inception on July 14, 1900, the day the allied armies entered Tientsin and overthrew all Chinese authority in that part of China, consisted of a Russian General, an English Colonel and a Japanese Colonel. The instructions which it received from the allied commanders began with the words: "*Ce Gouvernement est doué d'un pouvoir absolu*"—"this government is endowed with absolute power."

Its instructions were to maintain communications with the sea, to improve highways, deepen rivers, destroy forts, create police, sanitation, courts of justice, etc., and to levy taxes to pay for its expenses. For more than two years it functioned at Tientsin, ruling with absolute power that part of China from above Tientsin to the sea at Taku, governing nearly ten million Chinese. There was never any popular outcry against it; banditry and river piracy, previously dangerously prevalent, were suppressed; courts of justice functioned without opposition; trade prospered; taxes were paid, and when the Governors were withdrawn, prominent representatives of the Chinese Chambers of Commerce assured me that the foreign Government's departure

would be regretted, because it had "done justice to the people". The problem is how to make effective our foreign assistance without creating a hostile feeling among the Chinese. We must make our action coincide with some action of the Chinese themselves, as a coöperation—not as an intrusion.

The election of Tsao Kun to the Presidency of China gives us an opening, and we should not withhold from him the friendly assistance without which no Chinese President can succeed. Much depends on the initial steps of his administration. It is certain that he cannot succeed if his rival war lords are jealous of his success and forget their mutual conflict and combine against him. If he can divide these rivals, securing the support of a powerful faction in aid of his own party, he can succeed, and cordial foreign sympathy would help him greatly.

As these lines are written, there has yet been no election of a Vice-President, and it is reported that an effort is being made to induce the War Lord of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin, to accept this position. Of course objections may be made to Chang Tso-lin. It will be said that he was a mounted robber, that he became head of a band which operated on a wide scale in defiance of the Chinese Government; that he sold his services to the Japanese in their campaign against Russia in Manchuria; that he has raised large sums of money by questionable methods, etc., etc. The reply is that his shortcomings differ in degree, perhaps, not in kind, from the shortcomings of his rival war lords, none of whom have his ability. For those who know him, there is a conviction that, as a high official of the Republic, he would outgrow the irregularities which too frequently characterize Chinese leaders in the making. And as to his tremendous power to command and to direct his fellow countrymen, there is no question. He rules now with an almost absolute power the Province of Manchuria. It is the one part of China in which regulated authority exists today. I visited Chang Tso-lin at his residence at Moukden last year on the occasion of his forty-eighth birthday. Chang received his guests in civilian dress as an unassuming Chinese gentleman. He is younger than his years, slight of stature, with pleasant features and a gentle manner, and a modest style of speech. I told him that, after a month in Peking, I had crossed the border of China proper at Shan Hai Kuan

and had entered Manchuria to find a noticeable change, that the exit was from disorder into an environment of order, and that in the Manchurian War Lord's jurisdiction there was a palpable sensation of a personal control. This is startlingly true. In Manchuria the guards at the stations are respectful, neat and well set up; the officers have lost their Chinese slouch. Things move with precision. In every feature of administration, there is an evidence of personal responsibility to some higher power. Chang was pleased with this criticism, but said he deserved no credit for the conditions noted, that Manchuria was inhabited by a well-to-do and orderly people, and "it was easy to govern them." When the hope was expressed that his ability to govern Manchuria might some day be availed of on a wider scale in China proper, he made the non-committal reply that his enemies at Peking might not approve the suggestion.

The *Tu Chun* of Manchuria has a war chest estimated at twenty-five million dollars in cash, and he has a modern and thoroughly equipped army of about fifty thousand men. The inquiry is, what does he intend to do? Is he merely prepared to hold his place against rival war lords; does he contemplate a separation of Manchuria from China; has he designs upon the Republic? These questions involve the future of China. They could be best answered by inducing this man of superlative ability to lend his support to a Constitutional Government at Peking. In this way history in China would but repeat itself. The Taiping Rebellion in the nineteenth century was overthrown, and the Imperial Government was made secure, by the aid of Li Hung-chang, afterward the greatest Viceroy China has ever had The criticism that was directed at Li during this rebellion reminds the student of Chinese affairs of the charges—at least of violent character—now made against Chang Tso-lin. China of the twentieth century needs him to face a condition radically more serious than the Taiping Rebellion.

CHARLES DENBY.

THE COMING FRENCH ELECTION

BY CANON ERNEST DIMNET

PRESIDENTIAL elections take place in France every seven years; the members of the Senate—which is the less influential of the two Houses—are elected for six years, one-third of them every two years; and the Chamber of Deputies, which during many years was practically the only real leader, is elected for four years, and the term General Election is used only in speaking of it. The next General Election will take place in May of the present year, if not at an earlier date, and although the French electorate seldom betrays anything like the agitation which accompanies Presidential elections in America, the interest of the country is almost entirely monopolized by it.

In fact, the election is likely to result in something more than a mere change of team, with the broad lines of national policies remaining substantially the same. If there is a change it will mean the return to office of the Radical Socialists, with the possibility of such deep modifications as might be in the United States new departures with regard to taxation, the tariff, Prohibition, or even liberty of conscience, owing, for instance, to the triumph instead of the failure of Ku Klux methods. Foreign issues would probably not be as materially affected, but the influence of Socialism could not help being felt in that quarter, too.

Radical Socialists were continually in office from 1898 till 1919, and they may even be said to have shaped the political courses of France as early as 1877, when the fight between the Monarchists and Republicans resulted in a victory for the latter. Gambetta was at that time the Republican leader. At his death in 1882 he was succeeded by Clemenceau, then in the prime of his vigour and even his violence, and it was this new chief who, when he saw the dawn of Socialism, thought of an alliance between the Socialists and his own party, the Radicals. This name is misleading for Americans: it means little else than what Democracy might mean

in the United States if it should or could connote at the same time open hostility to the churches.

For the activities of the Radical Socialist party were mostly turned against the Roman Catholic Church. The clergy, like the bulk of the nation, had been loyal to the Monarchy, even when the not very devout Louis Philippe succeeded the Bourbons in 1830, and while Napoleon the Third, who like his uncle, the great Napoleon, had been a revolutionist, ruled the country, between 1852 and 1870. When Napoleon the Third was taken prisoner at Sedan and Gambetta proclaimed the Republic, the clergy were shy of the new régime. They remained antagonistic or kept aloof till 1890, when Pope Leo XIII advised them to give their allegiance to the Republican government. So during twenty years the Republican party had some reasons to regard the clergy as their political enemies and acted accordingly.

It was not until 1901 and 1905 that the laws against the religious orders were passed and the confiscation of a considerable amount of Church property was decreed, and for years after that, Anti-Clericalism remained a convenient platform for politicians anxious to be looked upon as advanced but afraid of borrowing from the Socialists anything except their name. Even the threat of a Franco-German war, heard for the first time at Tangier in 1905 and repeated with increasing force in 1908, 1909 and 1911, was not enough to persuade the Radicals in office that they had more dangerous enemies than the Jesuits. Even now the old spirit, seemingly turned into instinct, perseveres. You may meet French Radicals who join to narrow-mindedness a sincere conviction that the churches are hopeless obstacles to civilization. It is not infrequent, either, to see them show individual kindness to the very clergy they are persecuting in legislation. The late M. Bertaux, Minister of War, was a well-known instance, and it is an amusing paradox that M. Caillaux, the last great leader of Radicalism, notorious as he is, has the support, because he enjoys the gratitude, of most of the clergy in his constituency. It was by a similar mixture of intelligent kindliness with Carbonarism that the Italian Anti-Clericals accomplished the spoliation of the Church without being hated by the clergy.

It was also sincere sympathy with the workers which prompted

the Radicals to agitate during so many years with a view to the passing of philanthropic laws and to the remodelling of taxation. But their success in this realm has been so moderate that it is worse than failure, for it suggests hypocrisy. Financial justice was an endlessly repeated slogan all the time the Radicals were an overwhelming majority in both Houses, but in reality Democratic France was far inferior, with respect to practically working helpful laws, to Imperial Germany. It is too true that in many cases the French Radicals were agitating merely to be doing something, and trying to speak in the voice of their Socialist brethren in the hope of keeping the electorate from Socialism. What M. Caillaux once wrote to a lady-love, "I spoke so as to ruin the chances of the Income Tax Bill, while pretending all the time to advocate it," was an admission of what many Radicals used to do. On the whole they were a party of words, not deeds: their most indulgent judges cannot refrain from pointing out that they never did anything against alcoholism and licentiousness, or for a higher birthrate.

The election of 1919 went heavily against the Radical party. Clemenceau was in office, and every word he said, a few months after the armistice, carried to the most out-of-the-way places. Clemenceau was, it is true, some forty years before, the founder of Radical Socialism; and he remained, through his career, true to the fundamental tenets of the doctrines he had defended at first. But he was not the man to be true to a party merely because it happened to be his party. He spent his life largely in getting rid of men he thought inferior to their jobs. The master stroke of his whole life he gave at the age of seventy-seven, during the war, and he delivered it at one of the most typical Radicals, M. Malvy, and behind the latter, at his chief and adviser, M. Caillaux. That was the way Clemenceau entered on the most eventful period of his eventful life, and began one of the most glorious actions ever achieved by any man.

It was natural that having begun this great effort with a victory over decrepit Radicalism, he should have concluded it in the same manner. When the time for the election came, in the autumn of 1919, Clemenceau appealed to the country, advocating the creation of a great national party, grouping, irrespective of po-

litical shades of opinion, only men who, at the critical period of the war, had shown themselves real patriots. This party was to be called the National Bloc. Clemenceau's success in this final effort was complete. Of 602 Deputies returned to the Chamber, 379 belonged to the National Bloc. It was noticeable that, apart from a few Socialists elected in the manufacturing districts, the whole of the Alsatian representation were elected on the National Bloc ticket. The loss everywhere was on the side of Socialists or, above all, of the Radicals.

The latter were amazed at their own defeat. Forty years' continuous tenure of office had accustomed them to the exercise of power. They had been used to give orders even to their chiefs, ("Being their leader, of course I had to follow them," was the explanation of some move once given by M. Combes, Prime Minister in 1905,) and to think of the Republic as a sort of club to which only their friends could be admitted. M. Robert de Jouvenel's exquisite little book on *La République des Camarades* does not show one trace of exaggeration in its description of this state of affairs. Now all this was reversed; instead of enjoying power, the Radicals had to fight to regain it; and the bitter side of it all was that the officials who used to work with them or for them were where they had always been but could no longer be ordered about or abused. For many months, and even occasionally now, the Radical leaders could not shake off the habit of speaking in the Chamber in the masterful tones of men unaccustomed to contradiction.

Their victors were hardly less surprised. Most of them were used, during the war, to the habit of subordinating everything to "*Union Sacrée*", and they went on doing it. They had been glad to follow Radical Ministers who placed their country before their party, and they persevered in this attitude even after their success. They never got rid of a Prime Minister just to give him a successor chosen among themselves. Millerand, Leygues and Briand, as well as Poincaré, all belonged to the Radical party and were supported one after the other, with equal loyalty, so long as they showed themselves real patriots. The National Bloc men did more than that; they tolerated as Minister of the Interior a man like M. Steeg,—now Governor of Algeria,—who had been

their sworn foe, and could not reasonably be supposed to have changed, who in fact was not afraid at by-elections to fight more or less openly against them.

However, their presence, coupled in many cases, it is true, with the national interests, was enough to compel Prime Ministers to refrain from indulging their own preferences and the legislation was modified accordingly. A truly national attitude was adopted in the French relations with foreign Powers. Weakness was no longer tolerated, as appeared in the case of M. Briand after the famous golf game at Cannes. This stiffening has been called by some Nationalism, a term which has gradually come to designate the exaggeration rather than the intensity of a noble feeling, and in America and England some people have complained that France was giving up her former democratic spirit and rattling her sabre instead. There are, no doubt, exaggerations, especially in the Royalist newspapers; but who will question that in times of momentous crises, strong resolves, even if coloured by violent feelings, are better than mere speeches? Anybody who sees things as they are must realize that humanitarianism in France is neither killed nor stifled, but only awaiting its chance.

Trade and industry have been greatly favoured, especially in Northern France. It has been contended that a large fraction of the National Bloc was elected under the auspices of the "*Union des Intérêts Economiques*",—which is not a gratifying notion to men anxious to see politics severed from finance,—and people who watch the rebuilding of the devastated area cannot have overlooked the fact that rich manufacturers and landed owners are being paid (to avoid unemployment) long before their poorer neighbours. All this is true, but it is true too that, in spite of very adverse conditions, France is obviously more prosperous than she was before the war, and prosperity appears to the business man a more effective recompense for apparent injustice than mere protests would be.

Religious pacification is practically accomplished. Confiscated property has not yet been returned, though many signs show that it soon will be, but the attitude of the Government toward the Church is one of decided sympathy; deserted convents

are fast getting repeopled; there is a French Ambassador to the Vatican as well as a very popular Nuncio in Paris, and the law determining the status of the Church and her rights to hold property is on the eve of reopening an era of mutual goodwill.

That is what has been accomplished since 1919 by a constant and patriotic compromise between the National Bloc and Prime Ministers who all belonged to the other party.

Now about the impending election.

Will the Radicals recoup their defeat of 1919, or will the country favour the party at present in power?

The Radicals, owing to proportional representation, instead of the majority system in use in America, would stand a poor chance if they appeared by themselves at the polls. It is only by seeking alliances that they can hope to get votes enough to achieve considerable success. Where can they get those votes except by turning to the Left, as the phrase goes; that is to say, the advanced parties? This is what they have done, tentatively at first, at bye-elections, gradually with more decision, till their leader, M. Herriot, stated his intention to conclude a formal electoral alliance with the Socialists and even with their extreme left, the Communists, even such a Communist as the Bolshevist Marty.

What would happen if this combination should succeed? The Radicals do not know this very clearly themselves: all they seem to visualize is that they would be in power again, as they were during two generations, without bothering much about a definite platform.

Their leader, M. Herriot, is a powerful looking, cultivated man, with a preference for business which, as Mayor of Lyons, he is bound to promote. Most people who approach him as a private citizen or a Mayor like and appreciate him. But he is a great contrast to himself the moment he appears as the leader of Radicals in the Chamber: then this strong man shows himself weak, wordy and shifty. The reason is that no man who pretends to be preëminently a business man can be in alliance with Socialists, except for petty electioneering purposes which immediately dwarf him into insignificance.

However, by making a careful study of such a review as

L'Europe Nouvelle, the most dignified organ of Radicalism, one can come to more definite conclusions than that the Radicals would adopt the policy of following their Red comrades while hoping all the time to retard their progress toward Bolshevism. They would no doubt concentrate on what they call Secularism, or Laicism; that is to say, nothing else than old time Anti-Clericalism. They would also have a financial policy of their own, some items of which, for instance higher taxation of agricultural profits, are undoubtedly advisable, but also including such unwise steps as overtaxation of industry, complete detaxation of workmen's salaries (pure demagogism of a demoralizing character), and a treatment of the inhabitants of the devastated regions which, under the pretence of making the national Budget healthy, would amount to a repeal of the law on Reparation of War Damages.

On the whole, the Radicals try to appeal to the working classes by promising to them financial exemptions based on partial spoliation of capital, and, to their own clientèle, by a return to priest-baiting, which costs nothing, lasts indefinitely, and may save a party the bother of devising positive legislation. With regard to Germany, the Radical Socialist combination would probably adopt M. Caillaux's views; that is to say, a preference for an alliance with Germany instead of England, and a rehandling of the treaty on the basis of a coöperation with German labour, which is the vaguest part of the hodge-podge M. Caillaux every now and then tries to pass off on his American readers as a political programme.

The agreement entered upon by M. Herriot with the Socialists and Communists has of course scared most moderate people in the Radical party. The former organ of the Radicals, *Le Temps*, has sharply turned against them, and when, in June of 1922, M. Poincaré was asked where his majority in the Chamber really lay, he replied unequivocally that he dissociated himself from all elements of disorder, whether they were in the Right wing of the Assembly (Royalist agitators) or in the Left wing (Communists), and from whomsoever associated with them.

Therefore the Radicals will have against them the Conservative spirit which their financial policies rouse, but they will have for

them the old electoral elements still untouched in provincial backwaters, and the fear of what is called Reaction, which with many Frenchmen, has become an instinct. At a bye-election in a small town, well-known to the present writer, the National Bloc party were successful in the first ballot; their opponents clamoured "Reaction!" so loud that a Communist leader in a neighbouring town heard them and posted up an encouragement to his political friends there to help them. That poster decided the vote for the Radicals at the second ballot. This unimportant incident is probably representative of what may happen in many other small places.

It remains now for us to look into the chances of the National Bloc.

The National Bloc consists of nearly four hundred men who are admittedly more urbane, more cultivated, more unsullied from the dirty political world, than their opponents. They show no greed either for money or position. They are disciplined or anxious to be, and the four governments which succeeded one another during the five years of their legislature have had no more loyal supporters than these men, originally their political adversaries. But they have never succeeded in giving an impression of strength beside what was reflected upon them from Clemenceau's power. In this respect they bear an unfortunate resemblance to the "Khaki Parliament" returned to Westminster, at about the same time, which was content to turn an attentive face to Mr. Lloyd George in his revolutions and drooped into insignificance the moment the Prime Minster got under a cloud. Most of the National Bloc Deputies were new men, apparently a little bewildered at their own success, who had to learn every rule of the Parliamentary game. They looked around for chiefs and did not find any. M. Arago is only a chairman and cannot pretend to be a leader; their most incisive spokesman, M. Mandel, is only a critic; he is a Jew, and he can be incisive even at his friends' expense; their best orator, M. Forgeot, a perfect embodiment of the race's gift for eloquence, is an introspector whose almost disconcerting sincerity baffles all efforts at regarding him as a chief instead of as a man of unequalled receptivity. There is among them one man, it is true, M. Tardieu, whose characteristics are

forcefulness of thought and will-power. But M. Tardieu has devoted himself to the defence of the Treaty, is more antagonistic than friendly to M. Poincaré whom—alone in the whole universe—he accuses of weakness, and although the adopted political son of M. Clemenceau, he is in the National Bloc rather than as one belonging to it.

So the National Bloc has never dared to take the law in its own hands, as, being a majority, it was perfectly entitled to do; it never really governed, and it never even legislated with any decision. The Radicals have appearances on their side when they reproach their opponents with having been faint-hearted in taxation, sparing the agricultural classes, no doubt because they had borne the brunt of the war, but possibly too because they were their electors, and resorting every year, during five long years, to the easy method of balancing the Budgets with loans which it is hoped Germany may some day redeem. Even a measure to which they recently made up their minds on M. Poincaré's suggestion—voting the Budget for two years so as to make time for urgent legislation—could be blamed as an abandonment of Parliamentary control, consented to more from weakness than from conviction. This is a calumny, but the National Bloc is composed of the kind of people who are open to calumny.

The real chiefs of the National Bloc are not in the Chamber, but in the press. M. Herbette, in the *Temps*, M. Buré in the *Éclair*, M. Maurras and M. Jacques Bainville in the *Action Française*, provide the majority in the Chamber, as they provide the majority in the country, with views ultimately reacting upon parliamentary orientation as well as upon public opinion. The case of the *Action Française* is singular, as I have had several occasions to point out. These Royalists have long ceased to believe in, and, I am half inclined to suspect, to wish for, the possibility of a monarchical restoration. But they firmly believe in the virtue of at least the Monarchist tradition to invigorate and discipline nations. Moreover, as they have a vast knowledge of history and politics, as some of them show rare talent, and as all of them think clearly and write lucidly, what was really vital in their philosophy has gradually spread over to all the press and can be found in the most unexpected corners. Their representative in the Chamber,

M. Léon Daudet, son of the famous novelist, is at nearly fifty full of a boyish conceit which strikes one as a weakness, but it can be compared to the conceit of an enthusiastic professor of some difficult language which he himself knows only imperfectly but tries to teach according to excellent methods: in time, the class becomes first rate, and some of the scholars graduating from it appear far superior to their own teacher. Political parties can hardly do without chiefs, but when they happen to have a definite doctrine helped by patriotism, literature of a high kind can do duty for a living guidance. Examples of such a substitution abound in history.

Such are the respective positions of the Radicals and the Nationalists. What the chances of either party are it is more difficult to say. The National Bloc has the advantage of holding power, of being less open to the reproach of petty ambition, and of representing patriotic tendencies far superior from the moral standpoint to their opponents' utilitarian alliance with the Socialists. But on the other hand it must be admitted that the Radicals, feverishly anxious to regain power, are more yeasty and will enjoy the superiority of being on the offensive.

A great deal will naturally depend on the direction which the Government may or may not choose to give to the *préfets*, as the highest provincial representatives of the Home Office are called. In 1919 M. Millerand, who was on the eve of being elected President, delivered at the Ba-Ta-Clan Theatre a speech which made it clear that the preferences of the Government were on the side of the National Bloc. The effect produced by this address was extraordinary. On October 14, 1923, President Millerand expressed himself again at Evreux, in a manner which displeased the Radicals so much that the country could entertain no doubts as to the speech being calculated to displease them. Will M. Poincaré make up his mind to a similar statement, which would set the electoral machinery in motion at once? He could be even more outspoken than the President. If he should do it, there would be no uncertainty about the National Bloc's victory.

ERNEST DIMNET.

THE ROAD TO NATIONAL SAFETY

BY HON. WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON

United States Tariff Commissioner

NATIONAL power and national security from one point of view appear to be synonymous conceptions. Make the nation powerful by industrial, commercial, financial and military measures, and you appear to make the nation secure. But it has not worked out in that way. When one nation's economic life expands and its army and navy grow strong, surrounding nations, feeling insecure, attempt either singly or in combination to become a match for this growing State, and it in turn, believing its position threatened, feels insecure. With several powerful nations seeking security by imperialistic measures, the result is uncertainty, instability, and insecurity. Permanent national security, then, must be sought not in temporary expedients like armaments but in the firm establishment of a set of principles to regulate the relations, particularly the economic relations, of States. Security will follow only when each State accepts these principles and permits them to be applied against its immediate interests in order to benefit from like concessions from other States. States will obtain, for example, commercial security and certainty only by offering to other States like security and certainty. They will find true national safety in limiting their individual power and strengthening the methods of international coöperation.

This conclusion is not mere theory, but a principle already recognizable in the negotiations of States. The tendency of national control to break down as soon as it attempts to deal with essentially international questions has resulted in the negotiation of thousands of international agreements which limit the action of nations. The significance of this world treaty structure, which is too often taken for granted, should be emphasized, for it is an admission of the principle that national security and prosperity

do depend upon coöperation with—giving to and taking from—other nations. It has produced an international law of peace and a vast network of bilateral and multilateral treaties and international arrangements. Nations have, under the guidance of self-interest, in thousands of treaties, limited their power in the interest of their security. The world-wide tendency since the days of mercantilism has been to modify the harsh, bitter competition of those times by commercial treaties and to introduce into international commercial dealings the principles of equality and fair dealing.

The first stage in any programme for world understanding should be the improvement of the world's commercial treaty structure. Much remains to be done in this prosaic field of endeavour. If nations cannot succeed in this phase of coöperation, they will not be able to work together on larger issues. This is a task to which our own Government has turned its attention. Our present commercial treaty structure is antiquated and ill adapted to modern economic conditions. By means of bilateral treaties we should be able to obtain for our nationals guarantees of equality and fair treatment in markets, in the distribution of raw materials, and in the investment of capital in many areas of the earth.

Many matters, it is true, now ordinarily dealt with in numerous bilateral treaties could be disposed of with less friction under a code of general international commercial law. Several important principles, however, can be made effective through commercial treaty negotiations even of the bilateral kind. The first is the most-favoured-nation principle, of which there are two important interpretations. The United States on the one hand has advocated in the past the conditional interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause. Under American precedents a concession made by one contracting party to a third State was normally extended to the other contracting party only when that concession was made gratuitously and without compensation. If the concession was made for a consideration, it was not extended to the other contracting State unless an equivalent concession was given in return. The application of this interpretation has led to endless complications and difficulties. On the other hand, the treaty

structure of Europe before 1914 rested on the unconditional interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause, which provided that when a concession was granted to a third Power, it was immediately and automatically generalized to every nation entitled to be treated as a "most favoured nation". Europe's experience with this interpretation was not entirely happy, but the reason for the result must be sought elsewhere than in the principle. The tariff wars and kindred troubles in Europe grew out of the practice of negotiating short-term treaties on the basis of two-column tariff systems. When the treaties expired, they could be reëstablished only with great difficulty and after much ill will in bargaining.

Indications are not lacking that the United States is about to modify its attitude toward the most-favoured-nation clause in commercial treaties. The declaration of policy in Section 317 of the Tariff Act of 1922 indicates that Congress no longer excepts from the definition of "discrimination" concessions granted in return for other concessions; this law provides for penalty duties to be imposed in any case where a foreign nation "discriminates in fact against the commerce of the United States . . . in such manner as to place the commerce of the United States at a disadvantage compared with the commerce of any foreign country". In the American-Turkish treaty, moreover, the unconditional most-favoured-nation principle is embodied. Our commercial relations with Brazil are now also on that basis. In our early history there was, no doubt, some justification for the conditional interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause; but that justification no longer exists. The unconditional interpretation is the natural accompaniment of the open door principle for which the American Government has so consistently stood. Both the unconditional interpretation of this clause and the open door principle tend to establish commercial equality, and on this basis any successful international understanding must rest.

A second principle, not so well known but occurring as frequently in commercial treaties, is that of national treatment. National treatment is a guarantee that the citizens of each of the contracting States shall enjoy the same treatment with respect to the specified matters as is accorded to the nationals of the

other country. Citizens of Great Britain are guaranteed national treatment under the treaty of 1815 with respect to shipping in the ports of the United States; that is, no discrimination is permitted against goods which are brought into the United States in British ships as compared with like goods imported into the United States in American ships. The national treatment section of the treaty would be violated if the United States were to grant goods imported in American ships a five per cent. customs rebate over similar goods imported in British ships. Another illustration of national treatment is the treaty between Great Britain and the German Zollverein, which terminated in 1898. By this treaty German goods were guaranteed the same treatment in British Colonies as that accorded to British goods. It was unfortunate that this treaty was terminated, because it represented a distinct forward step in international commercial relations. Its denunciation was a step backward.

Most-favoured-nation treatment and national treatment do not, however, meet all cases. This is particularly true of distribution of raw materials when the supply is concentrated. If Americans alone owned all the sisal plantations in Yucatan, all the rubber in the Federated Malay States, and all the nitrates in Chile, guarantees of national treatment would not save our manufacturers and consumers from the effects of foreign state policies which force up prices by restricting the quantity to be exported or by levying unduly high export duties. Treaty guarantees should be made effective under all circumstances against any unfair restrictions or unreasonable burdens in the shape of excessive export taxes. It might be possible to obtain guarantees limiting export taxes to some reasonable amount, say, 10 per cent. In other cases, a pledge that no undue restrictions would be placed upon the exportation of products of American owned plantations or mines might be sufficient. In still other cases, it might be desirable to obtain pledges limiting the amount of taxation on foreign-owned properties. The history of the Congo Free State, for instance, shows that guarantees of national treatment so far as taxation is concerned may be worthless, when neither foreign nor domestic corporations can control or moderate the taxing power of the local government.

In discussing treaty guarantees affecting the distribution of raw materials and the investment of capital, the fundamental distinction between import and export duties should be recognized. The principle should be accepted that no State should attempt to protect or monopolize manufacturing for markets other than its own national market. Each nation should reserve and safeguard for its manufacturers only its own market. The ordinary import duties on finished articles accomplish this purpose. No amount of protection upon a finished article will enable the manufacturers of a nation to invade and dominate foreign markets. On the other hand, in the present unregulated state of international affairs a national government which controls a natural monopoly of a raw material may, by export duties or restrictions on the raw materials, levy tribute upon the world in a manner and to a degree which cannot be done in the case of finished products. This may also be accomplished by the concentration of capital in the hands of producers.

In addition to regular commercial treaties, there arise between nations many issues which can be disposed of by means of special treaties. The negotiation between the United States Government and Japan concerning the Island of Yap furnishes an excellent example. Outstanding issues of this character between two States, if settled by means of a written document, contribute *pro tanto* to extend the principles of law to the field of international relations.

National safety, however, rests upon something more than action by individual governments and treaty negotiations between them, bargaining two by two. International coöperation by a series of bilateral treaties, universally accepted, is significant in that it concedes the principle; but all the bilateral treaties will not advance the development of international commercial law as will a few general treaties among the States concerned. The latter have greater permanence and stability. They bring into line the more nationalistic States. In their negotiation the principle of mere bargaining between States is displaced by the principle of considering issues on their merits.

Such genuine coöperation among the nations is necessary to solve some of the most difficult of the world's problems. Beyond

a certain point, national security depends upon international security. Economic issues, such as the struggle for markets and raw materials, rivalry for the investment of capital in undeveloped areas, disputes respecting unfair methods and practices in international competition and respecting combinations, if not solved by genuine international coöperation, may undermine the national structure on which the modern world rests.

The acceptance of the principle of coöperation among nations to solve essentially international questions is, in no sense, an infringement of national sovereignty. It tends toward the establishment of government and law in a field not adequately regulated by nations today, and which from the nature of things can not be adequately governed by nations acting alone. Such coöperation supplements national legislation and bilateral treaty negotiations, since it reaches situations which national action not only does not correct but frequently aggravates.

Nations have begun to make international coöperation effective. They have negotiated various general or multilateral treaties and set up international government in limited fields. Postal communication throughout the world is regulated by the Universal Postal Union. International treaties afford protection to copyrights and to patents and trademarks. There are international conventions relating to telegraphic, cable and radio communications. Trade in Central Africa is regulated by the Final Act of the Berlin Conference of 1885 and its amendments. Rules were established to govern commerce and economic penetration in Morocco by the Algeciras Convention of 1906. Naval disarmament, peace in the Pacific basin, and Chinese problems were dealt with by the multilateral treaties adopted at the Washington Conference. In this type of international coöperation principles other than mere bargaining begin to appear. The tendency is toward considering problems on their merits. The farthest advance in this direction, from which the nations unfortunately have fallen back, was made during the war in the work of the Allied Maritime Transport Council, the Inter-Allied Food Council, and the programme committees for textiles, hides and leather, paper, timber, petroleum and coal.

Any plan for world peace must provide for all the elements of

government. It must provide for the development of substantive international law; for its administration and for its interpretation and construction. An elaborate constitution is not necessary. Indeed, it is not desirable. World government, like any other, must be a slow, gradual growth. International schemes with too much finality and attempted predetermination of issues are likely to fail. The English common law was the product of centuries of experience. The principles of Anglo-Saxon constitutional government were not born full-fledged. International government must have time through experiment and precedent to weave itself into the fabric of the world's life. The most that any generation can do is to establish tendencies which move toward the goal of a better world order.

World law can be formulated most successfully in conferences called to discuss specific problems. Representatives of ability are appointed to attend these conferences with a particular agenda in mind. They are steadied by their sense of responsibility. Their work is performed with respect to public opinion at home and throughout the world. It is only in this way that international law can hope to develop and to be enforced. A few illustrations will suggest the nature of principles which nations might agree to as guides in settling particular disputes.

(1) A definite step in the formulation of world commercial law was taken when the nations represented at the Washington Conference agreed, "with a view to applying more effectively the principle of the open door or equality of treatment in China," that they would not seek or support their respective nationals in seeking—

(a) any arrangement which might purport to establish in favour of their interests any general superiority of rights with respect to commercial or economic development in any designated region of China;

(b) any such monopoly or preference as would deprive the nationals of any other Power of the right of undertaking any legitimate trade or industry in China, or of participating with the Chinese Government, or with any local authority, in any category of public enterprize, or which by reason of its scope, duration or geographical extent is calculated to frustrate the practical application of the principle of equal opportunity.

But the open door principle is applicable to areas other than China. It requires further amplification and definition. It

applies not only to inbound but also to outbound trade. It applies to the investment of capital and to all the facilities of commerce and finance. Its relation must be made clear, first, to monopoly, second, to the conservation of natural resources.

There may be equality of opportunity in bidding for a concession, but if the concession when granted gives a monopoly over the resources of an unreasonably large area, the spirit of equal opportunity is not observed. This situation may arise frequently in the case of minerals and mineral oil. The proposal has been made (and in some areas adopted) to allow exploration rights over large areas in order to encourage capital to engage in prospecting, but with the proviso that after a limited period a smaller area be selected for exploitation.

The principle of free access to raw materials must not be interpreted to exclude wise measures of conservation. The open door (outward) gives no right to waste the resources on which the world depends. American oil has been exploited for the benefit of the whole world. American companies backed by the American Government now claim equal opportunity in exploiting the oil resources of foreign undeveloped areas. Other large aggregations of wealth are seeking concessions and foreign governments have thrown their influence into the balance because oil has become a vital necessity in peace and war. Should this exploitation of exhaustible natural resources go on unrestrained? What interest, if any, should a world conference take in regulating the production and distribution of oil?

Another case which illustrates the problem of conservation is manganese. Manganese is a destructible metal. Once it is used in the process of making high speed steel, it is lost and can not be recovered as can iron from the scrap. In order to obtain ore of a manganese content demanded by the trade, much of the ore is lost in washing. Is this a world problem? Have we any obligation to conserve the world's limited supply of manganese (and tungsten, too) for future generations?

(2) The aggressive use of government economic measures against other peoples has been a source of ill will. Under the pleasantly sounding term, "valorization," governments have assisted in price-fixing schemes for the exploitation of the foreign

consumer. Government monopolies, such as the British monopoly of Nauru phosphates, are resented by certain excluded countries. Aggressive export taxes, with or without preferential features or other restriction, arouse resentment among peoples upon whom these economic burdens fall.

(3) Not the least of the problems requiring consideration by a world conference is the prevention of unfair competition in international trade and the regulation of international combinations. In all advanced industrial countries domestic law protects one competitor from unfair practices by another. In the United States not only does a private remedy exist in both State and Federal courts, but unfair methods of competition are made an offense against the public. They are prohibited by both the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act. The Tariff Act of 1922 also provides a remedy against "unfair methods of competition and unfair acts in the importation of articles into the United States". Unfair methods of competition are not confined to domestic commerce; they are practiced in international trade as well, particularly in countries where the local law provides no adequate remedy. An attempt to correct this evil in a very limited field was made in the Industrial Property Convention, under which twenty-nine independent nations and some of their colonies separately agreed to assure to the nationals of each other "an effective protection against unfair competition". This and similar provisions, however, have proved in practice to be inadequate. The entire subject of unfair competition should be considered in a world conference and a beginning made toward developing that part of an international commercial code.

(4) Other difficulties are presented by the subject of the regulation of combinations international in scope. National governments usually, instead of restraining, encourage their nationals in large scale production and distribution in the foreign field. Probably little or nothing will be gained by trying to break up combinations in international trade. Under proper regulation they may become efficient useful agencies for the development of the world's physical resources. Just because they are very powerful they cease to be merely private enterprises. They

influence the action of States, and governments even use them to further their political aims. In foreign even more than in domestic affairs it is hypocritical to pretend that the vast organizations of our modern economic life are not of primary public concern.

Other subjects, such as shipping and electrical communications, might be used to illustrate further the possibilities of coöperation in the development of the substantive law of nations. The cases given, however, will make clear the nature of the problems which, one at a time, might be considered in world conferences inspired by the motive of removing so far as possible the causes of war and extending to international relations the regulating influence of law. Substantive law, however, is not sufficient; in addition effective methods of administration must be devised. When rules or principles have been agreed upon by nations, extreme views of national sovereignty have usually prevented the setting up of international machinery for their effective administration. This clear necessity should also be faced in future world conferences.

An effort to deal internationally with bounties and consequent dumping—an unfair method of foreign trade competition—was made in the Brussels Sugar Convention of 1902, to which the leading European countries were signatories. The treaty prohibited bounties, direct or indirect, on the production or exportation of sugar, and the parties agreed to penalize such bounties, if levied, by the imposition of countervailing duties equal to the bounties. A commission with administrative functions was created to make effective the provisions of the convention.

Effective administrative work is being done by the League of Nations through its various commissions and bureaus. There are, for instance, the purely administrative organizations for the Saar and for Dantzig. But perhaps more important in the development of effective international government are such non-political organs, among others, as the Financial and Economic Commission, the Advisory Organization on Transit and Communication, the International Labor Office, and the Mandates Commission. In these sections of the League's organization, international coöperation is taking concrete form.

When the Nine Power treaty was under consideration by the Arms Conference, the necessity for administration was recog-

nized. This treaty not only laid down a definite principle concerning the open door, but it provided that China should "not exercise or permit unfair discrimination of any kind" on her railways. The conference then, desiring "to provide a procedure" for dealing with these questions, resolved "to establish in China a Board of Reference to which any questions arising in connection with the execution of the aforesaid Articles may be referred for investigation and report".

These precedents suggest lines of further development. The first obviously desirable function of international commissions or bureaus which may be established is investigation. The various subjects of international coöperation considered by conference will require investigation both before and after conference action. Commissions might be established to furnish information on foreign investments in economically backward countries, on unfair methods of international competition and monopoly, on electrical communication between nations, and on regulating the distribution of certain essential raw materials such as rubber and oil. It would contribute to better understanding among peoples if responsible international commissions endowed merely with powers of investigation and publicity were permanently established. Secrecy and misinformation have contributed unnecessarily and far too extensively to fear and misunderstanding among peoples. Impartial investigation is absolutely the first step toward further progress in international coöperation.

The development of international regulation must necessarily be gradual. These commissions might in the next place be given semi-judicial or administrative powers to deal with subjects with which, as experience has shown, the legal machinery of a court can not successfully deal. For example, it has been found in the United States that unfair methods of competition as offenses against the public can be more successfully prevented by the Federal Trade Commission than by the Federal Courts. Rules once laid down by international conferences could be applied to particular cases by commissions. Decisions should be on the merit of the case between the parties and not a bargain between representatives of two nations. Unhampered by the strict rules of legal procedure, these commissions would be able to act more

quickly and effectively than a court, and in the majority of cases, as the experience of American federal commissions has demonstrated, the mere bringing together of contending parties and open consideration of the facts will solve many difficulties without formal litigation. Provision should be made for appeal on matters of law, when desired, to the World Court. The analogy in American practice is the appeal allowed from the decisions of the Federal Trade Commission to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

But how, it may be asked, will the decisions of these commissions be enforced? The answer is that in almost all cases publicity will be sufficient. The International Chamber of Commerce, for example, relies chiefly on opinion in the business community for the enforcement of its awards under its admirable rules for the arbitration of commercial disputes. The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations has found publicity a powerful force in getting its suggestions carried out. If, however, it seems desirable to go farther, the commissions, after their rulings in case of an appeal had been passed on by the World Court, might be given power to enforce their decisions against individuals or corporations, or it might be provided that they be enforced through some national body in the country where the offending party is a resident; for example, a decision against an American corporation guilty of unfair competition in international trade might be enforced through the Federal Trade Commission.

A word should be added on the proper attitude of international commissions toward the interest of peoples whose resources are being exploited. The vital interest of China, for example, in her own resources is very often overlooked in discussions and decisions relating to the economic development of the world. A large percentage of her raw materials must for years be exported. Any international commission considering disputes between the citizens of Western Powers over the development of resources in the less economically advanced parts of the world should have in mind the protection of the interest of the peoples in the natural resources found in their territory. These peoples should obtain through royalties and other forms of taxation an adequate proportion of the profit from economic enterprises.

The determination of such questions is not easy. Difficult points arise from the issue of what constitutes an adequate profit and of what the relationship should be between the present use of a raw material to the primary advantage of the rest of the world and the future use which might be primarily for the benefit of the locality.

Finally, in addition to provisions for the enactment in conferences and the administration through commissions of international law, there should be provisions for the interpretation and construction of the law. In this department of coöperation the precedents are conclusive. From the beginning of American history our Government has advocated and practiced the judicial settlement of disputes. Most of the nations today, except the United States, have adhered to the World Court protocol, and the United States should, in the near future, logically accept this obligation. The cases already decided by the World Court illustrate the nature of subjects on which this branch of international government may pass. The Court has rendered a number of advisory opinions. In one case the question was submitted to the Court as to whether the competence of the International Labour Organization extends to international regulation of the conditions of labour of persons employed in agriculture. The Court answered this question in the affirmative. In another case the Court's advice was asked on whether a dispute between France and Great Britain over the application to British subjects of certain decrees issued in Tunis and Morocco was or was not by international law solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction. The Court ruled that it was not solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction. The World Court has also rendered one judgment. The S. S. *Wimbledon*, an English ship chartered by a French company, was carrying munitions of war from Salonica to the Polish Naval Base at Dantzig. The German authorities refused passage to this vessel through the Kiel Canal, on the ground that such passage was in violation of the neutrality orders issued by Germany at the time of the Russo-Polish War. Basing its decision on the Treaty of Versailles, the Court held that Germany should not have prevented the passage of the *Wimbledon* through the Kiel Canal, and that the German Government was bound to make good any damages suffered by the charterers of the ship.

Given accepted principles of international law, a court can apply them to particular sets of facts and by logical interpretation build up a consistent body of precedents. Mention has been made of the most-favoured-nation principle in commercial treaties. If all treaties containing this provision provided for an appeal to the World Court in cases of disputes over meaning or application, there would gradually develop a consistent useful body of precedent which would guide the nations in their commercial relations. A court, it must always be remembered, has limitations. Its effectiveness depends on its recognizing this fact. The World Court when asked to give advice in a dispute between Russia and Finland replied that the question was not one of "abstract law, but concerns directly the main point of the controversy between Finland and Russia, and can only be decided by an investigation into the facts underlying the case." But within well defined limits a court can take recognized principles of international law and treaty provisions and upon them extend the jurisdiction of law to many fields in which today it is enforced, if at all, only imperfectly.

Before concluding, it may be proper to refer to another problem of international affairs, which falls outside the settlement of disputes between Western States, but which none the less must be squarely faced if the world is to enjoy lasting peace. It is a product of the economic pressure of population on the resources of Asia. The problem for the East and the West jointly to solve is how to give to the East some of the material advantages of Western progress and of scientific methods and at the same time to preserve the fundamental spiritual values of Eastern civilization. Different methods to accomplish this result will have to be pursued in different countries of the East. Great Britain is able to take care of the problem for India. Persia is again mistress in her own house and may be expected to solve her own problems. In China, indications are that some disinterested assistance from the outside is necessary. The development of the food supply and the better organization of China's economic life are the concern of the whole world. No large area of the earth can be allowed to remain unproductive, or to underproduce, without the rest of the world suffering seriously in con-

sequence. A commission of experts and impartial representatives drawn from both China and the Western Powers might be appointed to supervise, with the full coöperation of China, the economic development of that country in the critical transition stage which is just before her.

In conclusion, the suggestions which have been made concerning international coöperation are in line with the best American traditions. If carried out, they will tend to remove the causes of war. Until these or similar steps are taken toward effective international coöperation, it will be necessary for nations to maintain their military organizations. Armaments are bases of security until something more effective is established. The choice before the world is between force and coöperation. The more effective international machinery becomes, the less belief will there be in dependence upon force. But until the machinery is built up and perfected, nations will seek their security through armies and navies. No plan for world peace is worth very much which waits until a crisis is on before acting. Incidents such as the Dogger Bank affair in 1904 cannot be foreseen and must be dealt with after the crisis has arisen, but they in themselves do not ordinarily involve fundamental conflicts of interest. Sometimes they are made the occasion for forcing the settlement of other issues which should have been disposed of before they had reached a dangerous stage.

Armies, navies, and aeroplanes are the expensive concessions which we make to our lack of vision. They seem to give us national safety, and when we see no other alternative we cling to them as our only hope. But the oncoming generation is disillusioned. It realizes that unless we organize and control the great material forces of our civilization, they will destroy it and us. It is not seeking a false safety in armaments, but a real safety in the development of government in international relations. This goal is becoming more clearly defined each year and the determination to attain it gathers strength. It will not be gained in a day, but with the tendencies established those men and women who are working for a better world order can wait and be confident.

WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON.

AERONAUTICAL DIPLOMACY

BY LIEUT.-COM. CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER, U. S. N.

TWENTY years ago, on December 17, 1903, aviation became a practical accomplishment, when the Wright Brothers gave mechanical flights to the world. Scarcely any other achievement of man has developed as rapidly as the art of flying. Not only has aviation become an everyday factor in military and naval affairs, but it has been granted its rightful place in the commercial life of present day civilization. Further, aviation has become something more than a pawn in the great game of international politics. It has served as the excuse, if it has not been the actual factor, in the delicate readjustment of the Anglo-French *entente* with respect to military and naval affairs. At the present moment there is before the governments of Europe and the United States a deep consideration of the limitation of aerial armament. It will be our pleasure to discuss some phases of the proposed reduction of air forces, and the international developments since the World War which lead up to the proposal.

At the Washington Conference, from which emerged the Five Power Naval Treaty, a precedent was established by the United States through its conferees, which has laid the basis for the ratio allotment between nations engaging in future conferences of like purpose, wherein the strength in arms possessed by the nations participating at the time governs their ratio should treaties be concluded. For example: The Five Power Naval Treaty allotted the following ratios: to the United States and Great Britain, five per cent. each; to Japan three per cent., and to France and Italy one and three-fourths per cent. each. This indicates the allowed future naval strength, in capital ships, of the Powers concerned for the period of the Treaty, and also faithfully records the comparative strength in capital ships of each nation at the time of the Conference. At that Conference, overtures were

made with respect to a future conference in which the subject of aviation would be dealt with.

France, at the foot of the table at Washington, as soon as the treaties were concluded immediately began building air craft. Recognizing the principle laid down at Washington, and aware that a conference held to establish the ratio strength in aerial armament would follow the established precedent, she was not to be caught at the foot of the table a second time—and if the French maintain their present aerial supremacy, their place at the head of any future conference table is assured. In our own case, considering our present condition with respect to military and naval aviation, we would be at the foot of the table, for we are led by France, Great Britain, Japan, Italy, and even Germany and Russia.

Despite repeated warnings from Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of our Navy, and Major-General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, our legislators have refused to provide sufficient appropriations to permit the establishment of adequate military and naval air forces for the common defense.

When it is considered that our defense lines are no longer confined to the coasts of our continental area, but in the case of the Pacific extend from the Aleutian Islands to the Canal Zone by way of Hawaii, and in the case of the Atlantic extend from Eastport, Maine, to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands, and thence to Panama, we begin to wonder how one experimental aircraft carrier, the *Langley*, of about 12,000 tons and with a speed of 15 knots, can possibly meet the requirements. And when we further consider the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and between Canada and the Gulf, we have further misgivings when we remember that the Army Air Service is so deficient in equipment that it finds great difficulty in carrying out war games in any given area within the boundaries named with a force large enough to meet the demands of a full brigade.

With these inadequate forces, how is it possible for the United States to engage in a conference for the reduction of aerial armament? We have now reached a point where our peace time establishment is depleted to such an extent that necessary train-

ing has had to be abandoned. It would seem, then, that the advocates of air force reduction, in which this nation is to take an important part, are entirely wrong in their premises. We established the precedent and the basis upon which ratios are to be determined, but we have not put ourselves in a position to take advantage of the policy which we gave to the world.

France has nothing to fear from an aerial conference. All other nations have. In the controversy between Great Britain and France over the increasing air force which France has under way, there are several political considerations which seriously affect the efficacy of the *entente cordiale* between the two Powers. In the first place, the two nations have been maintaining a very close military and naval alliance. So long as Great Britain kept up the largest navy in the world and France the most powerful military force, the security of France and the British Isles would appear to be beyond attack; indeed, with France increasing her air forces, Great Britain was able to send twenty-six of her thirty-three squadrons to Egypt and the Near East to cope with the rising power of the Turks and to police the Iraq, and this without fear of a sudden descent upon England by hostile aircraft from any source.

But after France took military possession of the Ruhr, which did not exactly fit the policies of the British Ministry, the French air force became the object of attack by the British Government and press, and the House of Commons was called upon to appropriate enormous sums for the purpose of building up British military and naval aviation to an equality with that of France. Moreover, Italy, which for pecuniary reasons had allowed her air force materially to deteriorate in equipment and personnel, suddenly reversed her policy and is now embarked on a programme which calls for an enormous expansion.

Japan started out during the World War to provide herself with a military and naval air force to meet the needs of her increasing dominions; in fact, Japan has a more progressive aerial programme than any other Power. She has established enormous factories, has secured competent engineers from England, France, Germany and Italy; has hired *en bloc* aeronautical technicians and military and naval officers from England and France to train her

personnel and to lay down plans for her aeronautical development; all of which has contributed to an air force far beyond the peace time requirements of the Far Eastern empire.

To international observers, this aeronautical hubbub appears to be another competition, similar in its expenditures and imperialistic aspect to that of the naval race choked off by the treaties of Washington.

At first, Great Britain advocated the reduction of air forces, if only to stop the gathering power of the French. But the principle upon which ratios are based has changed the British attitude. Not until she has acquired what her leaders consider an adequate air force will she join in any such conference. Misinformed altruists in this country, however, are blindly clamouring that our Administration call a conference forthwith.

Propaganda emanating from European sources has been issued in this country in a flood. Attention is called to the remarkable achievements of our Army and Navy air services in garnering all of the worth-while aeronautical records of the world. This is pointed out as showing that we are superior aerially to any other nation. It is true that our Navy and Army fliers hold the world records for speed, long distance flight, altitude and duration; that we are able to refuel planes in the air; that our motors are the most powerful and reliable; that our pilots are the most skilfull and ingenious—but their numbers are, alas, few.

One cannot but marvel at the persistence and patriotism which is manifested by the personnel in our military and naval air forces. Nor should we neglect to give credit to the manufacturers whose engineering personnel have produced the planes with which our pilots have made these remarkable records. Nor should we fail to recognize the extraordinary efficiency of the Air Mail Service, which has demonstrated to this country, and the world, that commercial aviation is a practicable enterprise, and one which we neglect to our economic disadvantage.

General Patrick has recently set forth what is the course which we must pursue if we desire even a continuance of our present reduced activities in the military and naval field. He states that the aeronautical industry in this country is on its last legs;

that the small peace time appropriations from our Government are not sufficient to keep alive the necessary manufacturing plants to meet our peace time needs, let alone to serve as a nucleus for expansion sufficient to meet a war time emergency; that we have been going along with remodelled war time equipment, which is out of date and by deterioration fast becoming dangerous; that we have insufficient personnel and equipment to train reserves; that we are, in fact, at the parting of the ways; that we should at once establish and maintain a programme of development in our military and naval air services which would insure the necessary requirements of our Treaty Navy, and our National Army under the Defense Act of June 4, 1920. That we have not been doing this, amounts to a public scandal.

Heartrending application on the part of the few available Army and Navy officers will not compensate for lack of equipment, nor can they be stretched to cover the personnel requirements. Both the Bureau of Aeronautics and the Army Air Service have laid down a programme which will be presented to Congress during the present session, and if our legislators have one grain of the sense with which they are credited, the necessary appropriations will be forthcoming. Without these appropriations, and a consequent enlargement of our air forces, there can be no conference for the reduction of air armament, even if the international situation shall permit. This is because our Government has no right to jeopardize the national defense by engaging in such a conference, the results of which would be that, for the life of whatever treaty might be forthcoming, this great nation would be required to bring up the rear.

In the Preamble of our Constitution, our Founders recognized the necessity of a common defense, and we certainly have no moral excuse for jeopardizing the foundations of our Federal Union by neglecting any phase of our defensive forces, of which aviation has become one of the most important elements. That trite saying, "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link," finds its most pertinent application in this question of aerial defense; this is admitted by the leading authorities of the world.

If Congress, because of the Washington Treaties, which seem to promise us peace for the next ten or a dozen years, is lulled into

inactivity with respect to the development of a national policy which shall place us in a preferred position from the aeronautical standpoint, our Administration, with its counsellors in the War and Navy Departments, is especially wide awake to the necessities of the hour. Granted that the Washington Treaties do promise us peace with the signatories thereto, what have we to say of the enormous aeronautical developments going on in Russia through the combined efforts of Germany and the Soviet Governments?

Danger from this quarter has been anticipated by the Administration, in that the White House has issued a statement that European conditions at the present time, together with the rapid change in aeronautical equipment due to new inventions and the results of scientific research, make a world conference for the reduction of air armaments inadvisable for some time to come. It is interesting to note the comedy of errors which is responsible for the injection of the Russian Air Force into the situation. To begin with, the Allied Committee of Control of German aeronautics laid down such irritating restrictions that it became necessary, within two years after the Versailles Treaty had been in operation, to revise the Committee's regulations.

A copy of the revised document was forwarded to our State Department by the Allied Council of Ambassadors, in the fall of 1921, with the expectation that the United States would become a party to the Committee of Control. This nation refused to engage in any such programme as that advanced by the Committee, and in reply called attention to the following facts: That scientific minds in Germany had been concentrated on aeronautical problems with such success that many of the most important advances in the science were rightfully to be credited to German progress, and that the Allies had no right to deny to the world the further development of aeronautics at German hands; that it would be impossible for the United States to specify clearly between military and commercial aircraft, because aviation is so young a science and is developing so rapidly that what might be considered commercial aircraft today would be considered military aircraft tomorrow; and that, further, if Germany should be denied the right to purchase and manufacture

aeronautical equipment sufficient for her economic needs, she would go elsewhere and build aircraft without reference to their character.

Despite all this, the Allied Committee of Control blanketed Germany's aeronautical industry. And the expected happened. Not having any intention of being left out of the aeronautical race among the Powers, Germany went into Russia with funds, engineers, skilled mechanics, and pilots, with the result that the Allied Committee's activities have been completely nullified. In the language of the sailor, the Allied Committee of Control is thus a complete, absolute, and glorious washout.

Instead of being able to combine the air forces of Western Europe, including Germany, as a unit to absorb the first rush of a Slavic invasion, the Allies now find that German aviation is a part of the Slavic force, or vice-versa. This situation is what is worrying Great Britain, France and Italy, and is one of the most important factors in the decision to forego an aerial conference. Again, how can Americans flout the advice of their aeronautical experts and continue to cry for a general reduction of air forces?

Our immediate course, as advised by our competent aeronautical authorities, should be the enactment by Congress of an aeronautical law, establishing a Bureau of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce for the regulation and development of commercial aeronautics and a dependable aeronautical industry. This will furnish us with the manufacturing facilities for the expansion of our military and naval air services, and, at the same time, will provide us with a reserve force of trained pilots to augment those services in time of emergency. In addition, Congress should appropriate the necessary funds to carry out the programme laid down by the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy, designed to ensure us adequate air defenses on land and sea. These necessary duties performed, Congress could no longer be charged with neglecting the national defense in so far as aviation is concerned.

CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER.

THE RACIAL TRANSFORMATION OF AMERICA

BY MADISON GRANT

THE question of a further restriction of immigration is daily assuming greater importance in the press and in the discussions of public bodies, and the proposed legislation reducing the quota and changing its basis from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890 will be acrimoniously debated during the present session of Congress. It is evident that the general principle of a numerical restriction of immigration into the United States is an established policy and the discussion will turn on the ways and means of accomplishing this end rather than on the principle itself. This indicates a great change of public opinion during the last decade.

Ten years ago there were many who openly urged an absolutely unlimited immigration into this country while nominally conceding the desirability of forbidding the entry of the insane, criminal and diseased. The old American idea, inherited from the nineteenth century, of the efficacy of the Melting Pot, still prevailed. Looking back over even a short period of time, it seems strange that this fatuous belief in the all-pervading power of Democracy to obliterate race characters in a single generation could persist so long. One would suppose that our three centuries of experience with the Negro problem would have militated against this very satisfactory self-confidence, but it was not until the passions generated by the Civil War had evaporated that we Americans were able to regard that problem in its true light. When we did so regard it we found we had acquired several similar problems, both racial and religious. The awakening came with the Great War, when Americans were forced to the realization that their country, instead of being a homogeneous whole, was a jumbled-up mass of undigested racial material. They then learned somewhat to their surprise that the country was no longer Anglo-Saxon nor Protestant, and that in some

localities there were indications that it might not continue to be English-speaking.

Americans were shocked to find what a subordinate place was occupied by the old American stock in the opinions of some aliens. An example of this was in a poster issued by some misguided enthusiast in the Treasury Department in one of the appeals for Liberty Loans, showing a Howard Chandler Christy girl of pure Nordic type, pointing with pride to a list of names and saying "AMERICANS ALL". Then follows the list of names:

AMERICANS ALL

Du Bois	Villotto
Smith	Levy
O'Brien	Turovich
Cejka	Kowalski
Haucke	Chriczanevicz
Pappandrikopolous	Knutson
Andrassi	Gonzales

The one native American, apparently, so far as he figures at all, is hidden under the sobriquet of Smith, and there is an implied suggestion that the very beautiful lady is the product of this remarkable Melting Pot.

This awakening of the American consciousness had several results. Desperate efforts were made and still are being made to "Americanize" the immigrant, on the supposition that giving him the vote would in some way alter his outlook on life and wean him from his hereditary predisposition to undermine the Government. The immigrants, to a large extent, belonged to submerged or repressed classes in their native country, and in consequence many of them regarded all governmental control with antipathy. These alien Socialists, Radicals, I. W. W.'s and Bolshevists served a very useful purpose in rousing Americans to the peril of an increase in their numbers. The danger to the Government, however, is a more or less temporary one, although at the time being it may be very real, owing to the leadership of this group by native American zealots.

A further reaction, awakened by the realization of the number of foreigners living here, took the practical and immediate direction of restrictive immigration measures, the enormous

popularity of which is indicated by the votes that legislation to this end always receives in Congress. In 1917 the literacy test was passed over President Wilson's veto by a vote of 287 to 106 in the House, and a vote of 62 to 19 in the Senate. The present law was passed by a vote of 276 to 33 in the House and 78 to 1 in the Senate. The difficulty lies not in passing such legislation when once before Congress, but in formulating the law, and there are large interests concerned not only in opposing further restriction but in breaking down and making unpopular the existing laws. How subtle and widespread these attacks are one can realize by reading the so-called "sob stuff" in the daily press about "outrages" at Ellis Island. Of course, there are hardships and suffering, inseparable from the operation of any general law, —especially an immigration law,—but why should America be compelled to receive an imbecile child as a potential parent of future Americans because the child's family want to enter? Sympathy of this sort is rampant, but it fails to take into consideration the future. It is only recently that the former president of one of our great universities went on record as saying that rather than separate a family he would urge the admittance of an imbecile child of an ablebodied worker. In other words, the old-fashioned idea is still abroad that the would-be immigrant, as such, has certain inherent rights which the Americans are obliged to recognize. As a matter of fact, the immigrant has no rights whatever except those we choose to give him, and we Americans are perfectly justified in considering our own welfare first.

The forces opposed to restriction are not merely these American sentimentalists but other very practical and important elements. First, the steamship companies have been very active in the past, although their influence in opposing restriction is diminishing. They consider that they have a vested right in transporting live freight and dumping them in this country. From the steamship company's point of view this is perfectly legitimate, but there is not the slightest reason why America should consider the interests of these companies when they conflict with those of the nation.

Next, there are the refuge-of-the-oppressed idealists, many of whom seem to think that there is some analogy between the persecution of, let us say, the Huguenots three hundred years ago

and the racial and religious persecutions which from time to time appear in Eastern Europe. However, both the rights of the steamship companies and the rights of the oppressed, while very influential ten years ago as factors in the question, are of little importance now. The present opponents to restriction are the employers of labour, and the racial groups who want admission for their friends and "relatives". The employers of labour, naturally, seek a large supply of cheap and docile labour for their own immediate industrial needs. This would be all very well if the immigrants did not reproduce their kind. For instance, if we had a contract coolie labour law under which Chinamen could be brought into the country to do their work without bringing in their own women or mixing with the surrounding population, there would be no *racial* objection to their admission. Such a solution, of course, is entirely impractical until we repeal our Contract Labour laws.

Any kind of manual work done by slaves, serfs or immigrants of a low social scale drives out from such employment men of a higher standard of living. In other words, when heavy manua labour is performed by foreigners, as it was by the Irish in the last half of the nineteenth century, or as it is by the Italians and Slavs now, native Americans will not work alongside of them nor accept their standards of living. The work that these immigrants do comes to be regarded as menial and degrading, so that in the next generation the children of the ditch labourer or the servant girl, after education in the public school, refuse to follow in their parents' footsteps and want "white collar" jobs in further competition with the native Americans. The result is that wherever immigrant labour has entered there has been a corresponding fall in the American birth rate, because responsible Americans will not bring children into the world to compete in rough labour with immigrants of a low social standard, and it has been computed that for every immigrant admitted one American was *not* born.

There is little doubt that the population of this country would be substantially as large as it is now if no immigrants whatever had come in during the last hundred years, and it is equally certain that the Americans would not have despised manual

labour as they do now.[1] In parts of the country and in occupations where the competition of the alien is not felt, the native American works cheerfully at the most labourious tasks. The immigrant thus has done a very serious damage to America by teaching our youth to despise hard manual labour. The promotion of Americans into an upper class, resting upon strata of aliens of lower standards, has also had the effect of reducing the native American birth rate. This is a phenomenon universal all over Europe and by no means of recent date. The upper and wealthier classes tend to lower their rate of reproduction while the lower classes continue to breed recklessly.

In addition to driving native Americans out of many occupations, a further injury to the nation has been caused by unrestricted immigration through the introduction of a fast breeding alien population which expands at a rate of increase entirely out of proportion to that of the native Americans. It is not merely a problem of stopping immigration, because we already have here large bodies of people who are racially incompatible with native Americans and who are rapidly replacing the latter. How rapid and complete such a replacement of population can be is illustrated by the following data:

Take two population groups, A and B, and consider their rate of increase with the understanding that only individuals who reproduce themselves are counted, and with the further understanding that for the purposes of this estimate there is no mixture between the groups. Let the two classes be in all cases of equal number at the start, and let us say that A has three children in a given length of time and B has in the same period four children. At the end of one hundred years instead of being fifty per cent. of the population A would be twenty-eight per cent. and B seventy-two per cent., and after three hundred years A would be seven per cent. and B ninety-three per cent. Let us go one step further. If A group marries late in life and has an average generation of thirty-three years, and B group marries earlier and has an average generation of twenty-five years, starting again with equal numbers and both having *equal* numbers of children,

[1] See conclusions of Gen. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of Census in 1870 and 1880, and data in the memorandum submitted by Earle A. Walcott before the House Immigration Committee in December, 1922.

at the end of one hundred years A would be thirty-three per cent. and B sixty-seven per cent., and at the end of three hundred years the figures would be eleven per cent. against eighty-nine per cent. In actual practice, however, it is found that those who marry early tend to have the larger families. If we add these two cases together, we find that with A having three generations in a century and three children in each generation, and B having four generations to a century and four children, the divergence between the members of these two groups is much greater, because, starting again with equal numbers, in one hundred years A would be seventeen and a half per cent., and B eighty-two and a half per cent., and in three hundred years the figures would be for A nine-tenths of one per cent., and for B ninety-nine and one-tenth per cent. We thus see that early marriages and a slightly larger number of children would in three hundred years totally change the character of a population.

This has been going on in Europe for generations, and since mediæval times the lower classes and races have expanded at the expense of the upper classes, so that many countries which formerly had large Nordic populations, such as Spain and Italy and the provinces of the old Austrian Empire, are almost stripped of their Nordic blood. France, which all through mediæval times down to within a century ago was very Nordic, has reached a point where the Nordic population has shrunk to a hopeless minority in the nation. Germany is feeling the replacement of Nordic by Alpine blood very severely, and many of her foremost thinkers regard her as almost lost to the Nordic race. The great French anthropologist, De Lapouge, stated in conversation with the writer that Germany of today is not nearly so Nordic as France was at the time of the Religious Wars. The case of England, still overwhelmingly Nordic, is also a serious one, because the Industrial Revolution there (as well as in other European countries) has led to a great expansion of the non-Nordic elements—chiefly Mediterranean.

In America the conditions are different because here the Industrial Revolution did not lead to an undue expansion in the population of one element at the expense of another, but led rather to the importation of foreign labour. An exception may

be made to this statement in the case of the Negroes. It is quite possible that if Eli Whitney had not invented the cotton gin, slavery would have died out in the South, as it early did in the North, because it was economically unprofitable. The Civil War with its terrible loss of white blood would not have been fought, and the Negroes would not now number upwards of 12,000,000. However, this is mere speculation.

It was stated above that the population of America would have been as large as it is now without immigration, and would have been far more homogeneous. Let us consider what this population was and how it is changing. To begin with, the continent of North America three centuries ago presented the greatest opportunity for the development of a pure white Nordic race that the world has ever seen. The Indian population was small in numbers and would not work. If they had been willing workers like the Negroes, they would have been enslaved and would have mixed their blood with the whites. As it was they were driven out and now form a negligible factor in our population. The continent, omitting always French Quebec and the Spanish-speaking countries to the South, was settled by the most virile population in Europe—that is, by the English of almost pure Nordic stock. The immigration of the seventeenth century was from the portions of England where the Nordic blood was purest, and occurred nearly two hundred years before the Industrial Revolution brought about the expansion of the old Mediterranean dark types, so it is safe to assume that the Americans of the seventeenth century—for that matter, like the English themselves of that period—were more Nordic than the inhabitants of England are today.

One hears on every side statements that Americans like the English are a mixed people:

> Norman and Saxon and Dane are we,
> But all of us Dane in our welcome to thee,
> Alexandra!

was said in England in all seriousness, as though Norman and Saxon and Dane were different ethnical elements. In the same way a generation ago in this country it was fashionable to claim a mixed origin and to emphasize non-English lines of family

ancestry. As a matter of fact, it all came to the same thing in America, because all these ancestors were substantially Nordic. One hears about the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania and the Irish in the mountains of the South. The Dutch were overwhelmingly Nordic, and so were most of the French Huguenots mixed in with them. The Irish (so-called) of Revolutionary times were Scotch-Irish, mostly from Ulster, that is, men born in Ireland but whose parents or grandparents were born in Scotland. In these men there was not one drop of the blood of the South Irish who were widely sundered by race, religion and culture, and the name "Scotch-Irish" is therefore unfortunate and misleading.

As to what the actual population of Colonial America was, we are able to form some estimate. The men who settled the country, who fought long and bloody wars with the Indians and with the French, who established our independence, who formulated that amazing document, the Constitution of the United States, who expanded from the Alleghenies to the Pacific Ocean in less than a century, and who have established these forty-eight States—these men were almost without exception the descendants of the immigrants of the seventeenth century. We know what the composition of the population was in 1790 from the estimates based on the official census reports, which contain details showing not the race but the nationality of the various elements in the population.[1] These statistics are somewhat startling when seen for the first time, but prove that the country was overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon and nothing else.

The population of pure English origin was eighty-three and a half per cent. of the whole; the Scotch population, six and seven-tenths per cent.; the Dutch, two per cent.; the Irish (Scotch-Irish), one and six-tenths per cent.

All these elements can be considered as substantially Nordic and make a total percentage of ninety-three and eight-tenths per cent. in the whole population. In the balance we have five and six-tenths per cent. Germans. These Germans were partly Swiss and Alsatian,—in other words, from the south-western German populations,—and were very largely Alpine.

[1] *A Century of Population Growth*, U. S. Census Bureau.

The French numbered one-half of one per cent. They also were largely Nordic, being mostly refugees from Rochelle, even today a Nordic district. There were, however, Protestant refugees from Southern France who may not have come from the Nordic classes there. It would therefore appear that the population of the United States in 1790 was over ninety-three per cent. Nordic. It is to be noted how trifling are the percentages of the Dutch and Irish—two per cent., and one and six-tenths per cent., respectively.

Such, therefore, was the racial composition of the native Americans, and such it continued to be down to the middle of the nineteenth century. Beginning in the latter 'forties we had a large influx of Irish, some of whom were of Nordic blood but many of them of Mediterranean race and, in the case of the Firbolgs, of still earlier races. A year or so later there came a large influx of Germans, who in this case were very largely Nordic and were a much more desirable racial element than were the German peasant immigrants of the eighteenth century. These were the only two foreign elements of importance in America down to the Civil War, and both of these elements were chiefly Nordic. These foreigners caused much disturbance, especially the Irish, who demoralized our municipal politics, but they did not fundamentally change the ethnic composition of the population. This change began with the industrial expansion after the Civil War, and with the need for cheap labour in the feverish development of the country at that time. Railroads were built over the western prairies with great rapidity, and manufacturing plants sprang up in the industrial centers, creating an increasing demand for labour. This labour poured into the country, some of it good Nordic stock, but bringing with it an undue proportion of the incompetent, the insane and the criminal. It is an open secret that we have received from each country its most undesirable races and classes, and it is also undeniable that this immigration has been fostered quasi-officially by the Governments which were desirous of unloading on us their social discards. Our jails, our insane asylums and our hospitals are choked with these foreigners, and it is only a question of time when the burden of the support of these institutions will become intolerable.

Low as is the average intelligence of our population, as revealed

by the Army intelligence tests, it is nevertheless far higher than the average of the immigrants we have been receiving from southern and southeastern Europe. In fact, according to a statement made recently by Dr. H. H. Laughlin before the Immigration Committee of the House, we have taken in since 1900 over 6,000,000 who were graded as "inferior" or "very inferior" —that is, far below the average intelligence of the white population, so that not only will the blood of the native American be mongrelized by these alien hordes, but the average intelligence of the country will be steadily reduced by the newcomers.

In the foregoing figures we find the real justification of the most severe restriction. There are many who think we could get along without any immigration. This was undoubtedly true half a century ago, but as things are now it may be that the Nordic blood in this country needs outside reinforcement, in view of the falling birth rate of the native Americans. If this be so, it would be the part of wisdom to discriminate heavily in favour of the Nordic countries, in order to attract to this country reinforcements of the blood that made America what it is.

If we admit immigration in large numbers from Nordic countries we shall, of course, still get some undesirable elements. This can be met by an intelligence examination such as was used in the army. With this in thorough application, we can obtain a high class of Nordics who would help maintain the ethnic preponderance of the native American.

One thing is certain, that while native Americans have not intermarried to any great extent with the newcomers, nevertheless within the long run such intermixture will take place. Social and legal restrictions of miscegenation will postpone the evil day, but eventually where two races live side by side they will amalgamate. The science of eugenics may in the future develop along lines that will minimize this danger, but as things are now and as they have been throughout recorded history, propinquity leads to miscegenation. It is almost too late, but even now much can be done through wise restriction of immigration and through the application of the principles of race eugenics to check the evils of the Melting Pot.

MADISON GRANT.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT"

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

'Twas chanted from the hymnal of thy heart,
On joy's estate and melancholy's shore,
This valiant stress of words that could impart
To thee and thine, through thee, of life's rich store.
Grief blinded cleaved to thee as ransoming guide,
Devotion's image dwelt in that fair face,
Duty, with eager smile, sang at thy side
And love was tender rival of thy grace.

And now has there been wrought the richer gain,
Of absolution from fate's wicked pain,
From fevered, anguished hours perforce to be;
And an enfranchised soul, to cheer God's glance,
Hath come into the full inheritance
Of Love and Life and Immortality.

AN IGORROTE LULLABY

BY CAROLINE S. SHUNK

Sleep, little son of mine,
Swing high in thy head basket!
Rocked by the Trades Wind,
Thee the Evil Eye cannot find.
Sleep thou!

Far shine the fishermen's light;
They seek thy food of the sea.
Now comes the evening mist;
It hides them from thee.
Sleep thou!

God in the moon boat,
With bright silver sail,
Give thy light to the dark way
Father climbs homeward, the trail.
Sleep thou!

God of the Head Hunter!
In the black shark's fin,
Hear, while I chant to thee.
Make of my first born son
A warrior, brave in strife
Give work and pain to me;
To my little one,
Give life!

WALT WHITMAN

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I

In the summer of 1920 I was standing on an uptown corner of Fifth Avenue in New York City, waiting for a 'bus to carry me to my lodging in the lower part of the town. It was a stifling hot June day, and as I mounted the 'bus, I decided to go on top, in order to get the benefit of whatever fresh air might be available. It was the noon hour, and as I went down the crowded street, I was interested to see the crowds of workmen—most of them Jewish garment operatives, truckmen, and the like—standing on the pavement in the side streets enjoying their one moment of repose from the daily slavery of their existences. Groups of them were reading papers, arguing and discussing; some standing idle; others buying fruit or candy from some stall. At that moment, as I was borne past them, it seemed that time had somehow ceased to exist: all these lives, all these faces, became mine; I felt bowed down in worship to the unseen life—force that was pressing in and through them to some unknown end; and I understood in a flash of perception, greater than any I have ever enjoyed, the meaning of the poet who had walked these same pavements years before; the one unique, authentically great American poet: Walt Whitman.

Whitman was the supreme, the only democratic poet the world has ever possessed. In the hierarchy of art he stands alone in denying that art has a hierarchy. One need only read a page of his writings, and to institute a comparison with the technique displayed therein with the technique shown by any other competent writer, in order to see that in reality Whitman had no technique. To a writer whose aim is distinction in utterance, it is not so much the substance of what he says that is offensive, as his way of saying it. To the cultivated mid-Victorians of Eng-

land, who were, far more than his rather ridiculous American disciples, the only discoverers and upholders of his genius, he appeared as a pure elementary savage, without knowledge, taste or culture of any kind. Carlyle is reported to have said: "He writes as if the town bull held the pen." Swinburne, after a brief period of ecstatic devotion, recanted and declared that his muse was "a drunken apple-woman rolling in the gutter". The splenetic Patmore, after a bitter denunciation of democratic vulgarity, concludes: "That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction, surely more than justifies my forecast of what will happen." And in a sense all these judgments were, so far as superficial appearance goes, perfectly correct. Whitman had, more than any other great writer, no taste and no judgment. His poems are for the most part agglomerations of sheer native observation and second-hand ideas. *Leaves of Grass*, as we possess it, is only the rough blocking-out of a plan so vast that it could never be completed. Nor did the author, despite all his tinkerings and revisions, himself complete it. As late as 1876, after his final breakdown, we find him commenting, apropos of *Passage to India:*

> It was originally my intention, after chanting in *Leaves of Grass* the songs of the body and existence, to compose a further, equally needed volume, based on those convictions of perpetuity and conservation which, enveloping all precedents, make the unseen soul govern absolutely at last. I meant, while in a sort continuing the theme of my first chants, to shift the slides, and exhibit the problem and paradox of the same personality . . . estimating death, not at all as the cessation, but as I somehow feel it must be, the entrance upon by far the greatest part of existence, and something that life is at least as much for, as it is for itself. But the full construction of such a work is beyond my powers. . . . Meanwhile, not entirely to give the go-by to my original plan, and far more to avoid a marked hiatus in it, than to entirely fulfil it, I end my books with thoughts, or radiations from thoughts, on death, immortality, and a free entrance into the spiritual world.

In so far as this is clear, it appears that *Leaves of Grass* was originally to have been two books, instead of one, the first ending presumably at the poem entitled *By Blue Ontario's Shore*, and to deal with all sides of life, objectively, without introspection; the

second to be more introspective and personal, and to deal solely with death and immortality. These two were telescoped into one, but the last half of the scheme was never fully completed. And we may likewise question whether the first half was fully completed either when we discover that *By Blue Ontario's Shore* is merely, in its essentials, a weaker recapitulation, eked out in the first stages of Whitman's collapse, of the superb preface to the original *Leaves of Grass.*

Let us, however, return to the remark that Whitman's poems are mere agglomerations. Consider the structure of such a work as *Song of Myself.* Is there in fact any unifying idea to this poem? "I, Walt Whitman, am boundless"—is that not in effect all that it says? But, it may be objected, why attempt to state boundlessness in fifty-two sections? Why stop there? Why not fifty-three or five hundred? And—a more serious objection—does not boundlessness, in any case, imply contradiction?

The answer to that is complete, when it comes on the next to the last page of the poem:—

> Do I contradict myself?
> Very well, I contradict myself;
> (I am large, I contain multitudes.)

Even this tremendous assertion may, however, leave us still unconvinced. Maybe it is a good thing to contain multitudes, but what do these multitudes themselves contain? Do not these same multitudes, such as I saw in New York in the summer of 1920, contain rubbish, contain even voids? Is it necessary after all to contain them?

The answer to that is: Yes, it is necessary to contain multitudes (and consequently contradictions, and agglomerations), for the reason that the multitudes exist. They exist in Fifth Avenue, New York; in Piccadilly or the Strand in London; in Tokyo, Pekin, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, everywhere. Whitman is the one voice, the one soul, who has been among them, lived their life, has felt them so much a part of himself that he has been able to tell us anything at all. Therefore we have to listen to Whitman.

II

Criticism has made more than its usual number of mistakes about Whitman: this is due, not, as in Blake's case, to the neglect of those who ought to have admired him, but were repelled by the obscurity of his thought, but, rather, to the enthusiasm of his early disciples, too ready to reduce his thought to its lowest common denominator of terms. These disciples hailed him above all as the prophet not only of democracy, but of the "divine average" inherent in democracy; a term implying no more, in his case, than a general commendation of life.

It would have been more to the purpose if the critics had insisted upon Whitman's position as the poet of personality, rather than of individuality. These terms are commonly confused in the minds of most people, and even held to be interchangeable. In reality a maximum of individuality implies a minimum of personality and *vice versa*. The individual, as such, is necessarily isolated and therefore devoid of personal ability to share in the lives and fortunes of others; the truly strong personality is he who is able most fully to share and understand the nature of those with whom he is in contact, and who correspondingly subordinates his individuality to theirs. And the same is true of crowds, as of individuals. A crowd has personality; it has little or no individuality. It is a fact that crowds in different countries reveal individual differences: thus an English crowd is less excitable, restless, noisy, than an American crowd; and a Chinese crowd may be even more reserved, for aught I know; yet, despite these accidents, each crowd expresses certain fundamental reactions, possesses certain elementary desires common to all humanity. Each crowd is at bottom a vast reservoir of blind desire, vague faith, dumb suffering: each crowd is composed of units that breathe, hope, die; each crowd is uncoördinated personality in conflict with individual differentiation; each crowd is at once Everyman and Noman.

Whitman felt himself to be a member of the crowd, and in this sense he was democratic; but primarily he knew that his function to the crowd was to be their poet, their interpreter; to be toward them in the position of "the child that went forth every day, and the first object he looked upon, that object he became".

In short, because his personality responded readily to theirs, Whitman regarded himself as the spokesman of their aims. He did not notice, perhaps was incapable of noticing, that the individualists of democratic society are often supremely able to delude the unformed crowd-mind into an acceptance of their own falsely-coined values; and that the crowd, at bottom, will always look suspiciously on every man who strives to inform its ranks with a clear perception of his own personality. In other words, Whitman failed to take account of the forces of inertia and of individuality inherent in democracy. Nevertheless he persisted in his attempt to be at once democratic and a personality, though he was in reality unable to find anyone with the same aim and perception, except Lincoln.

That few critics have seen this is scarcely, perhaps, strange; for most of the critics favourable to Whitman have affected to think well of democracy on their own account, while those opposed have, naturally, regarded the great artist as a being immensely superior to the crowd of undistinguished individuals among which he was born. But neither group is altogether right. Neither is able to see that the core of Whitman's message is precisely "Produce great persons. The rest follows." And neither is capable of understanding that at bottom he had no use for either aristocracy or democracy as political systems except in so far as they responded to that final test of "producing persons".

In this respect, it is clear that Whitman as a poet stands at the antipodes to such a poet as Shakespeare. The Elizabethan poet gave us a great host of individuals, undominated by a single personality. He subordinated or sublimated his personal aims to the aims of his characters; there is no single character we can identify with Shakespeare himself, unless indeed it is Hamlet or Prospero—both sceptics, both in a sense men of the world who are acted upon rather than act for themselves. Whitman, on the other hand, wished the vast spectacle of life which he, too, aimed to present, to be entirely subordinated to himself. He regarded the poet as a man with a mission beyond that of irritating or amusing others: his mission was to save democracy by exalting personality.

It must be frankly admitted that Whitman's precept here runs counter to the practice of most modern poets since his time. Their aim has been, not the increase of the poet's personality, but the ever-sharper definition of his individuality. To test every possible mode of writing, to seek originality at all costs, is their aim.

Whitman's aim was at once wider, and more broadly generalised, than theirs. He was far too interested in society as a mass of vital, if undeveloped, sensations and ideas to care much for purely intellectual or individual revolt. Revolt there must be, certainly; but it must be revolt that is satisfying to the emotional and physical as well as the intellectual needs of man. However transcendental its aim, it must be grounded in the firm reality of the flesh, as Whitman was grounded:

> My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite;
> I laugh at what you call dissolution,
> And I enjoy the continuance of time.

And have the later modern poets, for all their restless experiment and originality, produced any greater person than Whitman? I think not. The beauty of his work does not spring from exquisite use of phrase or brilliance of method, so much as from the fact that in reading it we realise the author to have been at every moment entirely himself: that is to say, a man, a fluid, attractive personality.

III

That we live at all is, according to the most advanced school of philosophy, a pure unreasoned hypothesis or assumption: we live because we suppose that we live, and this supposition has to be continually tested by the trial-and-error method of experience. It follows, therefore, that every life, in so far as it survives this crude and empirical test, is equally vital and valuable; that life which is called evil as well as that which is called good. According to this view, ethics and æsthetics are both alike transcendental; neither is fully reducible to fixed terms, and both are in reality the same thing, which can only be described as that which remains above and beyond experience; in other words, God. Such at least, if I understand it correctly, is the view to which

the chief modern schools, the neo-Kantian as well as the logico-mathematical, are tending.[1]

It is astounding to note that Whitman, by sheer poetic intuition, anticipated these views some sixty years ago. The whole purport of his poems is to show us that life *is*, without aiming to represent what life tends to become. From *The Song of the Open Road* to *Passage to India*, his desire is simply to make of living an unlimited adventure. It is this sense of adventure, this sense of life continually transcending itself, and not the sense of the "divine average" inherent in democracy, that makes him continually a superbly intoxicated poet:

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,
To weigh all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights they tend to,
Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,
To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,
To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long,
but it stretches and waits for you,
To see no being not God's, or any, but you go thither.

. . . . . .

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding, O soul, thou journeyest forth.
What love than thine and ours could wider amplify?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours, O soul?
What dreams of the ideal? What plans of purity, perfection, strength?
What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?
For others' sake to suffer all?

Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has never dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves, and all.

Twenty-one years separate the writing of the first passage quoted from that of the second, yet the thought is the same, though in the first it was expressed with the full tide of Whitmanian energy and in the second spoken with the rolling organ-notes of old age, after heavy sufferings and losses.

[1] Cf. *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, by G. Wittgenstein. *The Philosophy of As If*, by H. Vaihinger.

It is obvious, however, that if we regard life thus, there is something that still needs explaining. This is the interruption in the stream of consciousness caused by death. To anyone who regards endless evolution as being the final law of the universe, death is the stumbling-block, the "last enemy to be overcome". There may be a material scientific explanation why the energy of the organism, striving to reach higher levels continually, should only run down; but there is no spiritual explanation, and the efforts of the greatest thinkers have been directed, since the arrival of man upon the planet, upon this unique and appalling problem which contains and obscures all others.

Whitman was attracted to death partly because of its democratic character, but more because he believed in life as an endless adventure, an endless quest, an endless evolution to be accomplished. *Leaves of Grass* is one long pæan to evolution, and its genesis, be it noted, antedates Darwin. What place had death in such a scheme? Must we say that death was a mere accident, a flaw somewhere in the universe? Or must we deny the desire of our own hearts and the evidences of evolution, and think, as Lucretius thought, of matter alone as being triumphant and living? Whitman did neither. He strove to accept death as the purport of life, without being able to explain in the least why it should be so. The birth of this conviction in him that death is the clue, the key to life, "the word of the sweetest song and of all songs," is described in that marvellous poem *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*. And over and over again, in the very finest poems he was to write: *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, *As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Time*, *Passage to India*, *Tears*, the sense of death broods and lingers as the final overtone to his thought.

Yet as we have seen from the passage quoted in the first section of this essay, Whitman himself considered that he had failed to achieve the final purport of his life, which was to produce "poems bridging the way from life to death". But as a matter of fact, he judged himself in this respect far too severely. He is not only one of the supreme death-poets of the world, but probably the only death-poet who attempted such a feat as accepting death on the same terms as life. That he failed is due

not to his weakness or inability, but to the impossibility of the task itself. We cannot accept death fully without dying ourselves; perhaps it is only in the death-moment, supposing that we are fully conscious of the death-moment, that we can at once live and die eternally, and that moment rests beyond all human arts or utterances. The nearest we can come to such a moment in life is some such experience as rests at the bottom of such a poem as *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, or Emily Brontë's *Last Lines*. Such an experience, however, is necessarily relative; it can never be, in the nature of things, entirely final.

Yet throughout Whitman's poetry we do seem to perceive a latent and unexpressed idea, that the man who wrote these poems was in a sense mystically dedicated to death from childhood, or, if one prefers another way of stating the same truth, he was one who had discovered that "to lose one's life is to save it". The core of his achievement rests on personality, doubtless; but it is a personality which has gained its greatness by diffusing itself among other personalities, by completely abandoning itself to them, by renouncing the world that it might gain the world. Heroic such a personality must have been,—and Whitman's war service in the military hospitals is there to notify us of the fact,—but its heroism is of a totally different nature from the heroism acclaimed as such throughout the world. It is the heroism of Lee rather than of Napoleon, of Lincoln rather than of Wilson: a heroism completely grounded and held firm in self-devotion, in utter disinterestedness of effort.

For this reason Whitman was right in declaring that all his poetry rested on a religious basis, and proposed as part of the task of the poet that he should supply the world with something to take the place of what had been taught in the churches. Nor can we say precisely that Whitman failed, for we stand in a sense too near to him to know what some other century—especially if, as seems likely now, Western civilization should disappear—may make of him. To men of the thirtieth century he may quite possibly appear as a new marveleous gospel in a dead tongue. It is worth noting that the two most intelligent men of his day in America thought not only that he would go far, but strove in their own way to overcome what then and now has

proved the only obstacle to his acceptance, the frank glorification of sexuality in *Children of Adam*. Emerson spent an afternoon, as Whitman records, on Boston Common, striving to persuade the poet to withdraw or tone down this part of his book, but in vain. Thoreau was more far-sighted. He says in his journal that he does not so much regret Whitman's grossness of utterance, as the fact that we are unable to read it and keep our minds pure; in other words, the impurity is in ourselves, not in Whitman. And, indeed, this is true. The only difficulty with *Children of Adam* is that it contains so little of the beauty and mysterious attraction of sex. It is as plain and ugly and forbidding as a biological tract. And we read it, hankering in our minds that it may be otherwise.

Whitman's significance, then, is that he gave a new sanction to democracy, and an entirely mystical one. We do not know, in fact, that all men are free and equal; we know, on the contrary, that most, if not all, men are sheer slaves to certain prejudices and are unequally shaped by circumstances. We merely suppose that all men are perhaps free and equal in the sight of God—a vastly different thing, and one of which little account is taken in the ordinary transactions of life. In short, the idea of democracy is pure hypothesis, pure dogma, unproved assumption, as unprovable as evidence as the first chapter of Genesis. But, as I have tried to point out in this essay, nothing in life is really logically provable, it is all miracle; and democracy is perhaps only the final miracle of an interlinked series of wonderful events. Whitman, in any case, showed that it might be made the basis for faith; it is for us to show that it can be made the basis of works, and life also. For Whitman's programme is so vast that it can never be carried out until plutocracy, mechanical civilization, mob law, rule of the dull, dead, dismal majority, and all the other crimes that now pose in the mask of democracy, are swept away and every man becomes "a king and a master in his own house". It is for this reason that we may call him not only religious, but Christian; for the aim of Christianity—though it may not be avowed in the churches—is to bring all men under Christ, so that they become Christ; to substitute for the repressions and tyrannies of our times the sublime spectacle, not

of a universal anarchy, but rather of a universal panarchism.[1] "A new order shall arise; and they shall be the Priests of man; and every man shall be his own Priest."

IV

The world may yet produce great poets: the most recent discoveries of science and philosophy surely demand great poetry for their most profound and free expression; but it seems very unlikely that the world will ever again produce a Walt Whitman. More than almost any other great poet, he was the product of special conditions and circumstances. In his young manhood, and up to his middle years, America was only emerging from the pastoral and agricultural age; long before he died it had rushed headlong into the welter of modern industrial civilization. To the evils and criminal blunders of modern industry he was almost completely blind. In some of his later poems he gives his blessing to modern machinery, not realizing that modern machinery creates the mob-mind and the type of man who profits by the mob-mind—that is to say, the plutocratic demagogue. His finest work, therefore, seems to be "modern" only in the same sense that the Bible or Homer are modern; it rests so deeply on the perennially simple reactions of humanity as to appear eternally fresh and new.

Whether modern industrial civilization is an utterly incurable disease or not, we cannot accurately tell at the moment; what is more important for us to know is that it is a disease that must run its course. America will not again produce another Whitman, and if another is born, he can only come from the East. The poets who have succeeded him in America are one and all intellectually sophisticated, emotionally unstable, prematurely disillusioned people. They are, consequently, of less interest as persons, but of more interest as individuals than he. Where he moves freely through all the varied scenes and shows of existence, they are like prisoners chained to their self-inhibitions and vainly struggling to overcome them. What they gain, therefore, in tragic intensity they necessarily must lose in scope, breadth and inclusiveness. The rebelliousness of Blake or the grim pessi-

[1] Miguel de Unamuno: *The Tragic Sense of Life.*

mism of Dante are more akin to the modern poet's temperament than Whitman's unwavering serenity.

It will only be, if ever, when the world turns from the profound spiritual weariness and disillusion that the industrial era has now created, and seeks again a more rational and vital organization of society, that we shall be able to estimate what we owe to Walt Whitman. What is already certain is that it is not the mob and its leaders, but precisely the intellectuals, who most enjoy and appreciate best his poetry. Unfortunately, these intellectuals are one and all unable to create a civilization resting on the values which he considered the sole permanent ones; for the reason that creation must rest on certain foundations; and Whitman's values are no longer the values now of the mob. International finance, common greed, machine-mania, have corrupted society from top to bottom. Whitman has sketched out a plan of a society which he himself could not realize, and which before his death would have been regarded with the utmost contempt by most of his fellow-countrymen. But, as he himself might have said, a few centuries or so make little difference; and for my part, I cannot believe that Whitman's philosophy of life will be considered childish for ever, by a world which cannot refrain from admiring, despite itself, the best specimens of his poetry.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

It is arguable that things don't begin or end at all. But in the face of human experience the argument is hardly worth making. Particularly in the field of letters, and more particularly still in the acreage of narrative fiction, it is necessary to commence, and eventually it is desirable to stop. It is not always essential to trace a hero "as Horace says, *ab ovo*", nor is it perhaps incumbent upon a novelist to be so exhaustive as Mr. Sterne, who began, "I wish either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me—", but the necessities of time and space require a beginning somewhere. And it is no use for a novelist or a poet or any other sort of artist to act as though he had never begun at all but had merely recollected himself in the middle of a revery.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson understands that, as well as the wisest of the ancients. He does not begin with a sleeping porch scene in the house of a perfectly strange man, nor does he break violently into the confidence of a girl who fancies herself alone, nor does he whisper scandal about someone whom you have never seen and who may, for all you know, live away off somewhere in the last paragraph of the book. He walks straight up to his hero and points him out. "There was a man named Webster lived in a town of twenty-five thousand people in the state of Wisconsin. He had a wife named Mary, and a daughter named Jane, and he was himself a fairly prosperous manufacturer of washing machines." Well, "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a

very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East." There you have Webster and there you have Job. There can be no doubt as to their respective identities and no question of a violation of confidence. Having gone some steps out of your way to look at them, you are satisfied that you have a right to know anything that there may be to know about them.

And you assume that there is something about them worth knowing. You assume that from the fact that they have gotten into print. And you are persuaded from the deliberate and orderly character of these beginnings that you will find out everything decently knowable all in the writer's good time. So you read on and on, and after a while you find that there was something important about both of them. Job suffered patiently from boils and commiseration, and John Webster rejoiced impatiently in glands and a cleanly secretary. And your faith is justified.

Stories which begin that way with the name of a man and the name of a place are more than chronological. They are human. They grow. There was such and such a man, lived in such and such a place, and had so and so—children or sheep or washing machines. And such and such things happened to him one after the other. And after a while he died. And that was that man. You don't see the whole of him, because the brevity of an author's life puts certain restrictions upon his work. Even James Joyce confined himself to twenty-four hours of Dublin. But the necessary selection is practised not upon the skeleton of the man's history but upon the details of his existence. You see him emaciated, but anthropomorphic nevertheless.

And such stories fall into the mould scooped out by the facts of things. From the point of view of man who lives time and breathes time and thinks time, all forms of art which move in time must have beginnings and middles and ends, for man himself has a beginning and a middle and an end. The temporal mind insists that the persons of a play or a poem or a story should come from somewhere in the beginning and should go somewhere in the end. They cannot simply happen, and they certainly must not be left around the stage when the play is over.

Hence the ageless stage trick and expedient of tragedy, which can be depended upon to clear the boards of the most reluctant Hamlet. And hence equally, and in like fashion, the predilection for marriage or its substitutes to sweep up after a novel of romance. Marriage and the grave are tidy and unobtrusive receptacles for souls.

If it had not been for the short story and its parallels in the other arts, there could be no question about the merits of this sort of orderly arrangement of facts. But the short story made popular an entirely different model of display. The art of the short story writer consisted in laying out something called The Plot, which was a sort of intricate human tangle, and then magically unpulling the knot just before it choked the persons of the tale. The trick was to get the knot tied before anyone saw how easily it could be undone. And that required a great many rapid gestures and a considerable amount of distracting noise in the first few sentences. So you had stories beginning with the echoes of a scream which had just been stifled to the left of the first paragraph. "'My God!' gasped pretty little Nausicaa Nevers of Pride's Crossing, sitting up quite straight in her little bed." Plump—you're in it. What on earth made pretty little Nausicaa Nevers curse? And before you find out, or before you discover that you never will find out, the seeming tangle has been neatly caught and your fingers are working anxiously at the threads. Or you have stories which begin with a deliberate and brutal assault upon your intelligence. You read that "Lesbia was born upon a midnight bench in Madison Square at the age of three-and-twenty". Well—really—you protest. And then you are in over your head.

Now of course that kind of beginning was unsatisfactory. It assumed that life was a collection of situations much like a collection of photographs in an album, and that the art of literature was the art of the projectoscope aimed at the most startling enlargement of each situation. It assumed further that human beings are artistically interesting as the figures in a situation. And of course they are not and never can be. They can not stand still. They are born and they live and they die and they do things and occasionally things are done to them. They make

and unmake patterns with each other. But they are always in process, they are always changing, if it is only to become older. They live on a planet which commits gigantic spirals around the sun, and they measure their lives by the periods of its revolution. They are always at that juncture of then and then which is gone before they can call it now, and they are never anything but a sort of epilogue and prophecy of themselves. Even the two wounded soldiers, beloved of the lady magazinists, who fight in a shell hole and see too late by the flash of a burst that they are brothers, are not interesting as the numerators of a situation. They are, if they are anything at all, two boys who have recently been very different from what now they are. The only significance of their dying bodies is the ironical conclusion of their living lives. As corpses crying "Brother!" to each other in the columns of a sentimental publication, they are so much literary rubbish.

Cross sections of time such as the magazinists attempt are like the linens of the Pharoahs which, spread out for admiration, are already dust. Nothing but a tracery of threads remains. Only changing things endure, and they endure only so long as they change. Dying is real, but death is a mere abstraction in the flesh. And this is so, of course, because the world we inhabit is not in any sense of the term a world of three dimensions. It is a world of four. It has length and breadth and thickness and then it has time—an oblique movement of all three. Things which have no time are as unreal in our world as a two dimensional silhouette in the world of paint. And no form of art worthy the name ever existed in contempt of the element of time. The picture or the lyric which seems most instantaneous rests most upon duration, for it represents a moment poised, a toppling of the wave. If it might be always, it would be commonplace. If it did not promise change, it would be stupid. Being momentary, it is rare. Even the inertness of sculptured or imagined rest catches from time its loveliness. It is the lapse of ocean which foretells the tide, and stillness in the poplars which makes loud the wind.

Great art never attempts the snapshot. It has its irony, and when it is most instantaneous it most suggests the before and after of time, just as the turn of a leaf or a momentary fragrance

may recall the whole sweep of a childhood. Snapshots have no irony. There hangs the hurdler in mid-air, forever balanced, as immovable as stone, a flick of mechanic light caught in a shuttered box. It is unimportant, and no part of the picture's meaning, to know whether he came to earth again or not. And the same thing is true of those literary efforts to emulate the camera which Mr. T. S. Eliot has apotheosized in his poem, *The Waste Land.* The æsthetic unintelligibility of this piece is due to its abuse of time. It is a syncopated variation played upon a moving picture machine in which the brain is flecked with the tatters of an anthology. It is not significant that analytical minds are fascinated by these flashes of interrupted light and find the labour of interpretation exhilarating. The human sense to which most poetry appeals is left untouched and cold, because these flashes are not only unintelligible but unreal. And they are unreal because they violate the revolutions of the earth.

If we needed proof that there are limits to human experiments with humanity, we should have it in the artistic records of the last thirty years. And experiment in literary form is no exception. The Greeks invented all the forms we now use, not so much because the Greeks were clever as because the possible patterns were few. Not only are the malleable materials of expression few, but the directions in which they may be manipulated are fewer still. Literature does not escape by its thin trickle of sounds and signs from the boundaries set by nature upon marble and bronze, for its medium is not sound but the meanings of sound. It uses images which are as obstinately broad and tall and thick as the stubbornest piece of marble ever quarried from a hill. And it uses images which, out of time, would be as meaningless as mountains without height and oceans without depth. Our minds no less than our bodies are lunar and obey the periods of the moon. And the breath of our understanding is time.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

THE "3RD AND BEST" AND HER UNCLE THOMAS

BY DOROTHY GARDINER

MANCHESTER showers consist of a soup-like mixture of soot, coal dust, and moisture, highly devastating to one's best hat. With the optimism born of long residence in dry climates I had, as usual, left my umbrella at home. There was nothing for it but to spoil the hat or wait in the dark little doorway until the shower was over; and being impecunious, I chose the cheaper course. And there, carved on a black old stone set high above my head, was this inscription:

b. 1638

ELIZABETH MYNSHULL

d. 1728

niece of
THOMAS MYNSHULL
was the 3rd and Best wife
of John Milton poet
Feb. 24, 1662

All English shop attendants are polite, and the young man in the little optician's shop behind the doorway was particularly so. He really couldn't tell me anything about the stone, except that it was an old one restored. No one knew anything about it, not even the owner of the shop. But there was something else interesting about the place—the arch of the old Hanging Bridge, in the basement. I knew of course that the district was known as "Hanging Ditch"?

"This Hanging Bridge used to be the place of public execution in the old days, Madam. The ditch is gone now, and only this arch of the bridge is left. Mind the step there, Madam."

It was a trifle astonishing to find here in the basement of a thoroughly respectable shop this remnant of terror and stern justice, the piers and arch of a massive stone bridge, now clean

and dry and whitewashed. High overhead, a narrow lane crossed the span of the ancient bridge, and the place where I was then standing had once been the most important square in the city, a grim spot of hangings and floggings. But that did not tell me why the stone was over the doorway.

"A Thomas Mynshull once owned this shop, Madam—that's all I know. I believe he was an apothecary. Thank you very much, Madam. It was no trouble at all, I assure you. Good afternoon." (The perfect English used by shop assistants here in England is positively terrifying to one of merely normal habits of speech.)

I stopped in the doorway to copy the inscription, thereby instilling a dejected curiosity into a taxi-driver patiently awaiting custom outside the shop. The rain had stopped, and I crossed the street, turning at the corner to inspect the old house more thoroughly. There, high on the black gable, was another inscription. This also I copied, much to the joy of the taxi-driver and a sandwich-man who had stopped to chat with him. An American in search of local colour is sure to be a never-ending delight to the British man in the street. "Thomas Mynshull, apothecary of this town, did bequeath these premises to trustees to apprentice poor, sound, and healthful boys of Manchester to honest labour and employment." Uncle Thomas was apparently a bit of a philanthropist. I became determined to know him as well as his niece Elizabeth.

For a time it seemed as though the whole knowledge extant of "the 3rd and Best wife of John Milton poet" and her Uncle Thomas was contained in the inscriptions on the house. Letters to the papers asking for information failed to bring anything except the fact that it was extremely doubtful if John Milton ever were in Manchester; and none of the people whom I questioned knew anything at all about the Mynshulls. Finally, however, an harassed and quick-tempered gentleman in the Reference Library assured me that the old Mynshull building was a recent and rather bad restoration, perpetrated some twenty years before by a sentimental alderman, that the stone was certainly modern, and that he had never seen either inscription and knew (and apparently cared) nothing about them.

Then he relented and spent at least an hour in digging out dusty records of the Manchester Court Leet wherein Thomas Mynshull was mentioned.

Uncle Thomas was apparently one of the most solid and prosperous citizens of Manchester of his time, although not without certain failings still found among merchants. He had left his native Cheshire village of Winaston for Manchester while he was still a boy, leaving behind him his younger brother Randal, chronically impecunious and the father of many children, one of whom was Elizabeth, the "3rd and Best wife" of the great poet. Thomas throve exceedingly in the busy town, married and had six children, and in 1644 bought a famous place near Manchester, the great Chorlton estate. He acted as trustee for the charities of his brother merchants, served as juror on many occasions, and more than once held the dignified office of constable. There were other honours as well. Thus, in 1638 and 1639, the records show that he was appointed to the office of scavenger—not the "garbage collector" that we know to-day, but an office of far greater dignity, the only duty of which consisted in reporting general conditions of cleanliness in a particular district, in his case "ffrom the Boothes to the smithiedore and so to Salford Bridge". In 1640 Thomas Mynshull and three other Manchester worthies were "officers to p^{r}sent all those that forestale and regate the market in beyinge butter Cheese egges and other victuals by whole sale & selinge again by retale the same day att Smythie doore or els where in Manchest^{r}". Still later, Thomas "Minshawe" (spelling was not exactly a fine art in those stirring days of the Revolution) and one Robert Barlow were appointed "officers for Holsom bread and keepinge the assize of bread". So there were honours, and plenty of them, given to the apothecary of the Hanging Ditch, who was one of the "leading citizens" of the provincial town. But there is evidence as well of certain occurrences which were not quite so creditable.

In 1632 Thomas served as "market looker for Corne weights & measures", but apparently he did not always let his right hand know what his left was doing, for in the same year he was "amerced" the heavy sum of sixpence for having in his possession

a false weight—"a 57 lb 4 oz.: too heavy formerly p^r^sented and not reformed". Two years later he was ordered to "sufficiently fence Taile or cover 1 cellor in Hanging-Ditche", and as he grew older his lapses in municipal matters became more frequent, possibly because he depended more and more upon his assistants. In 1671 the records show that "the Jury of this p^r^sent Leet doe amerce theis persons followinge for Sweeping dirt into the Gutter in ffoure Pence apeece", and in the long list of names (this seems to have been a popular offence) we find that of the worthy Thomas. Still later he appears in the records again, being "amerced" "for not repaireinge and clensing the Street before these houses and doores in Manchester aforesaid". Such strict attention to the cleanliness of the city is not apparent in the Manchester of to-day.

These slips of the merchant were not unique, for there are many others "amerced" for similar offences against the law of the city of Manchester, and Thomas Mynshull does not seem to have resented the fines he was forced to pay. In 1689, when he had become a very old man, we find the record of his will, and of the charity which he established. The document reveals something of the fine public spirit of the sturdy old citizen, and records the founding of a charity which has endured to modern times. By indenture of lease and release, the 29th of November and the 1st of December, 1689, Thomas Mynshull conveyed to the Reverend John Hinde and five other men, their heirs and assigns, certain "messuages, houses, buildings, lands, and hereditaments . . . adjoining to and under the west side of the Hanginge Bridge in Manchester" for his (Thomas's?) use during life, and afterwards to the said trustees, to let the premises for "as much as possible they could get in every year". Out of these rents the trustees were to receive ten shillings for their "care and pains", twelve pence was to pay "chief-rent" and all necessary expenses for repairs (!!), and the residue of the rents was to be "carefulles" employed to bind the above mentioned "poor, sound and healthful boys" as apprentices. The sum of fifty shillings was to be paid to the master with each boy, and the lads were each to be given ten shillings for buying a suit of "cloathes".

And that is all history records of Uncle Thomas Mynshull.

In order to understand how Elizabeth Mynshull (or Minshull, as the name is now spelled) came to merit the distinction of "3rd and Best wife", we must know something of her husband's character and of his previous matrimonial career. Even when he was a young man, Milton's temperament was not exactly the gayest in England, and when Elizabeth married him he was blind, bitterly disappointed in politics, and subject to fits of deep depression. He was, moreover, a poet—and thirty years older than she. There must, conceivably, have been moments when the Cheshire girl could sympathize with the first and worst wife—a most unsatisfactory one, who left behind her a legacy of three uninteresting and refractory daughters. The second, and not-so-bad-as-the-first wife only lived two years, and is known to history entirely through her husband's sonnet to "My Late Espoused Saint". Three experiences in matrimony might well mellow a man in many ways, but it would also give him great material to draw upon when the third wife did not quite come up to certain standards set by her predecessors. Surmise alone would certainly justify the statement that Elizabeth Mynshull Milton is one of those unknown heroines whom the world has never recognized.

When John Milton married his first wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of a jovial, extravagant Cavalier, he was thirty-four and already developing habits of thought which did not tend to make him the most cheerful husband in the world for a merry country girl of seventeen. He was deeply, almost morbidly, religious, anything but spontaneous, and so thoroughly aware of his very great gifts as to have a strong tendency toward self-conceit. Mary Powell was not his equal in any way, and the marriage was most unhappy, resulting first in the practical desertion of the wife, and later in a series of marital discords which ended only with her death. Her three children are the daughters so renowned (or notorious) for their undutiful behaviour toward their father. There is, however, a good deal to be said on their side, for Milton did not carry out his high educational ideals when it came to the training of his own children. He used to say that one tongue was enough for any woman, and although he taught his daughters to read aloud in five languages,

they understood no speech but English. The best that can be said of Milton's opinion of women is that it was no worse than that of most men of his time, and much better than that of a good many. Filial love was a duty, not a virtue, and a quality which did not need to be encouraged. No father was responsible for the happiness of his children, and Milton never encouraged his daughters to have companions of their own age. Parties were immoral—they led the thoughts of young people away from serious things, and besides, they annoyed father. It is not astonishing that the girls revolted.

Public affairs, with their attendant anxieties and disappointments, did not add to the gaiety of the poet's temper, and with the loss of his sight (a deliberate sacrifice to what he considered the needs of his country) he became more and more melancholy. And then he married again, apparently a far more satisfactory venture than his first marriage. Two years later his wife, Catherine Woodcock, died in giving birth to a child (who also died), and Milton again lapsed into the loneliness of misunderstood blindness.

For some years the poet lived uncomfortably with his daughters. Things were always going badly at home; the girls grew more and more rebellious; and Milton became increasingly unhappy. It certainly could not have been a cheerful home there in Bunhill Row, in London, with the obstinate, brilliant man grieving over the turns of fate, and the three girls often conspiring to add to his discomforts.

For some years one of the poet's most loyal and devoted friends had been a Doctor Paget of Nantwich, in Cheshire, a man of much discernment, who had watched the increasing unhappiness of the Milton ménage with deep concern. He urged a third marriage upon the poet, and actually went so far as to assure him that he knew exactly the right person—a distant relative from Cheshire.

Recommending a wife is not supposed to be a very safe business, but in this case it resulted happily enough. Elizabeth Mynshull was at that time living in London—it is quite possible that she may have come to the city at the suggestion of her relative, who perhaps had his eye on just such an outcome. At

any rate, she turned out to be "suitable in every way, and would not object, or might be persuaded not to object, to being the wife of a blind man fifty-four years of age".

Elizabeth was a golden-haired girl of twenty-four at the time of her marriage, and she must have possessed a sanguine disposition. She could not have expected a great deal, and certainly she did not find herself in a hothouse of roses, for their father's intention to marry for the third time had caused consternation among his daughters, and they did nothing to assist their youthful step-mother in her difficult task of bringing happiness into the home of the poet. It was indeed no "love match", but there seems to be little question that the "late espoused saint" could not compare with Elizabeth when it came to making their mutual husband both comfortable and happy.

There are conflicting opinions of Elizabeth Mynshull. John Aubrey, who spoke with her, describes her as "a gent. person (of) a peaceful and agreeable humour", but the Bishop of Bristol, a number of years after her death, says she was "a woman of most violent spirit, a hard mother-in-law (step-mother) to Milton's children". This statement may easily have originated long before with one of the disgruntled daughters—who, by the way, eventually left their father's house to earn their fortunes elsewhere, leaving behind them an atmosphere much soothed by their departure. The Bishop is the only person giving a defamatory account of the character of the "3rd and Best wife", and the evidence is strong to prove that she venerated her husband and devoted herself to his comfort and happiness—which is quite enough for any wife to do. She did not, in all probability, give him any literary assistance.

Life in the Milton household could not have been gay, even at its best. The poet rose at four in the morning in summer, at five in winter (quite enough for a divorce in itself), and began the day by having the Scriptures read to him in Hebrew. He spent most of the day in writing and in being read to, and sometimes he walked in his garden with his friends. In the long evenings these friends would often come to chat with him, and at nine he went to bed. Occasionally his golden-haired "Betty", as he called her, would sing to him, and Milton, a musician of much

talent, usually remarked that while she had a good enough voice she had no ear whatever. Pleasantries of this sort have been known to disrupt far more congenial families, but there is no evidence that Elizabeth was particularly annoyed. At any rate, she put up with it all cheerfully, even with her husband's gout, and she seems never to have failed in her tender care of her poor blind poet. She may even have had a good effect upon his disposition, for he mellowed in many ways as he grew older, and lost much of the bitterness which had come with his political reverses. Elizabeth must have kept herself well in the background when her husband's friends came to see him, for none of them left any mention of her, and it is quite likely that they found the country girl a little stupid.

Milton died in 1674, without having made a written will, although he did make a verbal agreement with his brother by which his widow was to inherit the entire estate. The poet's daughters objected to this distribution of the estate, and the matter came into court. Eventually Elizabeth was given the administration of the estate, and inherited one-third of it as administratrix and one-third as widow, while the remaining third was divided between the three girls.

One of the outstanding characteristics of the "3rd and Best" was her business-like efficiency. She immediately settled with her step-daughters—£100 each was their share of the estate—and had left for herself £600 and the household goods, which could not have been elaborate.

Perhaps there was a touch of the old maid about Elizabeth, or perhaps her one experience in matrimony was enough, for she evidently had no desire to marry again, although she was only thirty-six when her husband died, and not unattractive. For some time she lived quietly in London, in the house in Bunhill Row, and here Dr. Paget, through whose "recommendation" she had become the wife of the great poet, visited her frequently, walking with her in the garden where he had so often walked with her husband. He left her £20 in his will, probably through cousinly affection, although he may have felt a certain sense of duty toward her as well.

In 1681, seven years after her husband's death, Mrs. Milton

removed to her native Cheshire and settled in the quiet little town of Nantwich. Here she lived out her long life, forgotten entirely in London, where she had never been famous, but liked and respected in the red-brick village. She probably lived in one or two rooms and a scullery (the building was destroyed some time after her death) and it is interesting to note that there were found among her effects a great many saucepans and "implements of cooking", in comparison to relatively few sewing materials. Many of these "cook-pans" were for the preparation of food much daintier than that found in the usual country diet. She must have been a master cook, and hints of this are found in certain remarks of her husband, who was, like other husbands, fond of good food.

But Elizabeth had to live most frugally, and it became common in Nantwich to speak of "keeping Mrs. Milton's feast, enough and no more". Her piety was never the absorbing factor in her life that it was in her husband's, but she was a "General Baptist" and she attended "chapel" regularly. She died at the age of eighty-nine, having survived her husband more than fifty-three years, and outlived most of her relatives. Everyone had apparently forgotten her connection with the poet, for although her funeral sermon was published, the worthy parson saw no reason to mention her famous husband in it, and in fact used the dead lady merely as a peg on which to hang certain theological doctrines.

Elizabeth was truly a model of good management, for she had contrived to live for fifty-three years on the £600 left her from her husband's estate. When she died she had only thirty-eight pounds, eight shillings, and fourpence in the world, which she left, together with her household goods, to a number of relatives and friends, most of whom, however, she had survived.

There were over one hundred items in the inventory of her estate, and this "true and perfect inventory" is rather a pathetic document, as all such lists must be. Among other things, it includes "2 quilts and pair of blankets, old patched ones", valued at ten shillings; "2 teaspoons and 1 silver spoon, with a seal and stopper and bitts of silver"; "a totershell knife & fork with other old ones"; "2 pair spectables"; and, relics of past

days, "2 books of Paradise", "Mr. Milton's pictures and coats of arms", "the best suit of twad cloathes", "the worser do.", and "2 pair of ruffles"—"these cloathes valued at three shillings, and one and six, ruffles at two shillings." The final proof of Elizabeth's devotion to her husband is here, for no wife would cherish the "worser" suit of "twad cloathes" for fifty-three years unless she had been more than a little fond of the man who once wore them.

Nantwich is not far from Manchester, and one day I went there to find, if I could, the grave of this quiet, yellow-haired Cheshire girl who had brought happiness into the last years of John Milton's tragic life. The town cannot have changed much since the days when Elizabeth Mynshull Milton lived there, for there are still fine old black-and-white houses leaning out over the narrow, badly-paved streets, and many of the red-brick cottages must have been standing when old Mrs. Milton walked by them on her way to market. But apparently no one in Nantwich had ever heard of the third and best wife of John Milton, poet, and for a time it seemed as though no one had even heard of her husband.

The only clue to the location of the grave was the fact that Elizabeth had been a General Baptist. A caretaker at the lovely old Parish Church said that all the "chapelites" were buried in the town cemetery, not in the churchyard—but the cemetery was not in existence in 1727, when Elizabeth had died. Then I questioned a ruddy old man who was cutting grass in the corner of the churchyard. He motioned to an enclosed portion, under some fine beeches. "She'll be there, perhaps. Some o' the stones ye can't read, and some they took up when they built the War Memorial there, but ye look and ye'll find her—mebbe."

But Elizabeth was not buried there—or at least none of the stones with legible inscriptions bore her name. Then I tried the Law. In these quiet spots the two elegant policemen of the town usually patrol the streets together, whether for protection or for greater social advantages I do not know. They were now coming up the street by the church—one young and handsome, the other with a most marvellously waxed moustache. They had never heard of John Milton or of his third wife, but Mous-

tache directed me to the General Baptist Chapel—the third turning on the left, there by the new cinema theatre, and then straight ahead. The Chapel, when discovered, proved to have been erected in 1872, and the red-haired caretaker knew nothing of the former one except that it had stood on Barker Street and was pulled down, she thought.

Things seemed rather hopeless, but the man in Smith's bookshop was more fruitful. He had actually heard of John Milton, but thought that it was he who was buried in Nantwich. He accepted my statement that it was Mrs. Milton, and decided she was under the new War Memorial. Then he changed his mind, and remembered that she was in the Quaker churchyard. He didn't know anything about it, really, for he had only lived in Nantwich a short time, twelve years or so, but if I were to ask Mr. Harlock in the draper's shop at the corner he could help me, for Harlock was a Quaker, and a member of an old Nantwich family.

Both Mr. Harlock and his son were out at lunch, and wouldn't be back until after the time set for my departure. But the shop assistant, fat, white-haired, and a model of courtesy, said that he would ask a workman who was repairing a window in the office if he knew anything about it. In a moment the fat man was back with the information that the workman thought that the stone I wanted to see was still in position, in the old churchyard of the General Baptist Chapel in Barker Street. A Mr. Prince had the place—he was a cabinet maker and had his shop in the old yard. I must go down that street near the yellow petrol advertisement, and turn to my left, and I wouldn't have any trouble finding the place.

Mr. Prince was at work in a brick building which was plainly the old Chapel turned into a carpentry shop. Yes, the stone was there and a gentleman from abroad had spent two hours or more last year trying to read the inscription. If I'd just follow him now. . . .

Mr. Prince led me across the shop, up a flight of steps, and out into a yard filled with a most untidy litter of shavings, pails of paint, and scraps of rusting iron. A broad stone served as doorstep; on it was a huge tar-barrel, with dribbles of black running down its sides.

"That's it, there," said Mr. Prince, and he stooped down and began to scrape away the dirt from a bit of the stone left uncovered by the tar-barrel. "There's not much of the inscription left now, but you're welcome to try."

"Don't mind, please," I begged hastily. "Thank you so much. I suppose this was the old churchyard?"

"Yes, miss. There's another stone left there in the corner, but this here's the one you want. The date's still left, if you'd like to see it. . . ."

So the "3rd and Best wife of John Milton poet" sleeps with a tar-barrel reposing on her gentle bosom, and the sound of a carpenter's lathe humming in her dead ears. But her epitaph is blazoned where all who care to hunt for it may read, high above the black doorway of her Uncle Thomas's old shop, there in the Hanging Ditch, in dirty Manchester.

DOROTHY GARDINER.

MASS EDUCATION

BY CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN

No difference from the university habits of the United States is more obvious to the visitor in England than the absence of any social grouping based on the year of graduation. With us, the social bond of the school form is carried on through the university; in a British university it dies at matriculation. In an American university the men or women who enter in a given year, and expect to be graduated four years thence, unite themselves in a permanent society, which is forever known by the year of graduation. A man belongs to the class of 1924, or more briefly '24, as in the French Army. He refers to this as his college class; for the habit was fixed before the expansion of American colleges into universities. The Class of '24 is a distinct social unit, with organization, officers, and much fostering of class spirit. It tries to live together; it often works together; it quite commonly plays together; and it is a focus of reunion for a lifetime. All this is quite unknown beyond our continent. No British university, no French university, has ever had such college classes. Oxford knows no thrill from the calendar. You shall cry in vain on the High or the Broad '24 or '25.

Our college classes, associations by years, seem to have survived great increase in size. My own college class at Columbia numbered fifty. That could be in all senses a class; it was, and it is. The class that I first taught at Yale numbered about three hundred. Can three hundred make a single class? Thousands of confident alumni have answered, yes. My own college now has classes as large; and at both universities these are sedulously held together at considerable administrative expense of time and money. They are, in the modern industrial sense, organized; and the organization seems to have arisen not from fresh consideration of a new condition, but from attempting to adjust an old mould whose capacity was merely assumed to be in-

definite. We might have devised, we may still devise, a new mould. Here appears a wider significance in what might otherwise be interesting merely as a local peculiarity. University pedagogy in the United States has tended more and more, since the opening of the century, to deal with masses. This development has seemed to many university teachers necessary. It is necessary only in so far as we must apply to thousands the methods that we used for hundreds. Must we? The question should not be begged; it may still be explored and progressively answered. So far our universities have widely assumed that we needed only larger or more numerous moulds of the same pattern.

The American college class is not primarily academic. It is social. It is cherished by undergraduates out of hours and by alumni. It does not determine instruction. The lecture room cuts it in two without much consideration. True, but it is none the less typical. As we have kept the frame of the class long after it was so grossly enlarged as to need a whole system of props, so we have kept the old frame of the course. The course was a teaching device adapted to a group of a dozen, still good for twenty-five—and for a hundred? But what should a university give except courses? There we go again. We once knew what we meant by the word course; we now mean so many things, and admit so many students, that the word has been stretched beyond significance. That its continued use without distinction has confused thinking and delayed teaching can hardly be denied. The elementary course commonly known as Freshman English has been applied to a thousand students by mere subdivision. Is this adaptation? Is adaptation what we need? The case is not so bad as it looks; for the teaching is often better than the system, and the course has at least vindicated its importance even when it has been applied by rule of thumb. But where Freshman English has most fruitfully realized its large and vital function, it has not kept the uniformity of an antiquated mould; it has explored its actual relations, varied and enriched its assignments, and constructively adapted its method. So in the university teaching of history or economics, no mere stretching of the old idea denoted by the word course has availed to meet the demands of increasing numbers. But the pedagogical problems

arising from numbers may still be confused by assuming what is often assumed by that shifting word.

College, class, course—we gain a larger view by recalling that those words have, in the experience of the English-speaking peoples alone, varied widely. A study of the words is profitable only in so far as it expresses typical directions of method. The British college, a small, intimate teaching and studying society within a large lecturing, examining, and certifying bureau called a university, offers us in some aspects a sharp contrast. In spite of an increase in numbers, neither Oxford nor Cambridge has our mass problems. The difference is not to be accounted for merely by difference in size; for we must consider proportion rather than bulk, and the newer English universities begin to feel, with the University of London, some of our own anxieties. Is the immunity of the older universities due to a flexibility inherent in their system of small component colleges? Is it due to a habit of founding within the university a new college instead of stretching an old one out of shape? We cannot answer from experience. Our few experiments with colleges of the British sort have not been carried out, so far as I know, consistently. But the English experience is at least suggestive in our time of stress; and in more than one of our universities we could add such colleges without dislocation. Keeping our system of colleges that are schools of separated studies, we could put beside them colleges that should be societies. In a few cases we have such colleges now; but they tend to become too large to keep their character. Of the two kinds of college thus actively compared, the more fit would survive; and meantime we should learn more about the effective distribution of function between college and university.

Such colleges provide scope for social and moral individuality, and even for that religious environment which is still much desired. Though the sectarian college has fallen into disrepute, church colleges are neither extinct nor apparently extinguishable. Their main defects appear to arise not from their religious character, even where that is marked, but from their isolation. Our large universities, on the other hand, have not always been found equal to those educational demands which are more specifically moral; and they cannot without embarrassment and serious risk

offer anything distinctly religious. What is desired or desirable in moral and religious education for students of university age is not so much instruction, as specific influence without seclusion from other influences. In this aspect a church college would gain largely by attachment to a university; and the university might be the freer to limit its own consideration of morals and religion to their scientific aspects. Some years ago the University of North Dakota thus included a small denominational college; but in general such colleges have remained apart, perhaps to their own loss, perhaps to the loss of the universities. However this may be, a church college is simply an extreme instance of such characteristic environment as gives to some British colleges distinctive traits without hampering the inclusiveness of the university.

No American can suggest meeting our problems of numbers by any method of exclusion except such as is involved in the maintenance of our university standards. We cannot make our universities manageable by keeping out of them students who should be in. That is merely to give the problem up. Rather we rejoice that the American academic population is increasing. If we are disconcerted by its increasing more rapidly than our skill in handling it, at least we have no intention of barring our doors because our rooms are too small. Besides, what challenges university administration is not the total, but its component masses. The real problems of numbers arise not from a large total, but from an unwieldy mass at a given point. In this respect a university of 10,000 may be better adjusted than one of 5,000. Its population may be better distributed. In any case what we have to seek is effective units. If the old units—colleges, classes, and courses—no longer serve, we must find others.

But though we have much to learn from reconsidering the traditional British unit, we shall not solve our mass problems by any method so easy as the adoption of the university system of Oxford and Cambridge. Even at Oxford and Cambridge that system shows modification. At the newer British city universities it has varied from the type more widely. Without further modification it could not be even begun here. For instance, all lectures are in England given theoretically by the university. Lectures are not a function of a British college. But the increase

of numbers is already bringing together groups unwieldy and sometimes ill-assorted, and tends to force the lecturer into the position of a public orator. Moreover, the professors may thus be segregated from many contacts with students; they may become merely lecturers and writers; they may even read aloud what they are preparing to print for the general public. Though these results do not follow necessarily, they are clearly a tendency of the system; and the system seems in this respect clearly inferior to our practice of college lectures. In the University of Liverpool some of the professors have already abandoned the method of Oxford for ours. No need is apparent for abandoning the system of university lectures altogether. We might make more use of them ourselves; and both we and the British have something to learn about such lecturing from the French. But it seems demonstrable that the normal presentation of most university subjects to university students should involve careful adaptation to a specific group.

It is even probable that British university teachers rely on lectures too much. Though we ourselves show sometimes the same rash reliance, there is generally between them and us this broad difference, that they feel themselves bound to no more than lectures and examinations, while we have accustomed our students to much more specific guidance. They are somewhat impatient of demands for "class work"; we think class work, and usually much class work, part of our obligation. Perhaps the British universities teach too little and ours too much; but we shall not sound the situation very far by seeking some norm or average. The question is how best to advance the intellectual progress of university students by group methods as distinct from the methods of individual research. What shall we do in the lecture room? We are agreed that we must do something, that the setting of students to learn together as well as the setting of them to learn separately, is important. Not that there is a uniform method applicable to all subjects, but that in any subject students have much to learn in directed groups which they cannot learn, or at least cannot learn so well, individually. Otherwise either a university or a college tends to become meaningless in its very idea.

We are also agreed not to carry into the university the practices of drill and quiz which may be profitable in the secondary school. Recitation in the literal sense and exercises cannot generally be made profitable in university conditions and for students of university age. The British suspicion of class work may arise from conceiving class work in these terms. If so, our ideas are not so far from theirs as may appear from our habits. In language and literature courses, for instance, university class work cannot with profit dwell on such *seriatim* quiz as long ago discredited in some quarters the teaching of Greek and Latin. Scrutiny word by word still has some value even for students who have been as well schooled as they are supposed to be at matriculation; but little of this can be done profitably in the lecture room, only enough to make clear its main directions and typical values. The rest not only may be, but should be left to the individual; and, for whatever test of industry and accuracy seems necessary, question and answer in class are a labourious and tedious substitute for written examination.

But formal recitation, drill, or quiz, is not what is meant in American universities by class work. The universities of the United States, instead of following the British tradition of college tutors, have explored the possibilities of group response and developed a considerable technique of class discussion. The most distinct and highly developed instance, perhaps, is the so-called case method in our university schools of law. The general idea of this has been applied in other fields. In history, beside the individual collation of sources, there is class discussion directed toward developing exchange of views and progressive interpretation; and this is thought to be often more educative than the interpretation of the professor *ex cathedra*. In English literature, class discussion has been largely our reliance both for the intensive interpretation implied in the French "explication" and *analyse littéraire* and for such extensive interpretation as shall bring collateral studies, arising from a variety of individual interests, to a group focus. In all such discussions the idea is to keep the whole roomful alert and contributory; alert, that is, aware of significances and questing rather than receptive; contributory, that is interactive, challenging and supplementing one

another. The teacher's art, experience, and a certain Socratic ardour and method, ideally bring even wide ranging to a focus for the group, and make each hour tell its tale. With even less pedagogic skill such class discussion may be more fruitful than lecture. In either case it presupposes great care in the making of the syllabus. This must first specify the necessary minimum and provide necessary information; secondly, it must give orientation; and finally it should suggest relations while it invites ranging. Nor need the discussion be thrown open at once. For the first hours, until the group has learned how to contribute, it is easy to assign to individuals in advance specified approaches to a common goal.

The typical danger in class discussion is of smartness and glibness, of saying anything rather than nothing, of speaking without sufficient thought, of attaching too much importance to half-grown opinions. Whether this is worse than passive reception and repetition may be debatable, and neither of these opposite dangers is inherent in its system. The one arises from letting class discussion become loose and talkative for lack of sure guidance; the other, from letting lectures become mere reading aloud. In both cases the fault is in the teacher's preparation. Literature, even more than philosophy or history, dispenses the university teacher from spending much class time on eliciting right answers. Right answers there may be, though not of the same finality as in physics; but the finding of them is oftener an affair of the individual's reading, while the teacher's opportunity with the group is to promote reaction and interaction, to make study really a quest.

The more this is done, the less error will there be in examinations; for the discussion will give one test, the examination another. To provide merely lectures and examinations is to depend unduly on codified results, to sacrifice the process, which is usually the more important, to that fraction of the achievement which can be measured. No system of university teaching falls quite so far short. England supplements university lectures by individual study with a college tutor. But without group discussion the preparation for examinations may fail to use university opportunities fully; and the shadow of examina-

tions may be chilling and inhibitory. Where the system of tutors is less developed, as in some of the newer British universities, the need of class work has been already felt. Meantime the values of class discussion have been realized by many British university teachers in the so-called "tutorial classes" for students outside of the university. The class technique developed there should find scope within the university itself; lest over-reliance on examinations impoverish university education.

Meantime we are not to assume that even the best class discussion can meet all university needs. It cannot meet the need of sustained presentation, of extensive individual reading worked out to individual interpretation. Here has been done some of the best teaching of the English college tutor. We have got the same result partly in composition courses, partly in conferences on course papers in history, economics, or philosophy. But in either country it is so easy to scant this training by lapsing into mass methods that we need from time to time to make sure the functioning of the ancient rhetorical *inventio* and *dispositio* as organic parts of modern university education.

Nor can class discussion enable the individual to work out his own salvation. It must supplement, not supersede, exploration. One of the soundest educational habits of England is to examine not on the course, but on the subject, and not by the teacher, but by some other expert. This precludes undue attention to a lecturer's words; it keeps the number of examinations small, and it invites good students to read for themselves. By comparison we seem to run the risk of over-sedulous discipleship, of too frequent examination, and of undue guidance. Though we have something to say for ourselves on these points, we may as well admit a certain misdirection of teaching effort through over-anxiety. We do sometimes cheat our students of the discipline of flying by hovering them too long. Our habit of group teaching leads us sometimes to an excess of zeal in opening vistas, lest the student should miss one that we have discovered. In fact, American university practice seems to be adapted more to the many; British university practice, to the few. Fortunately, neither practice precludes the other.

CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN.

KEATS IN THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY

BY RALPH LESLIE RUSK

When, in the summer of 1818, Keats and Charles Brown set out on a pedestrian tour to the North, their first purpose was to visit the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Till then Keats had travelled but little. In the Isle of Wight and at Margate and Teignmouth he had, it is true, become acquainted with the sea; and under its spell, with a passage of *King Lear* to prompt him, he had written his sonnet, "It keeps eternal whisperings around." But it was in the Wordsworth country that he first saw the mountains. Already the author of *Endymion* and of *Isabella* and many minor poems, Keats had served his novitiate as priest of beauty and of nature. What were his feelings when he first stood in the presence of the mountains? In spite of the scarcely restrained delight in form and colour of which he was capable, there was about him a sanity that forbade heroics, and he was sobered by the sublime. But was his first sight of Windermere, with the mountains beyond, quite the prosaic experience he dismisses with only a casual reference in the letters with which every reader is familiar?

The answer is to be found in a journal of Windermere and Ambleside which, though perhaps the finest example of Keats's descriptive prose, has, strangely enough, remained for nearly ninety years buried in an obscure periodical. For the letter written to Tom from Keswick on June 29, 1818, was not, as has been supposed, the first which the poet had addressed to his brother after arriving in the Wordsworth country. He had, in fact, commenced his journal on June 25 at Endmoor, after the first day's journey northward from Lancaster. He had continued it on the 26th, at Bowness, and had concluded the first installment on the morning of the 27th, at Ambleside. Doubtless he left the letter containing these entries at the Ambleside post office on his way to Wordsworth's home the same day.

Remarkable for its unusually detailed and enthusiastic descriptive passages, which belie Keats's assertion that "descriptions are bad at all times", this first chapter of his journal is also notable for its not very reverent comments on Wordsworth, for its relation to at least one of Keats's best known poems, and for the additional evidence which it affords of the poet's mastery of English prose. Fortunately, its charm has scarcely been marred by its passage into the columns of *The Western Messenger*, a monthly magazine published in the then frontier town of Louisville, Kentucky. There, in June, 1836, it was printed in the following form, from a manuscript furnished by George Keats:

Here beginneth my journal, this Thursday, the 25th day of June, Anno Domini 1818. This morning we arose at 4, and set off in a Scotch mist; put up once under a tree, and in fine, have walked wet and dry to this place, called in the vulgar tongue Endmoor, 17 miles; we have not been incommoded by our knapsacks; they serve capitally, and we shall go on very well.

June 26—I merely put *pro forma*, for there is no such thing as time and space, which by the way came forcibly upon me on seeing for the first hour the Lake and Mountains of Winander—I cannot describe them—they surpass my expectation—beautiful water—shores and islands green to the marge—mountains all round up to the clouds. We set out from Endmoor this morning, breakfasted at Kendal with a soldier who had been in all the wars for the last seventeen years—then we have walked to Bowne's [Bowness] to dinner—said Bowne's situated on the Lake where we have just dined, and I am writing at this present. I took an oar to one of the islands to take up some trout for our dinner, which they keep in porous boxes. I enquired of the waiter for Wordsworth—he said he knew him, and that he had been here a few days ago, canvassing for the Lowthers. What think you of that—Wordsworth versus Brougham!! Sad—sad—sad—and yet the family has been his friend always. What can we say? We are now about seven miles from Rydale, and expect to see him to-morrow. You shall hear all about our visit.

There are many disfigurements to this Lake—not in the way of land or water. No; the two views we have had of it are of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and stedfast over the wonders of the great Power. The disfigurement I mean is the miasma of London. I do suppose it contaminated with bucks and soldiers, and women of fashion—and hat-band ignorance. The border inhabitants are quite out of keeping with the romance about them, from a continual intercourse with London rank and fashion. But why should I grumble? They let me have a prime glass of soda water—O they are as good as their neighbors. But Lord Wordsworth, in-

stead of being in retirement, has himself and his house full in the thick of fashionable visitors quite convenient to be pointed at all the summer long. When we had gone about half this morning, we began to get among the hills and to see the mountains grow up before us—the other half brought us to Wynandermere, 14 miles to dinner. The weather is capital for the views, but is now rather misty, and we are in doubt whether to walk to Ambleside to tea —it is five miles along the borders of the Lake. Loughrigg will swell up before us all the way—I have an amazing partiality for mountains in the clouds. There is nothing in Devon like this, and Brown says there is nothing in Wales to be compared to it. I must tell you, that in going through Cheshire and Lancashire, I saw the Welsh mountains at a distance. We have passed the two castles, Lancaster and Kendal.

27th—We walked here to Ambleside yesterday along the border of Winandermere all beautiful with wooded shores and Islands—our road was a winding lane, wooded on each side, and green overhead, full of Foxgloves—every now and then a glimpse of the Lake, and all the while Kirkstone and other large hills nestled together in a sort of grey black mist. Ambleside is at the northern extremity of the Lake. We arose this morning at six, because we call it a day of rest, having to call on Wordsworth who lives only two miles hence—before breakfast we went to see the Ambleside waterfall. The morning beautiful—the walk early among the hills. We, I may say, fortunately, missed the direct path, and after wandering a little, found it out by the noise—for, mark you, it is buried in trees, in the bottom of the valley—the stream itself is interesting throughout with "mazy error over pendant shades". Milton meant a smooth river—this is buffetting all the way on a rocky bed ever various—but the waterfall itself, which I came suddenly upon, gave me a pleasant twinge. First we stood a little below the head about half way down the first fall, buried deep in trees, and saw it streaming down two more descents to the depth of near fifty feet —then we went on a jut of rock nearly level with the tsecond [*sic*] fall-head, where the first fall was above us, and the third below our feet still—at the same time we saw that the water was divided by a sort of cataract island on whose other side burst out a glorious stream—then the thunder and the freshness. At the same time the different falls have as different characters; the first darting down the slate rock like an arrow; the second spreading out like a fan—the third dashed into a mist—and the one on the other side of the rock a sort of mixture of all these. We afterwards moved away a space, and saw nearly the whole more mild, streaming silverly through the trees. What astonishes me more than any thing is the tone, the coloring, the slate, the stone, the moss, the rock-weed; or, if I may so say, the intellect, the countenance of such places. The space, the magnitude of mountains and waterfalls are well imagined before one sees them; but this countenance or intellectual tone must surpass every imagination and defy any remembrance. I shall learn poetry here and shall henceforth write more than ever, for the abstract

endeavour of being able to add a mite to that mass of beauty which is harvested from these grand materials, by the finest spirits, and put into ethereal existence for the relish of one's fellows. I cannot think with Hazlitt that these scenes make man appear little. I never forgot my stature so completely—I live in the eye; and my imagination, surpassed, is at rest—We shall see another waterfall near Kydal [Rydal] to which we shall proceed after having put these letters in the post office. I long to be at Carlisle, as I expect there a letter from George and one from you. Let any of my friends see my letters—they may not be interested in descriptions—descriptions are bad at all times—I did not intend to give you any; but how can I help it? I am anxious you should taste a little of our pleasure; it may not be an unpleasant thing, as you have not the fatigue. I am well in health. Direct henceforth to Post Patrick [Port Patrick] till the 12th July. Content that probably three or four pair of eyes whose owners I am rather partial to will run over these lines I remain; and moreover that I am your affectionate brother John.

It is clear at a glance that, in consequence of our ignorance of these entries in Keats's journal, too much has been made of the mildness of the poet's enthusiasm for the mountain scenery long since admired by Gray and proclaimed by Wordsworth. For sheer delight in descriptive detail, as well as for a more deeply emotional response to the beauty of nature, nothing of Keats's prose that we have had before is equal to this part of his correspondence. It contains a record of the moment when he was most powerfully struck by the charm of mountain scenery, and proves that in Brown's account, written more than twenty years later, the poet's first glow of enthusiasm was not, as has been supposed, overdrawn. The first mountains he saw, he afterwards wrote to Bailey, weighed very solemnly upon him; and it was only when he had become used to the wild country farther north that his zest for new discoveries began to wane. It was in what he wrote at Windermere that Keats, in spite of the dignified restraint which was even then not wanting, came nearest to losing the usually well-marked distinction between his poetry and his prose.

In its relation to the poems of Keats, this part of his journal is rivalled in significance by only a few of his other letters. One must be struck especially by the remarkable passage which is, perhaps, reminiscent of the opening lines of *Endymion* and is certainly suggestive of both the thought and the imagery of the "Bright Star" sonnet: the views he and Brown had had of

Windermere were "of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and steadfast over the wonders of the great Power." Though the resemblance between this passage and *Endymion*, certainly more a matter of thought than of words, is possibly only fanciful, something more must be said for its relation to Keats's "last" sonnet:

> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
> Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
> And watching, with eternal lids apart,
> Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
> The moving waters at their priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
> Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
> Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
> No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
> Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
> To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
> Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
> Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
> And so live ever—or else swoon to death.[1]

This poem, far from being the last, could not have been written later than 1819, as Sir Sidney Colvin has shown. In the same author's excellent biography, it is suggested that the sonnet may probably be set down as composed before dawn on the 25th of February in that year. The snowfalls on the afternoon of the 24th and on the morning of the 25th, it is argued, might well have supplied a part of the imagery. The date is the more probable because one may conjecture that Keats had become engaged to Fanny Brawne about this time. The journal entry quoted above seems, however, to make a still earlier date likely. Might not the mountains and the moors have been the actual materials present before Keats when he composed the sonnet? As for the lover's dream with which the poem ends, it can hardly be considered as proof against an earlier date of composition than

[1] For an earlier version of the sonnet, showing a no less marked resemblance to the journal passage, see Sidney Colvin's *John Keats*, 1917.

has been supposed. The poet who had already written *Endymion* and *Isabella* either had known the passion of love, or could make erotic poetry without experiencing this reality. But whether Fanny Brawne or "Charmian" or some other woman was the inspiration of the closing lines, the passage in the journal makes it extremely likely that at least the first part of the famous sonnet was already in Keats's mind when he explored the shores of Windermere on June 26, 1818.[1]

Other resemblances between this newly recovered portion of the journal and its author's poetry are perhaps not so striking. But the influence of "the intellect, the countenance of such places" as he saw during the two memorable days at Windermere must have been diffused through the descriptive passages of later poems, as in some of the great lines of *Hyperion;* and possibly a memory of the bolder features of the scenery of that region is to be found in

> the solid roar
> Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
> Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where,

which was felt, but not heard, by Saturn and his fellow Titans. At any rate, the experience meant to Keats a rededication to poetry: "I shall learn poetry here and shall henceforth write more than ever, for the abstract endeavour of being able to add a mite to that mass of beauty which is harvested from these grand materials, by the finest spirits." Here, for once, he realized his desire to forget his own harassing personality and live in the eye alone. And in proving thus the potent charm of Wordsworth's "grand materials", he was doing homage to "Lord Wordsworth" himself.

RALPH LESLIE RUSK.

[1] Perhaps he did not complete the poem until later. It is, however, a remarkable fact that a version of these lines was written in the pocket Dante at one time in the possession of the late Mr. Buxton Forman, apparently the same three-volume miniature which Keats carried on his Northern tour. But it is hardly possible that Mr. Forman was wrong in his statement that the writing was that of Fanny Brawne.

PROFESSIONAL ETHICS AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

BY ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

At no time, probably, in more than a century has the reality of moral progress been so often questioned or denied as to-day. Dean Inge is but one of many who find it "very doubtful whether when we are exposed to the same temptations we are more humane or more sympathetic or juster or less brutal than the ancients." He would, in truth, be a bold man who should confidently undertake to reckon the totals of profit and loss in that long and infinitely complex account of humanity with itself. Yet, even if no exact footing of the columns is possible, the discovery of a new item to be set down on the credit side of that ledger is an event of historic importance, the more significant for its rarity. Such an item seems to be recognizable in certain new developments in American life, of which the fullest record thus far is to be found in a series of papers in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for May, 1922. Here are reported and discussed recent movements for the establishment and maintenance of more definite, more exacting, and more public-minded standards of professional ethics in a dozen callings.

What gives significance to most of these movements is that they seem to have begun spontaneously within the professions concerned, not to be a reluctant yielding to pressure from without. They are an expression of a tendency highly characteristic of our time, which has also several other manifestations—the increasing tendency of individuals to conceive of themselves and their obligations in terms of their relation to a vocational group, the marked intensification (or revival) of what may be called professional self-consciousness. Throughout the nineteenth century the chief beneficiary of man's craving for a large and corporate object of loyalty and piety—for what Professor Royce used to call a "Beloved Community"—was, obviously, the

nation, and the State as its supposed necessary embodiment. When men's interest transcended the pure individualism of the economic struggle, it was most likely to attach itself directly to the affairs of the politically organized and geographically bounded group. In the traditions, the achievements, above all in the prophetically visioned future, of one or another of these groups, the average man found something that satisfied his imagination and aroused his quasi-religious emotions as his own small concerns could not do. In the rivalries of the political body to which he belonged with other such bodies he found an outlet for his combative impulses, denied a purely individual expression; in the belief in his nation's greatness he found (as Mr. Clutton-Brock has remarked) a sublimated satisfaction of his otherwise repressed, yet irrepressible, self-esteem; in the sense of participation in his country's supposed "cultural mission" or "manifest destiny" he experienced an exhilarating expansion of the meaning of his own existence.

What seems to be now observable is the growth of a sense of the significance of another, a non-political, group-relationship of the individual. More men than hitherto are acquiring a kind of piety towards their vocation, and are finding a new corporate object of allegiance in the fraternity of those with whom they share in common the responsibility for some specific and essential interest of humanity. Of the increase of this type of loyalty within the more or less learned professions, the papers in the *Annals* and the formation in Detroit in 1919 of an "Inter-Professional Conference" give some substantial evidence. The utterance of edifying aspirations or exhortations is of itself, to be sure, scarcely convincing evidence of moral progress. Yet when considerable bodies of busy professional people assemble for the sole purpose of discovering definite means "to liberate the professions from the domination of selfish interest, both within and without the profession, and to devise ways of better utilizing the professional heritage of knowledge and skill for the benefit of society"; when it is shown that the leaders of many professions are at present greatly preoccupied with the formulation or improvement of codes of professional conduct; and when a score of large professional societies within a few years formally adopt or

extend such codes, sometimes with heavy penalties for their violation—it seems not too optimistic to see in all this a real instance of the extension of moral intelligence and of the sense of social responsibility into new areas of human relationship.

It is to be borne in mind, however, that in most codes of professional ethics three elements are distinguishable: one designed to prevent abuses of the confidential and fiduciary relationship of practitioner to individual client, which is characteristic of many professions; one designed to regulate the relations between fellow-practitioners and, in particular, to prevent unfair or mutually injurious forms of competition; and one directed toward the better realization of the broad, though specific, social purpose for the sake of which the profession as such exists. It is the first two of these that are most highly developed in most codes; the third, though almost always recognized in principle, is usually a good deal less definite and elaborate. But it is this that is the crucial part of professional ethics. That organized groups of practitioners should increasingly demand of their members rigorous good faith in their responsible and delicate relations with those who employ them, efficiency in the performance of their professional service, and an abstention from dishonest, underhand, or undignified modes of intra-professional rivalry—this alone, no doubt, is a genuine ethical gain. But so much, after all, is fairly clearly demanded by the long-run self-interest of any profession and of its individual members—especially if the good repute and social distinction of one's calling is recognized as an element of individual self-interest. And a practitioner may observe all such clauses of a code of ethics scrupulously, and yet know nothing of the weightier matters of the law of his vocation, have no understanding whatever of the real nature of a profession in general or of the social function of his own. He attains a full-grown professional consciousness only when he habitually thinks of himself as a member of a body which is the special custodian of a definite part of the hard-won gains of civilization in the past and the responsible leader and guide of the community in certain definite tasks of civilization in the present.

But when this third division of professional ethics is duly considered, it becomes apparent that a profession is often a

strange economic paradox—that, in the jargon of philosophers, there is an antinomy, far from easy of practical solution, between its ethical and its economic aspect. If a profession is, on the one side, an instrumentality maintained by the community for the realization of certain large social purposes, it is on the other side a means by which a man earns his livelihood by selling his services or the products of his skill. And these two aspects are often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to reconcile. The antinomy is exemplified, though not in its most acute form, in those professions which exist largely because certain potentially eliminable or reducible evils exist in society. Of any such profession the ultimate ethical goal is suicide; its dominant aim should be to render itself so far as possible unnecessary. Its ethical standing is to be judged by the zeal with which its members devote themselves to diminishing the need, and therefore the economic demand, for their services; if they manifest no such zeal, they can only be regarded as willingly parasitic upon the misfortunes or weaknesses of mankind. (What prevents this form of the antinomy from becoming, in practice, very acute, is the fact that in most cases the removal of the evils in question must at best be so slow that its effect upon the economic fortunes of present practitioners will be small, and that the complete removal of those evils is impossible.) Judged by this criterion, the two chief professions that fall largely within this class—medicine and the law—have both, perhaps, made some, but conspicuously unequal, progress. The service of the medical profession to society in the development of preventive medicine and public hygiene has been immeasurable. In spite of some praiseworthy efforts of Bar Associations to diminish litigation, simplify procedure, and prevent the abuse of technicalities, it can hardly be said that the lawyers have as yet tried so generally and enthusiastically or with such appreciable results as the physicians to lessen the need for their services, to render themselves relatively superfluous. The record of the legal profession in America in the greater matters of professional ethics must, in truth, be regarded as discreditable. The Dean of the Harvard Law School has compared the theory with the practice of the legal profession in a typical American city, Cleveland, in the following terms:

Relying in theory upon the professional feeling of the bar, and the scrutiny of official action and criticism thereof by the bar, . . . we in fact subject prosecution to the sagacious scrutiny of professional defenders of accused persons, who study the weak points in the system and learn how to take advantage of them. In theory, the lawyer is an officer of the court, assisting the criminal court to do justice by seeing that the case of the accused is fully and properly presented. Instead, we are not unlikely to find an astute, experienced player of a politico-procedural game, whereby the course of criminal justice is systematically obstructed or perverted . . . [What is needed is] to make the Cleveland bar an organized, self-governing, responsible entity instead of a mere collective name for 1,400 money-getters, each following his own interests.[1]

An eminent member of the New York bar not long since declared that the existing rules of evidence in criminal cases are so little fitted to ensure substantial justice and vigorous enforcement of law that it would be better to wipe them out altogether than to maintain them as they are; and he laid the responsibility for the retention of these "obsolete justice-thwarting methods" squarely at the door of his own profession. The Chief City Magistrate of New York is reported to have said that "if the layman ever understands the rules of evidence, he will certainly insist upon their abolition." But that this should be left to be accomplished through the insistence of the layman is conclusive evidence of the degree to which the legal profession itself has failed to keep in view its distinctive social function.

In certain professions, however, a yet more serious incongruity arises between their ethical and economic aspects—in those professions, namely, to which belongs in a special degree the function of intellectual, moral, or æsthetic initiative and leadership. To perform their economic function, members of these professions must give the public, or some part of the public, what it wants and is willing to pay for; to perform the function which is their true social reason for being, it is inevitable that they should often give their public—the only public able to pay them—what, at the moment, it does not want. The greatest of the early ethical teachers of Europe seems to have felt this incongruity so strongly that he could not conceive of such a function's becoming an honest means of livelihood. Socrates earned his living by a

[1] Roscoe Pound in *Criminal Justice in Cleveland*, 1922, pp. 636, 641.

manual trade, in order that he might practise his true calling unhampered and uncorrupted by economic considerations. The vocation of gadfly to the Athenian public was, he was sure, a most necessary one; but a salaried gadfly seemed to him an impossible anomaly. Yet a long series of functions which involve, in greater or less degree, the same paradox have by this time become paid professions. The resultant difficulty is at least latent in the relations of any expert to those who buy his services; it is always possible that the specialist may, in the progress of his science or his art, come upon some new discovery which will be unwelcome to the vested interests from which he derives his support.

But it is, of course, in the case of those experts who deal with questions of economic, political, moral and religious opinion, that what I have called the antinomy of the professions becomes most acute. On the one hand, it is in modern times usually necessary that one who performs these functions should earn his living thereby; for they now require too prolonged training and too assiduous devotion to be treated as avocations. On the other hand, the very fact that their practitioners represent special training and competency, and are set apart to carry on their own often highly technical inquiries, makes it certain that their conclusions will at times diverge from the opinions or prejudices of the majority, or of the minority who control the avenues of employment for such experts. But when a conflict of this kind arises, what is to be done? Can we assume that the usual economic processes will be suspended? Can buyers—whether States, corporations or individuals—reasonably be expected to pay for intellectual wares that they do not like, to foot the bills for the promulgation of opinions which they deem erroneous or even dangerous? If, for example, the majority of the people of Kentucky consider the theory of organic evolution false and pernicious, is there any reason why they should pay the salaries of professors of biology engaged in teaching the youth of Kentucky that that theory is true?

The practical difficulty is often real enough; yet the principle which furnishes the solution is plain and obvious, though apparently still unfamiliar to most Americans. The body of specialists, of men assigned to the function of investigating and

reflecting impartially and methodically upon questions of fundamental human concern, constitutes one of the budding-points of the intellectual life of the community; through it, if it is genuinely performing its function, new growths must be expected to come. A society can provide itself with such budding-points or it can do without them; but if it elects to have them, it must be upon one simple and, indeed, tautological condition—namely, that the specialists be permitted to perform the function for which they are employed. They are manifestly not performing it so long as they are subjected to the requirement that they shall reach, or shall utter, no conclusions not already accepted by, or acceptable to, the community at large, or to some particular set of non-specialists who "vote the appropriations." When such restrictions are imposed, what society is getting is not the biology of biologists, but the biology of members of the legislature—aided, perhaps, by the researches of Mr. Bryan; not the economics of trained and disinterested economic investigators, but the economics of preoccupied business men, whose freedom from class bias or special interest may or may not be beyond the reach of reasonable doubt. A community which prefers to get its biology or its economics in these ways is doubtless within its constitutional rights; but it must not delude itself with the supposition that it is also enjoying the service of what most modern communities have regarded as indispensable to civilized life and social progress—a body of trained men of science engaged in actually carrying on their distinctive professional function. For that function is, in the words of the declaration of the American Association of University Professors,—

> to deal at first hand with the sources of knowledge, and to impart the results of their own and of their fellow-specialists' investigations, both to students and to the general public, without fear or favor. . . . It is highly needful in the interest of society at large that what purport to be conclusions of men trained for, and dedicated to, the quest for truth, shall in fact be the conclusions of such men, and not echoes of the opinions of the lay public, or of the individuals who endow or manage universities.

The existence of the scholar's profession indicates that the public really does, on the whole, want this type of expert service and that it is willing to pay for it—that it believes in maintaining the

social organs of growth in knowledge and insight. But it seems frequently to forget that a necessary part of the cost is the scholar's liberty to express conclusions which may be entirely obnoxious to those who pay for that service. What is called "academic freedom", then, is not a curious luxury claimed by the guild of scholars; its maintenance is, on the contrary, their primary professional obligation, the first prerequisite to the performance of the service for the sake of which their calling exists.

To what degree can we look to the growth of a new professional consciousness for the solution of the graver problems of contemporary society? There are those who see in it, more than in any other tendency of our time, the foreshadowing of a better social order. Guild Socialist writers, for example, are fond of pointing out that (in the words of Messrs. Reckitt and Bechhofer) "the professions are in a unique position, which is, indeed, halfway on the road to the Guilds"; and Mr. R. H. Tawney has recently sought in the loyalty to function already in some degree characteristic of the professions, and in its diffusion throughout industry, the remedy for those disorders of an acquisitive society which he has so impressively depicted. Not without the substitution of a new motive for that upon which our industrial system now depends shall we ever—as Mr. Tawney conceives—evoke the full productive energies of men, or make possible the harmonious coöperation of all in the satisfaction of human needs and desires. But this new motive is not to be a vague, formless humanitarianism, a zeal for "service" in the abstract; it is to be found in potencies of human nature far more lively and concrete —in the pleasures of creative achievement, in the craftsman's imaginative realization of the social purpose of the particular function he performs, in his sense of solidarity with his fellow-craftsmen. Let industry, then, be, so to say, professionalized; let a "Functional" take the place of an "Acquisitive Society", and a normal, adequate, and smoothly-working psychological dynamic for the economic life of man will at last be reached. This, however, is possible only upon condition of the transfer of control over each branch of production to the general body of those actually engaged in it.

I wish I could believe Mr. Tawney's motive potent enough to

bear the strain he would apparently put upon it. If his Functional Society were once established, and "the discipline exercised today by the agents of property owners" seeking profits were eliminated, the disinterested "zeal, efficiency and professional pride" of the laborer would, he tells us, be "the only guarantee of a high level of production". Have we any good reason to believe that the guarantee would be sufficient? Could we rely upon these motives alone to maintain an industrial system adequate to the needs of our vast modern populations and free from the controversies over the division of the product which now hamper production and embitter social relations? Such an assumption seems to me amazingly hasty and hazardous; certainly it is not vindicated by the example of the professions. In them the motive of loyalty to function undeniably operates in some, and apparently in an increasing, degree to restrain and to supplement the desires for goods, for leisure, and for power. But that it has supplanted, or bids fair to supplant, these desires it would be absurd to say. Men are, it is happily true, capable of taking pride in the work of their calling, of being stirred by a sense of its social meaning, even, on occasion, of making great sacrifices rather than betray the trust which, by virtue of their profession, has been imposed upon them by the community. Yet it is scarcely a fact of common observation that professional men are indifferent to economic rewards—that they, and their womankind, fail to exhibit a keen and emulative desire to possess the means of comfort, luxury, and ostentation, which the technological development of modern society makes possible. And it is far from characteristic of professional groups to put a low estimate on the economic reward befitting the kind of service rendered by them. I know of no code of professional ethics containing a declaration that "the share of the national dividend accruing to this profession as a whole is too great, and should be diminished". What we actually have at present in the professions is the joint operation of acquisitive and functional motives; but that, even in these exceptionally interesting vocations, carrying some special prestige and distinction, we should, through the functional motive alone, evoke the amount of effort and skill now put forth, there is nothing to show. Even if it were otherwise, it

would be a very dubious analogy to argue that that motive could permanently inspire vast multitudes of men with a high degree of energy in the performance, day after day and year after year, of tasks in themselves uninteresting, commonplace, undistinguished, and sometimes repellent.

There are older loyalties than loyalty to function, and of these others we have had an extensive experience. To the family, the ruler, the nation, the church, men have long since shown themselves capable of disinterested devotion. Yet that devotion has, in all these cases, had well-marked limits, especially with respect to its endurance. Notwithstanding, for example, the tremendous potency of patriotic feeling in evoking genuine self-sacrifice in time of crisis and of intensified group-consciousness, it is a sufficiently trite remark that few of the men who are honestly willing to risk death for their country are disposed to live for it at any continuously high level of public-spirited service. Montesquieu opined that the "principle" of democracy must be "virtue", *i.e.* "a constant preference of the public interest over one's own". We now have our democracy; how much of Montesquieu's "virtue" we have may perhaps be measured by the character of the bills which chiefly engaged the attention of the last session of Congress. And there is as yet no empirical evidence whatever that vocational loyalty is capable of reaching even the same pitch of efficacy as nationalistic or religious loyalty. That it is on the increase is a reasonable ground for satisfaction and encouragement; but to suppose—still more, to base the organization of industry upon the supposition—that it has a greater potency than these older pieties to transform speedily and profoundly the ruling motives and average conduct of the mass of mankind, would only be to prepare for ourselves another tragic disillusionment.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

MARCEL PROUST

BY JOHN COWPER POWYS

One of the most illuminating articles upon Marcel Proust was that contributed by Señor José Ortega y Garset, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Madrid, to the "In Memoriam" number of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. The Spanish Professor blurts out the bold truth that it is no easy task to read Proust continuously for a long uninterrupted space of time. There intervenes a certain ineluctable fatigue. And he proceeds to explain this fatigue by pointing out the absence of that quiver of expectancy by which in the ordinary art of fiction we are beguiled forward. Events in Proust are in the habit of indulging in a circular rather than a progressive movement. His shimmering, serpentine sentences dance their dance in recurrent spirals. But our natural desire to learn what the upshot of it all is, is so frustrated and retarded that it faints by the way, the wings of its vitality "lamentably trailing in the dust". There is more forward movement, more vibration of the human string of "what next?" in James's *Golden Bowl*, in Pater's *Marius*, in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, than in the recurrent centrifugal ripples of this inexhaustible fount of the Mother of the Muses!

But, after all, it is well that there should be in the world one great fictional masterpiece that utterly baffles and thwarts our human mania for the thrill of sequent happenings. It is well that there should be one unequalled book in which thoughts and images bubble up from the depths of memory and use the rambling movements of events only to evoke new and more richly irised rainbows of filmy impression-vapours.

Not for nothing is Proust obsessed by the phenomena of vegetable life. His characters present themselves like variously scented and variously coloured orchids in some great protected hot-house, a hot-house through which pass at intervals magically charged airs and breathings, from mysterious gardens outside,

capable of scattering the golden pollen of those guarded beings wantonly, capriciously, from one to another, evocative of strange and curious affiliations.

Too much may easily be made of his debt to Saint Simon, the proud courtier-peer of the despotic king. Too much may easily be made of his dependence on personal experiences in modern aristocratic salons. These aristocrats of Proust may or may not have their embryonic originals in real life. The point for us is, that, as Proust bodies them forth one by one and groups them together and plays them off against each other, they come to form a new and genius-projected world, complete in itself, and as beautifully different from the world of any real aristocracy, French or otherwise, as the creations of Balzac or Henry James or Joseph Conrad are different from the tiresome real people from whom they got their rough material.

The youthful "I" of the story is just Proust himself; and he is so inveterately Proust that, Proust-like, the very years of his age seem to vary according to the emotional experience of the moment. Beautifully, too, does that other incarnation of the Proust life-method, the incomparable Swann, separate himself from any gross resemblance to any obvious original. With what a fine, sharp intimation of how such a delicately constructed organism would react, does Proust indicate how Swann's heart, entoiled by the vulgar sorcery of an Odette, shows itself made of ever purer and purer gold by its capacity for convoluted suffering! The clairvoyant understanding which exists from the beginning between Swann and the young adorer of his daughter Gilberte is never broken until Swann's death and becomes, as the delicacy of it grows upon us, a sort of symbol of the perfect human friendship. Friendship and love, love and friendship, these are the basic elements out of which these rarest and filmiest of memory-pictures shape themselves. Odette herself, captivating Swann by her likeness to a Botticelli picture, and then, mistress or wife, leading him the devil's own dance of jealousy, is delineated by her creator with a deliciously tender malice. No drop of tenderness, however, softens Proust's picture of Madame Verdurin, the bourgeois social vampire, the ill bred intellectual snob. In this appalling woman we get pilloried forever that particular

type which sucks the life blood out of men of genius like a voracious coffin worm whose "culture" is its maw! Bergotte, the writer, for the last touches of whose death scene Proust was last November ready to analyse his own dying sensations; Cottard, the professor; Jupien, the valet; Françoise, the inimitable family servant; Albertine, the boy's girl-mistress, whose Lesbian tendencies cause him such complicated agitation; that young devil of a musician who provokes nigh to madness the poor besotted Baron, the boy's mother, the boy's grandmother—how they are all touched and heightened and glorified in a kind of quivering luminosity, visualized, as it were through the glass of a great green aquarium,—it is Proust's own simile,—lovely and magnified, like glittering translucent fish! Nothing could be more characteristic of Proust than the way in which this mysterious child-youth, who never quite seems an ordinary boy, falls in love, not with any particular girl, but with "the idea of girlishness" as represented by the long, wavering line of young school maidens as they move slowly, pair by pair, along the sun-warmed beaches of Balbec! A sort of zoöphitic eroticism, diffused and impersonal, overwhelms this strange boy's senses at these times and tears him away from his other Balbec obsessions, the bizarre fancies of the great painter Elstir, and the entrancing façade of the mediæval church! The hero's earlier impressions are all associated with the sea at Balbec and with the parks and gardens and hawthorne hedges of Combray, Méséglise, Doncières, and Rivebelle. They are dominated by the personality of the servant Françoise, the figures of his mother and grandmother and that of the young soldier, Robert Saint-Loup, who reminds one of those exquisite Uthwarts and Gastons of Walter Pater's dreams.

When we come to *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, the dominant figure is certainly Monsieur de Charlus, of whom it may be said that Proust has depicted in this man's proud perversity the most touching, pitiful, tragic-comic embodiment of sexual inversion to be found in all literature; a picture so penetrating and withal so sympathetic that the mere contemplation of it has a sensitizing and enlarging effect upon our moral imagination. The whole weight and pressure of this great classic might be summed up in the phrase "a school for gentility". From every page of it,

from beginning to end, there emanates that spirit of *gentillesse* which is so supremely important in the creation of a noble civilization.

Although a Jew, on the mother's side, Proust brings into his conception of super-refined gentility a sensitiveness to country sights and to country sounds, to the penetrating distinction, in fact, of country life in old historic places, such as most of us have come to associate with England rather than France. His absorbing passion for beauty means that every sensuous thrill he has ever responded to is guarded in his memory as some precious *potpourri* of moss roses in blue Sèvres porcelain; and just as it seems a teasing and pedantic irrelevance to tie him down too closely to the genteel Saint Simon, so it seems an even more tiresome scholasticism to explain his use of memory by dragging in Bergson and Freud.

The essence of this "Proust-memorizing" is neither Freudian nor Bergsonian; it has much more in common with the great æsthetic doctrines of Walter Pater. It has much more in common with the impassioned sentimentalizing of such writers as Rousseau and Sterne and William Hazlitt. What we get from it in fact is just the very thing, above all else, that our standardized and machine-driven age requires; namely, the recognition of the infinite difference between person and person, grades of distinction, grades of sensibility, grades of *gentillesse*, grades of tenderness and reserve. There can be distilled from the diaphanous prolixity of these transparent streams a rich and invaluable elixir of life for those who have the divine good luck to possess in themselves the psychic chemical salt by which it can be precipitated and detached.

An invalid all his days, Proust was at least spared the atrocious outrage of poverty. It is likely enough that it is his freedom from that particular form of misery that disentangles his ironic disillusionment from the appalling bitterness underlying Joyce's hit-back at the system of things. One is so delicately initiated by Proust into the startling secret that it is possible to be a fisherman in the most rarefied social waters, and yet while one brings up all manner of dainty, spotted, silvery trout, to be exquisitely aware of the fluttering poplar leaves upon the bank and the slow shadows of the clouds passing over the wide hayfields and the

reedy ditches! Proust is no shallow Hedonist nor heartless Sybarite. A profound moral distinction between the noble and ignoble among the children of men emerges from his tentative explorations, as with the long polished telescope held so steadily he surveys the weather-signs from his sheltered citadel. His deep contempt for mere dilettantism among the essential values of what is beautiful and lovely is quaintly and touchingly illustrated by his surprising mania for the works of Ruskin. This in itself is an evidence of how free he was from the artistic fashions and catchwords of his day. But one cannot, all the same, refrain from a certain amused wonder as to what the author of *Sesame and Lilies* would have made of Monsieur de Charlus! It is perhaps with less surprise that we find him so thrilled with George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*. One easily detects the cause of this predilection in the fact that the dominant motive in *The Mill on the Floss* is the gifted woman's memories of her own childhood. But that he should have selected Ruskin and George Eliot and apparently rejected Walter Pater and Henry James, is proof of the provincialism of even the very greatest French writers when they touch any literature which is not their own.

But the writers he loved, whether foreign or native-born, are not the important thing for us now. It is Proust himself who is the master. Half-dying all his life of asthma and hay fever, this extraordinary person fluttered among the privileged purlieus of Parisian life like some soft-winged ghost-moth, thrilled with unearthly happiness when through his tenuous proboscis he sucked up the honey of reserved herbaceous borders, but huddled and crumpled into vibrant helplessness when cold winds or vulgar intrusions broke in upon him.

For us it has now become a case of "before Proust" or "after Proust", and fortunate indeed are those for whom this man has re-stretched the wind-harp of human receptivity till it is taut as it never was before; taut and quiveringly responsive to the very faintest of those wandering airs that blow in upon us from the far off shell-strewn beaches, where the sands of our senses slide down ledge by ledge into the deep ocean of the soul!

John Cowper Powys.

HERMES AND THE FLOWERS

BY ALFRED STANFORD

I HAVE often speculated and wondered about my friend Michael in relation to the dynamic figures in my memory, those people with the wings of the gods bound to their feet. When I start to wonder about Michael, a little question is inserted, that I try to answer.

Michael started sketching for newspapers, ran into etching, passed on to sculpture. At the time of his death he was chipping furiously and importantly into marble, and apparently received from the stone a demand great enough to exhaust his attack. I have thought about Michael much of late, for an increasing number of things have become tied up in the question I have about him.

I want to know his source, that is my question.

He was a creature who flew, ever in pursuit, with nothing behind him of crusts he had fed on and flung aside. No, Michael rejected the whole slice of bread if it did not relate to his most passionate appetite. Was he, then, a comet flung across a hot summer sky, nourished by his own flames, taking life only from the death of space he had conquered? This, could he be this, and a great artist?

Science would ask for more, and reason does not suggest this as a truth in a great artist. A flower has roots.

One was imperatively directed to simplicity in coming at such a thing, I knew. If words and labels, danced and jiggled about to elegaic music and exotic posture, had any real answer in them, I should have known it all from what has been said and written.

But Michael was real to me in affection, real in the way that something distinguished and poetic can entangle and root itself in thought and feeling. That special sort of reality we have about a man, that can live largely and variously as an image, that is inevitable.

This is the very quality which produced so much of the art shop-talk; but for simple information of the sort I wanted, one would turn wisely to uncomplicated people to whom Michael was familiar and loved. There is an amusing tradition, with about as much final truth in it as the monastic idea, that teachers are this sort of person. There was an old man who had tried once to give Michael Greek, because of Michael's passion for Sophocles and Euripides. Michael felt that pain and hunger and fear were the forces at the bottom of tragedy, by the way in which they centered in an individual, and shut him from his fellow creatures. The focus of this intensity, Michael used to say, makes one creature stand out, not larger or more glowing, but as though outlined and solitary, bent and twisted by the forces that were primitive, that possessed him. Michael loved the Greeks for this, for the clarity and straightness that was in it.

I went to the old professor, to ask him what he thought of Michael's work, in the fancy that he might be wise enough, natively, to touch his life; with the hope that this unconscious touch would illuminate and establish the connection I believed there must be between the life and the work, that would put forward a way to think of source with more definite ideas and description.

The old man rubbed his nose, and thought for a time.

"It is easier," he remarked after a time, "to talk about that part of Michael's work I do not like."

"And that?"

"His head of Dante, I think of. Too full of his meaning for the head. What he meant to find in it. Too full of intention!"

The old man sighed. It seemed like the academic sigh that comes when a phrase explains and the possessor of the phrase soars away like an eagle, with the warm prey that was snatched enclosed in sure talons. Was it, though, just an old man, and not an ambitious academician? Perhaps an old man unconsciously jealous of invention, and calling it an imposed meaning.

"Look here," I went on impatiently, "grant the man a purpose. What did he do with it?" I added to myself, "That will have to do with how he received it."

My intuition was true. "He didn't get his meaning out of

Dante—well—" The professor wandered around his room a little lost. Then his hand fell on the Dante he was looking for, and he read from the *Purgatorio*—

We paced along the lonely plain, as one who returns to his lost road, and, until he reach it, seems to go in vain.

The old man glanced up sharply. "I think it's that way his idea of Dante's head might better have come. More from contemplation, wandering. But," he shook his head," Michael was not one for resting for treasure. And if he should dash across it, it would only speed him."

The professor took to thumbing over the leaves of the book he held, as though from this wandering might chance some line that would support him in this special idea of Dante he was opposing to the bitterness, and force, and direction that Michael had modelled into the lines of the skull. I expected a passage about Beatrice, and was surprised when I heard the description by Dante, of how—

Then, when those shades were so far parted from us, that they could be seen no more, a new thought was set within me, wherefrom many and divers others sprang; and so from one to another I rambled, that I closed mine eyes for very wandering, and thought I transmuted into dream.

The old man put away the book, and I was left with the penetrating sensation that somehow I was closer to being able to say something about Michael's source.

The professor had a picture of the head he had clipped from a magazine. He gave it to me.

I was astonished to see there that which I had not seen before. Light and rather subtle lines ran down from the head into the cheek, and were held by the muscles about the mouth. In no other head of Dante had I noticed this treatment. I could see it conveyed even in the wretchedness of photo engraving.

Seeing this led me to look for other notes that repeated this idea, and I did not find them. Somehow they were swallowed in the greater passion that had possession of this face and seemed to drive it, the face resisting bitterly at the nose but understanding more about the eyes. Then suddenly the whole shape of the head seemed cruel, and once with that impression, I was at a loss to find my earlier thread.

I talked with the old man in a dull way about his classes and the mountains that hemmed in the town, and left.

I was sad because I had lost something in gaining closer to a truth. It was Michael's strength and force and subtlety to do the head that way. And it was his weakness, almost his softness, to leave it that way. I thought about other people than Michael, other artists, and found myself thinking reluctantly how often this was true. I thought of Bryon and the Countess Guiccioli, of Byron and *Childe Harold.* Of how release so often became beautiful at bottom because of the defeat in it. Michael had galloped straight at the heart of things, and seldom with a preliminary canter. Once the avenue of adventure removed from the position of choice, it was an affair of bloody spurs. Nothing could swerve him. Intention?

In the end, Michael did not die of consumption. He was struck by a car when he was crossing the street. He slipped on the rain beaten pavement, and fell. Death relaxed his face very little. It seemed rather to make it clear.

I recalled, as I looked at his face afterward, a jibe I had at him long ago. "You are in a mad chase, Michael. In a mad chase after the face of an unholy Medusa who shall turn you to stone." But I persisted in recalling more from the memory of that moment. I remembered the whole incident. He had just done a foolish injustice to a painter of fantastic, gentle murals, whose talent I knew he at bottom respected, though he feared to say so, or to feel so.

It was in that moment, recalled from memory, that the answer about Michael's source combined with my thinking to make a point.

Surely the tenderness to receive from life is involved in the delicacy of the gift the artist makes to life.

In the course of time there appear artists who seem to stir us with the shock of their vitality.

ALFRED STANFORD.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE death of Woodrow Wilson caused such manifestations of mourning as that of only one other ex-President in this generation, and perhaps of only three in all our history; and it was the ending of a prolonged martyrdom such as only one other had ever known. Only one other President of this generation was comparable with him in both the devoted attachment which he commanded and the resolute opposition which some of his public policies incurred; and in the persistence with which those feelings toward him, both of personal devotion and of political opposition, were maintained after his retirement to private life. Few were comparable with him in opulence of intellectual endowment, and fewer still in the arduousness and crucial importance of the tasks which confronted him; circumstances which assure him a foremost place among the men of his time in the history of America and of the world.

Lenine dies, and Ramsay MacDonald becomes Prime Minister of England; and recognition *de jure* is given by England to the Soviet Government. There was no doubt that the Labour Government in Great Britain would be far more inclined to friendly relations with Soviet Russia than was its predecessor. It is a question whether Lenine's successor will increase or decrease the warrant for that inclination. Lenine's characteristic duplicity made him ready to accept almost any compromise that would win British recognition. We shall see if the new despot-in-chief is equally given to tergiversation. Also it is to be seen whether British Labour leaders in office will continue to be as radical and as Bolshevistically disposed as they were while in Opposition. The imposition of responsibility usually has, among rational beings, a conservative effect. There was a world of difference between Joseph Cham-

berlain writing his *Quarterly* article on "Ransom", and Joseph Chamberlain as Colonial Minister exhorting the British nation to "think imperially". We may be sure that Mr. MacDonald's advent in Downing Street will not cause the Phrygian Cap to replace the British Crown. It is an epochal incident for the government of the British Empire—or the Commonwealth of British Nations—to pass into the hands of the Labour Party. But it is none the less for that party to assume the government of a realm which remains, and which they will retain, a nominal monarchy and an actual empire. The effect is likely to be as marked upon the Labour Party as upon the United Kingdom or the Commonwealth.

Mortuary commentators have widely spoken of Lenine as one of the really great men of the World War era, and some have acclaimed him as one of the "supreme martyrs of humanity". With all due regard for the generally disregarded "*Nihil de mortuis*" nonsense, I must dissent from all such judgment. Whatever may have been his intellectual gifts, and they are said to have been considerable, his "greatness" as an administrator of State was confined to destruction. In that he was indeed unsurpassed. In constructive statesmanship he achieved nothing that he was not himself compelled to confess a failure. His "greatness" as a ruler was the greatness of a Genghis or a Timour, from whose race he sprang and whose savagery he emulated. His greatness as a political philosopher was chiefly shown in a consuming hatred of democracy and a desire to overthrow and suppress it throughout the world. His irenic greatness led him to create and maintain the largest standing army in the world. Morally, his greatness resembled that of Benedict Arnold; to whom, however, apologies are due for the comparison, since he was guilty of treason only once. Lenine betrayed his own country more flagrantly and sordidly than Arnold tried to do, and then betrayed its allies and benefactors. He will be chiefly remembered for those two acts of perfidy, for wrecking the economic fabric of a great nation more thoroughly than ever was done before, for causing more wanton murders than Marat and Carrier ever dreamed of in the Terror, and for the devilling to

death of the Romanoff princesses with circumstances of horror from which even an Apache might have shrunk. If he was great, let Nero and Tiberius be apotheosized.

General Dawes and his colleagues have been talking and commending common sense to Europe in a manner which, whether their efforts are successful or not, vindicates for all time the attitude and the action of the United States in the matter of world rehabilitation after the World War. It was of hopeful omen that soon after their arrival over there direct negotiations began between the French and German Governments, with personal interviews between M. Poincaré and the director of the Reichsbank. It is interesting and may be encouraging to recall the words, which I met with the other day, of a keen and discriminating observer, writing from Paris soon after the end of the Great War, and commenting upon the new order of things established by the Powers at their Congress. He said:

> After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bankrupts or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

Does that seem pessimistic? Surely not, if half that we are told is true, about the impending collapse of Germany, France's intention to repudiate her debt, and all the rest. Yet it was not fulfilled. I say *was* not, for it was written not, as it might have been, this year about the World War and the Treaty of Versailles, but—by William Tudor, Jr., in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, 1816—about the Napoleonic wars and the Congress of Vienna. When we remember how those despairing vaticinations were rebuked by the logic of events, and Europe promptly entered upon an era of peace, prosperity and progress such as she had not before known, we may venture to hope that history will repeat itself in more ways than one. It may not be unduly optimistic to expect that under the legitimate and equitable demands of France for payment of her just debts, Germany

will not collapse and drag all Europe into ruin with her, and that France will not repudiate a single centime of her obligations.

But "why do the people imagine a vain thing?" I asked of myself the ancient question a thousand times, while an agitated anticipation of the Bok Peace Plan prevailed, as of an irenic evangel certain to usher in forthwith the thousand years of peace. And when, after the labouring of the mountains the mouse was born, I found a fitting gloss upon the whole futile episode in that same number of this REVIEW from which I have already quoted. There had recently been formed in Massachusetts, "by some Christian philanthropists, to discourage war," an organization similar to the Peace Society of the preceding year in England, the head of which had asked Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, the two living ex-Presidents of the United States, to join it and give it their moral support. Jefferson replied at length, declining to have anything to do with it. "Age, and its effects both on body and mind, has weaned my attention from public subjects." But he hoped that the utterances of the society might have "effect in lessening this greatest of human ills," and that his correspondent might "retain life and health, to enjoy the contemplation of this happy spectacle." Adams was more brief and more outspoken. That "Colossus of the debate" for Independence declared that his long and extensive experience had convinced him that wars were "as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes and Volcanoes". He continued:

> Our beloved country is surrounded by enemies. . . . Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land. Universal and perpetual peace appears to me no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience, and non-resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few. I cannot, therefore, be a subscriber or a member of your society. I do, sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace.

Amid all the futilities of the Bok competition and its resultant prize scheme, however, two important and enduring public serv-

ices are outstanding. There was undoubtedly a great, widespread and beneficent stimulation of interest, of reading and of thought, upon the subject of international peace; and this was of value as great as the value of the written output may have been small. There was also, in the prize-winning plan, and therefore in the judgment of the eminent gentlemen who selected it from among more than twenty thousand competitors, a singularly forceful and complete condemnation of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and vindication of the policy and course of those who resolutely refused to ratify it without effective reservations. To have that judgment thus conspicuously recorded, by such authorities,—most of whom had been regarded as advocates of the League,—was alone well worth several times Mr. Bok's fifty thousand dollars.

The Government adopted a bold but admirable course toward Mexico, in aiding the constitutional Government of that country with sales of arms while maintaining a strict prohibition of such supplies to the insurgents. It thus placed this country on record as standing for orderly government and against revolution for mere revolution's sake. Secretary Hughes explained and justified that action in a discourse which for illuminating clarity and convincing logic left nothing to be desired. The policy of our Government has been unfavourably criticized chiefly by two classes, those who would like to make unclean money by fomenting rebellion in Mexico and supplying the rebels with arms, and those who wanted to adopt Article Ten of the Covenant of the League and thus make this country the common bailiff of the world. The President and his Secretary of State are not likely to lose much sleep, worrying over such opposition; nor will the wisdom and justice of their course be impeached, no matter what may be the outcome of the Mexican troubles.

One of the most significant sidelights upon the European situation, and incidentally one of the most vivid disclosures of the temper and intent of Germany, is found in the announcement that the Krupps are transferring their great shipbuilding establishment to Spain, where they can resume and expand their manu-

facture of war material, which they are prohibited from doing in Germany under the Versailles Treaty. Thus they will be doing in Spain for a potential German navy what is being done for a German army by the huge German establishments which have been organized in Russia. To these proceedings we must add, of course, the transfer of hundreds of millions of dollars of German capital to Great Britain, the United States, and other countries, so that it cannot be levied upon for the payment of Germany's just debts, and so that the German Government can plead poverty and piteous pleas can be emitted for succour for Germany's starving children. Of course, all this is nothing more than was to be expected of Germany. But it was scarcely expected, five years ago, that the Powers would permit themselves thus to be duped and flouted.

It is an unwarranted dwarfing of the plans of Italy and Spain to conceive them as confined to domination of the Mediterranean. Of course their development of considerable naval power in coöperation with each other would be a challenge if not a menace to France, since it would be on lines cutting at right angles France's lines of communication with Algeria and Tunis. But there is reason to suspect that the Italo-Hispanic vision extends beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to the South American continent. The influx of Italian immigrants has made that continent Italo-Iberian in racial affiliation, and the two parent countries have apparently determined to coöperate in cultivating it as a field for commercial exploitation, and perhaps of political sympathy. There is a steadily increasing intimacy of relationship between the South American Republics and Spain, while at the same time three of them have Italians for Presidents. In all this there is no such cause of concern to the United States as there was in the German intrigues and aggressions of twenty years ago. We shall have no political trouble with Spain or Italy. But there is in it reason for increased energy and tact in extending our commercial relations with our southern neighbors; as also for so shaping our political course toward them as to dispel groundless suspicion and to confirm the confidence and affection which prevailed a hundred years ago.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

GROVER CLEVELAND: An Authorized Biography. By Robert McElroy, Ph.D., LL.D., F. R. H. S. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Henry Adams says somewhere in his *Education* that he could never truly understand either Grant or Garibaldi. "I could learn from them the complexity of simplicity, but then I could learn this equally well from a glow-worm!" With the customary Adams exaggeration, or fling of challenge, this saying expresses a truth applicable to a considerable number of our greatest leaders. They are simple men; and yet it is quite an error—it is a popular fallacy—to suppose that they are merely intensifications of average humanity, or average men raised by circumstances to eminence and developed by responsibility. A man may be essentially simple in mind and character, he may have marked limitations, and yet he may be a leader and a prophet. Such a man was Cleveland.

He was one of that class of men—including not all of our Presidents—whose biographies are almost from first to last a part of our national history, whose personal traits truly represented, and whose acts and utterances expressed, a significant aspect of our national feeling and spirit. There are biographies in which the personality of the subject is apparently more important and certainly more interesting than anything he said or did. There are biographies, again, in which the dominance of understandable traits of character and of definite tastes and ideas seem adequately to explain the career. Finally, there are the biographies which depict a great and simple personality through his sayings and doings, without undue emphasis upon psychology or upon personality. And when we read these, we see that it is an error of the literary mind to suppose that what really matters is either the *usualness* or the *unusualness*—that there is in the leaders and prophets a genius allied to what we call "force of character"; and that this, and not any overt characteristics or ways of thinking, is what we are to understand and imitate. We are to understand the incomprehensible, we are to imitate the unique! But there is no escape from the paradox.

Cleveland's biographer has very properly regarded his subject from the historic point of view, and it is as history that we read the whole story. It is remarkable that we never lose touch with the spirit of the times, while continually our interest is centred in the man himself.

Cleveland's parents impressed upon the mind of the future President that "there is a right which is eternally right, and a wrong which must remain forever wrong." His early education in the law was conducted upon the principle that "if a boy has brains, he will find out for himself without any telling." His political experiences, from his service as Mayor of Buffalo right onward, made of him "a reformer root and branch." As President he unmistakably

showed by his conduct of foreign affairs a real belief in "self-determination". ("The Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.") He was never, with all his strength of conviction and his attachment to principles, a theorizer. And in his way he disliked "idealogues" as heartily as Napoleon. He was not, for example, what is known as a "free-trader". "It was not the tariff to which he objected, but tariff in excess of the needs of the Government." It was not pensions with which he found fault, but the abuse of pensions. And, despite discouragements, he had the faith to believe that the public would ultimately agree with him. People in the mass are capable of right thinking (he lived before the day of intelligence quotients), and the Universe is rational! In his discussions of labour troubles he showed an unwavering belief in the idea of *reconciliation*, while in his administration of the laws he showed a ruthless determination to put down the unlawful strike. "To expect Grover Cleveland to demand less than complete obedience to the law was to ask the impossible." Not skilled in insurance, "but an expert in reform," he "applied statesmanship to big business", the effects of his action extending far beyond the immediate province of the insurance companies. And this reforming activity of his during what may be called with respect and with a certain appropriateness his ex-Presidency, was carried on with the same bigness and simplicity that had marked his Presidential career. Yet, when all is said, the only strictly definable trait of genius that the man possessed was his astounding capacity for hard work.

It is almost shocking to reflect what the traits and views and talents just enumerated might have amounted to in a man other than Cleveland. Devotion to principle, practicality in preference to theory, the education of a self-made man (Andrew Jackson had it!), aggressiveness—every one knows what these things mean in a small nature, and knows, too, that a small nature is to some extent compatible with a large mind. It is also instructive to reflect on the contrast between Cleveland and Roosevelt, alike in so many of the numerable traits. Nature has many different ways with her great men, and our vocabulary does not afford exact terms for their essential distinctions. There is nothing, after all, to daunt us in Henry Adams's paradox about complexity and simplicity, nor need we be much concerned over the apothegm of a newly arisen European philosopher who says that "the Americans quote their Presidents from Mr. Longfellow's poems"—not so long as we have the Clevelands and the Roosevelts.

When this man took office for the second time, in 1893, "he was the only President ever re-elected after a defeat. Furthermore, he was the first President-elect since 1840 who was manifestly a greater political figure than any man whom he could conceivably select for his Cabinet." He retired from office in a storm of obloquy, and for years he felt himself under a cloud. At the Louisiana Exposition of 1903 he was greeted with an ovation that was the unmistakable sign of hearty public sympathy and approval. His fame has been steadily growing.

There let the "estimate of his character" rest. His biographer has done full justice to the personal interest which the character of Cleveland inspires; he has drawn him full length, in the flesh, garbed as a plain American citizen, and in his proper setting. Scarcely at all, by any direct means, does he attempt to explain the man, to trace the origin of his ideas, to define him. He has simply treated the life of Cleveland as a part of the history of the time in which Cleveland lived. He does not conceal the limitations, the ponderosity, the disposition toward somewhat simplified views, the aggressiveness, the occasional ineptitude. He makes us wonder at the greatness of Cleveland. While doing full honour to the memory of a great man, he has written mainly as an historian, and he has produced a fascinating and instructive historical narrative, dominated by the charm and power of a great personality.

Richard Olney and His Public Service. By Henry James. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The characteristic that distinguished Richard Olney from the great majority of his fellows appears to have been his ability to grow. He was, remarks Mr. James, "one of those happy mortals whose capacity for development lasts through life." It would be disadvantageous to his memory to pretend that he was as significant a figure as Cleveland. Nor does his biographer make such a claim, or any approach to it. He simply proposes to examine Olney's part in certain important episodes which occurred between 1893 and 1897. "What Olney did in Washington during these years is worth considering. Nothing else in his life will matter much to posterity." Thus Mr. James's view, like that of Dr. McElroy in his biography of Grover Cleveland, is mainly historical and objective, and he, too, proves the charm and the value of biographical history.

It is indisputable that Olney was a man of force and that he possessed, in combination with qualities of personal temperament, those traits of character that meet the exacting tests of public life. "He went out boldly, and sometimes rather brusquely, to meet the oncoming emergencies. Lacking political experience, and temperamentally indifferent to opinion, it was his way to act without offering any explanations. When he became Attorney-General, people asked "Who is Olney?" and the newspapers waxed humourous about the impossibility of obtaining his photograph. The same man, when he became Cleveland's Secretary of State, two years later, really added prestige to the Administration. It is clear that he had the kind of mind that "jumped with" the President's; but he was by no means a mere understudy, and he had his part in some of the most creditable achievements of Cleveland's second term.

His mind and character were of essentially simple pattern. Its warp and woof were legal and economic. Concerned in his law practice mainly with corporation law and the law of wills and estates, his mind was characteristically "legalistic", and it is the more to his credit that, while firmly repressing the

lawlessness of the Pullman strikers, he won the confidence of Labour and the respect and personal regard of a man like Eugene Debs. In short, he had surprisingly few of the defects that are commonly associated with the qualities that were notably his. For a man who sometimes appeared to his close associates to suffer from "a sort of lockjaw of the will", he was in public matters surprisingly moderate and "judgmatical". His draft of the President's message to Congress in 1893 certainly showed a grasp of the fiscal question, and if Cleveland, revising on this occasion with somewhat Lincoln-like genius, altered and omitted much, he was certainly able to make large use of Olney's argumentative paragraphs. Even though the general arbitration treaty with England was killed in the Senate, the success of the Secretary in embodying in that instrument the idea that arbitration must be automatic and must not depend upon a special vote or agreement in each instance, was a really great achievement, marking a forward step in international thinking. A certain non-realization of difficulties was doubtless a factor in this partial victory, as it was in the more obviously successful result of the Venezuela negotiations.

It is a trait which, unlike most of Olney's characteristics, belongs to the undefined sphere of temperament rather than that of character. A dubious factor, no doubt, it is nevertheless one of those qualities that interest us and win our approval and regard. Olney had a number of such qualities, and his temperament is open to study. Mr. James has well availed himself of this opportunity, and while one does not mean that he has discovered and stressed weaknesses,—there were few to discover,—he has given us a picture of Olney that fascinatingly adumbrates those minor aspects of personality which we include under the name of temperament. We form a clear conception of the man with his round head, his beetling brows, his sturdy body and long legs, his aggressive firmness,—so far from bullying,—his businesslike directness. More than Cleveland, he seems to reflect something typical in the kind of men whom the Democratic Party could push to the front. The contrast which he personally makes with other Secretaries of State is a subject which one with difficulty refrains from pursuing—yet it is enough to suggest it. Doubtless these lesser personal traits of eminent men are as much a part of our traditional inheritance as is "Cæsar's brain", and we are grateful to those biographers who preserve them.

With excellent judgment as to historical values, Mr. James has contributed an authoritative account of facts and a point of view to the story of Cleveland's second administration. With real subtlety and acumen, he has portrayed the man who was Secretary of State at a trying period.

A. Barton Hepburn: His Life and Service to His Times. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The biography of the late A. Barton Hepburn is of the sort that peculiarly "comes home to men's business and bosoms", and hence is in its way even more

instructive and encouraging to the average man than are the life-histories of the topmost men of genius. We cannot have too many of such worthwhile biographies. They tell of the virtues of discipline, of self-mastery, of perseverance, and of the power of character, in terms easy to understand more intelligently even than the lives of Lincoln and of Washington.

Moreover, the biography of Mr. Hepburn has a typically American appeal in that, more than most life-stories of the period, it bridges the gap between the old and the new, the primitive and the complex. Though born in 1846, A. Barton Hepburn was brought up in the "North Country" which is the scene of Irving Bacheller's best stories, under practically pioneer conditions. Stern poverty and Puritanic ideals were his early instructors. Self-reliance was ingrained in his character. His rise, too, was gradual. He began public life as a superintendent of schools. Later he was elected to the State Legislature, in which body he served during several successive terms, gaining in time a considerable degree of influence and distinguishing himself by his rigid adherence to principle. His concern with the business side of legislation marked out the ways in which he was to serve the people as a public officer and as a private citizen. In his second and third terms he was a member of the Judiciary Committee; in his fourth he was Chairman of the Committee on Insurance and a member of the Committee on Ways and Means and on Apportionment; in his fifth, he was Chairman of the Committee on Apportionment and member of that on Judiciary. His investigation of the railroads was epoch-making. He began as Cleveland began, and yet, considering the character of his services and his own preference for a financial career, it is not to be wondered at that there was not a strong popular movement to make him Mayor or Governor. Scarcely less than Cleveland, however, he became widely known and trusted as an able and utterly honest public official. He became Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, National Bank Examiner for New York City, and finally Comptroller of the Currency; yet his services as a bank president and as President of the Chamber of Commerce were in no way less effective and public-spirited than his accomplishments while he was in public office.

His life-story, as has been said, bridges a gap between the pioneer conditions and the small business aims that still prevailed in the time of his youth to the greater things of today. And Mr. Hepburn grew with the times. The reader of his biography witnesses no sensational rise to power, but is enabled in some fashion to witness the development of the modern type of business man—the man of multitudinous affairs and immense responsibilities, the man who makes large use of the brains and hands of others, who regards great wealth as a public trust—to perceive how such a man might grow out of conditions which tended to produce the business man of small views, conditions that required above all things shrewdness, and that might well convince a moderately successful man of business of the all-sufficiency of a canny eye to the main chance.

To all who own small town or country origin, who rejoice in the sternness

and even in the material crudities of our earlier American tradition, who hold the old faith that character is a qualification for success no less important than genius, Mr. Hepburn's biography will appeal as a record of noble achievement and as a justification of their own ideals. The shrewd Yankee wit of the man, his approachability, his unfailing penetration and sanity of judgment, his practical sentiment for his old home and the people who lived there—these are qualities that make this modern business man, this leader in the financial world, as human as Eben Holden. In the case of a man of great wealth and financial influence, as in the case of our Presidents, we are gratified—and rightly so—to believe that we can understand his origins, his tone of feeling, and the springs of his action.

Mr. Hepburn's is, indeed, almost a model career. There are in it no mysteries to explain; chance seems to have played a small part in it. There are no remarkable *coups* or sudden rises to power. We do not wonder how the man became wealthy—or why. All is so open and above-board, so simply related to ability and character, that no one will suppose that Mr. Hepburn possessed a "secret of success". And there are no failures. So far as Mr. Hepburn's life can show, it is true that little evil befalls the good man; and we are proud to draw the (no doubt wholesome) conclusion that in nine cases out of ten, when a well-meaning man fails disastrously through what appears to be a conspiracy of circumstances, the failure is unnecessary. That "dram of evil" to which Hamlet attributed most of our sorrows seems to have been singularly absent from Mr. Hepburn's composition; and he attained exactly the success that his character and his ability merited.

His life-story, as told by Mr. Bishop, is biography of an indispensable kind.

One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine. By David Y. Thomas, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

As compared with Albert Bushnell Hart's work upon the Monroe Doctrine, this volume of Dr. Thomas's is much less of an interpretation and rather more of a compendium. In accuracy and fulness of detail, and in conciseness of statement, it shows all the skill of the trained historian, while in scope it is somewhat broader than most books of its kind. The particular feature of Dr. Thomas's treatment—if one can single out any particular feature—appears to be the emphasis which the author lays upon the Doctrine as forbidding our interference in foreign affairs. The policy of non-interference, he points out, has never been interpreted to mean that we should not *coöperate* with European Powers. Thus his very full account of our dealings with foreign nations seems, on the whole, calculated to bring to the reader's attention the gradual drift of our policy away from isolation.

Reaching in due time the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations, Dr. Thomas expresses his conviction that, while the acceptance by the United States of the Treaty, including the League Covenant, could not possibly have

saved Europe from partial disorganization and bankruptcy, still such action would have placed this nation in a much better position for giving advice, and generally for improving the European situation, than it now occupies. Entrance into the World Court, the author regards as quite compatible with our traditional policy.

If, on the whole, Dr. Thomas appears to approve the evolution of our foreign policy toward greater coöperation, and to regard its non-coöperative tendencies in the past as more or less separable and as dictated by particular circumstances, it cannot be said that he overstresses the value of the Doctrine as applied to the Western Hemisphere, or that he favours extreme applications. His point of view is inclusive, tolerant and judicial. His statement, however, that "whatever promotes peace based on justice can hardly be out of harmony with the Monroe Doctrine", seems, though persuasive, a trifle ambiguous. Does this "can hardly be" mean "certainly is not" or "certainly ought not to be"? Is the Monroe Doctrine a geographic fact, or is it an ethical principle, capable of indefinite broadening in the direction of greater helpfulness and of indefinite depravation in the interests of imperialism? Is it an ideal, or a policy, or neither? In the end one feels the need of rather clearer definitions and of more vigourous interpretation.

Hellenistic Philosophies. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

In writing upon the Hellenistic philosophies, that sternest of moralists and most delightful of writers, Mr. Paul Elmer More, disclaims any intention of composing a history of Greek philosophy. He has accordingly devoted himself, as his usual practice is, to a closely-reasoned analysis of doctrines into their elements and to a sympathetic penetration into the heart of these same doctrines and into the motives which prompted them. In his books, as in those of few other philosophers, logic, without losing its proper character, becomes dramatic; logical distinctions become the most vital and interesting things in the world.

Nor do the simplicity of his premises and his precommitment to a dualistic point of view, implying certainty that monistic thought is doomed to failure both now and hereafter, detract from the interest of his discourse or bind the reader's mind upon the wheel. It is true that Mr. More's chief business in this volume is to disentangle dualism—and with it true Platonism—from all false implications and from all the aberrations of the later schools. It is true that he is constantly on the alert to show how rationalism and monism subtly undid the efforts of the philosophers to be thoroughly consistent and brought their philosophies to naught. But it is also true that he is a very great critic; and that like every great critic he leaves the minds of his readers free. And it is true, moreover, that he realizes more clearly than other philosophers and critics that all the Greek philosophers were seeking essentially the same thing

in ways not so very dissimilar—Stoic and Epicurean being in certain ways curiously at one—and that they were all in certain essentials a great deal like one another and like us.

He writes, therefore, with that unction and with that charm which make his book of an ancient philosophy what every book of philosophy ought to be, a book of adventure (of course, in this case a safe adventure) for the soul; and it is with passionate interest that one turns the pages of his book.

Did space permit one would like to quote saying after saying that touches the logical root of each philosophy while it reveals the human basis of it all, the search for peace. But one must be content with remarking that his account of the skepticism of Pyrrho is masterly, and that in his chapter on Plotinus he has set forth the true psychological process underlying many forms of mysticism in language that could scarcely be improved in fineness and precision. The author's combination of psychological with logical penetration is, after all, what raises this book of his so far above the level of a series of classical essays and makes it literature.

While it cannot be said that this volume shows any advance in Mr. More's essential philosophy or much novelty in its application, it does (besides placing Greek philosophy in a new and clear light) whet one's appetite enormously for Mr. More's next volume, which is to deal with the beliefs of the early Christian theologians and which will examine the thesis that Christianity succeeded in those respects in which the pagan philosophies so lamentably failed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STANDING BY THE CONSTITUTION

SIR:

I write to commend your publication of the article entitled *The Perpetual Covenant in the Constitution*. It is only by the frank discussion of such basic matters as therein treated that our fundamental law can be saved from destruction. Irrespective of the merits of the particular arguments presented by Mr. Brown, his historical references are particularly valuable as brought home to this casual generation.

Even they may be aroused from their present indifference to Constitutional principles by the publication of articles of this character, and be made to realize that the Constitution is a charter of liberty, and that the Amending clause was never designed as a legislative agency for forcing so-called reforms upon unwilling sections such as the proposed "child labour", "equal rights", "National marriage and divorce" and "taxation of State securities" amendments.

You are greatly to be commended for publishing such an article, and I trust you will continue the discussion by publishing other articles of like tenor and character.

P. ST. GEORGE BISSELL.

New York.

SIR:

I desire to say a word in appreciation of the article, *The Perpetual Covenant*, by George Stewart Brown. I sincerely hope that you will have many other articles like this, and from the pen of Mr. Brown.

I have been a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for thirty years, and now for the past ten years a constant subscriber. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is next to the Bible in my home. I might add that during the past year you have had many able articles and I hope that you will have more articles by such men as David Jayne Hill, Mr. Corwin and Mr. Brown.

WILLARD J. BANYON.

St. Joseph, Mich.

SIR:

I have been greatly interested in Judge Brown's article, *The Perpetual Covenant in the Constitution*, in your January number, and want to congratulate you upon having published so excellent and timely an article. I believe there is no subject of really greater importance than the continuance of the power and rights of the people under the Constitution. These rights are being assailed from both expected and unexpected sources. Ex-Justice Clarke's

and Senator Beveridge's suggestions that the Supreme Court should abdicate a portion of its powers and duties under the Constitution, and should do this by a self-imposed rule, came as a bomb-shell in our ranks.

IRA JEWELL WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

The article on *The Perpetual Covenant in the Constitution*, by Judge Brown in your January number, was most welcome. You open a timely and a vital discussion. The thinking public will surely heed this warning.

It is not the foreigner who has caused our recent governmental troubles, but those of older American stock who, if they ever knew it, have ignored our political history.

This nation has endured so long and well because it was founded upon a rock called the Constitution. If that foundation is to be frequently dislodged to lay down untried principles such as properly belong in the superstructure of statute law, how shall it endure for the enjoyment of our descendants?

E. F. DRIGGS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEATURES OF THE INDISPENSABLE

SIR:

Find enclosed check for renewal of my subscription. THE REVIEW is indispensable.

I trust you will continue Mr. Lawrence Gilman's fascinating and instructive chapters on music and books.

CONRAD WELLEN.

Havre, Montana.

A CORRECTION

SIR:

In the article entitled *The Modern Art Movement*, by Mr. John W. Beatty, published in the *January* number of your magazine, Mr. Beatty's title is given as Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute. Mr. Beatty is really Director Emeritus, and Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens is his successor as Director of Fine Arts.

S. H. CHURCH,
President of Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute.

Pittsburgh Penn.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

APRIL, 1924

TAX REDUCTION AND TAX EXEMPTION

BY EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN

In the tax programme now before the country, there are three distinct parts: tax reduction; tax differentiation or the distinction between earned and unearned incomes; and tax exemption or the treatment of State and local bonds. Let us consider each of these in order.

So far as concerns an important part of the programme there is no disagreement. The imposts which have received the picturesque appellation of "nuisance" taxes, and which owe their existence to the storm and stress of the war, are deservedly unpopular. A promising beginning in the repeal of these nuisance taxes was made a few years ago, and the pending bill provides for a not insignificant measure of further reduction, more especially in the taxes on communication, admissions and certain commodities. The real controversy has appeared in connection with the income tax. Here again there is little disagreement as to the desirability of lessening the burden on the poor and the moderately well-to-do, through an increase in the exemption and through a lowering of the normal tax as well as of the surtax in the lower brackets. The difference of opinion has shown itself in connection with Secretary Mellon's suggestion that the surtaxes be reduced from a maximum of 50 per cent. to 25 per cent.

In the course of the discussion many arguments of doubtful validity have been advanced on both sides. Thus the partisans

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of the Mellon plan have frequently urged that a tax on the rich is virtually a tax on the poor, because an income tax, like all other taxes, is shifted from the taxpayer to the community in the form of higher prices. Yet nothing is more firmly established in economic and fiscal science than the fallacy of the so-called equal diffusion doctrine of incidence, which holds that all taxes are diffused to the community through the process of shifting. The slightest consideration will disclose the fallacy of this contention. A poll tax certainly can not be shifted; an inheritance tax is assuredly not susceptible of shifting; and the same is true of many other taxes that might be mentioned. In other words some, but not all, taxes are shifted. For instance, a tax on production, or on sales, or on commodities per unit, will under normal conditions be shifted; just as under normal conditions again a tariff is a tax, shifted from the importer to the consumer. But is the income tax like the sales tax, or is it like the poll tax and the inheritance tax? The problem can be best attacked by considering the income of a business man. Is a tax on business profits borne by the recipient of the profits, or shifted to the purchaser in the shape of higher prices?

In approaching this question we must remember that profits come at the end and not at the beginning of the economic process. Other things being equal, a tax on wages or a tax on the interest of capital will increase the cost of operation and therefore the ultimate price: but how about profits? When a business man figures on the price of his product, he is indeed apt to include a reasonable profit, and if a tax is imposed he will be tempted to add the tax to the price, in order to maintain his fair profit. But the question is what happens to his prospective profits if he adds the tax to the price. There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip; it is an everyday occurrence in business transactions that when the process is completed, some individuals find themselves without any profits. It may well happen that the increase of price which they have charged has been responsible for the falling off of sales and the consequent disappearance of profit; a consideration which will lead them in haste to revise their price schedule.

The situation is really simple. In the case of monopoly profits

there is no possibility of shifting the tax. For monopoly price is always at the point of maximum monopoly revenue, that is, at the point where the monopolist can sell the greatest number of units at a price to yield the greatest profit. If profits could be augmented by an increase of price, he would have raised the price before the tax was introduced. The monopolist will always demand the highest price that the consumer is willing to give, and what the consumer is willing to give is clearly unaffected by what the producer may have to pay. A tax on monopoly profits can affect only profits, not prices. It can therefore not be shifted.

But how is it in the case of competitive profits? It is an elementary fact that under strictly competitive conditions, while there can be only one price in the market, different producers have different costs of production, and that the profits accrue to those with the lowest cost. If there are five producers making hats, and if the costs of production are respectively six, seven, eight, nine, and ten dollars a hat, then, at any given time, if the market conditions are such that the entire output is sold, the price of hats will be ten dollars or thereabouts. The six dollar man will make four dollars profits, the seven dollar man will make three dollars profits, and so on. But the ten dollar man will make no profits at all, or only the minimum profits which may represent his wages of superintendence or return for risk. He is on the margin; and if things do not improve, he will soon transfer his energies to some other line where he thinks he has a better chance. In other words competitive price always tends to the point of marginal cost. It is only in what are technically called the intra-marginal cases that profits are found. A tax on profits, therefore, which cannot hit the man on the margin who has no profits, cannot affect the price which is fixed at the point of marginal production.

It is indeed true that when we have what is called a buyers' market, as happened in the year 1920, the demand may for a time be such as to yield a profit even to the former marginal producer. But even in such cases, the price will have been pushed up to the top notch by market conditions and the tax will only rarely serve as an excuse for a still higher price. Moreover, the

buyers' market is almost always followed by a sellers' market, when everyone is keenly anxious to sell at any price, tax or no tax. Under normal conditions, where everyone is endeavouring to increase his output and to take the market away from his competitor, profits are a result, and not a condition, of price. A tax on business profits or income is thus entirely different from a tax on output or on sales. The latter will normally be shifted, the former will normally not be shifted.

There is, however, one point in which the adversaries of surtax reduction also make a mistake. While it is true that an income tax cannot be shifted, in the shape of higher prices, it is false to maintain that only the immediate taxpayer is affected by the tax. The effects of a tax must be distinguished from the shifting of a tax. There is no more fateful mistake than to think that the excessive taxation of the rich necessarily leaves unaffected the welfare of the poor. The entire industrial process depends for its progress upon the accumulation of capital and the ploughing back into the business of a reasonable amount of earnings that are not distributed to the stockholders of the corporation or spent by the individual owner. The progress of civilization and the growth of wealth depend upon the spirit of enterprise and the readiness of the forceful and the able to take risks. Anything which seriously checks this spirit of hopefulness or hampers the incentive to save has a very definite reaction on the whole body economic. With the accumulation of capital and the activity of business enterprise, there are set in motion all those forces of modern life which render possible the increase of wages, the lowering of interest, and the reduction of commodity prices.

The real defense of modern capitalism is that on the whole it means the tendency toward cheap goods and dear men—the multiplication of the material conveniences of life and the progressive raising of the standard of living of the working population. To the extent that excessive surtaxes check enterprise and lessen the tendency to accumulate capital, they exert a perceptible influence on the entire community. For they serve to prevent what would otherwise be a rise of wages and a reduction of interest. This is indeed different from the immediate shifting of

the tax; it does not mean higher prices, but it serves to prevent lower prices of commodities and higher wages for the workman. A normal and moderate income tax is quite different from a sales tax in that it will have but a slight effect upon savings and virtually no effect upon prices: but an excessive income tax, so far as it decimates business profits, exerts a deleterious influence upon the community as a whole. In this sense it is true that excessive surtaxes form a burden not alone on the rich who pay but on the poor who are mistaken in the assumption that they do not pay.

We have thus far considered the interests of the community as a whole in the plan of tax reduction. We must, however, not forget to observe the no less important fiscal aspect of the problem. Many years ago Dean Swift coined the winged phrase: "In the arithmetic of customs two and two do not always make four but sometimes only one." So it might be said that in the arithmetic of the income tax a higher rate often means a lower revenue. Abundant figures have been furnished by the Treasury Department to show the great falling off in the yield of the higher brackets of the income tax in recent years. Several causes indeed have conspired to bring about this result, such as the temporarily diminished prosperity of the nation; the increase in the amount of tax-exempt bonds; the postponement of profit-taking due to the hoped-for reduction of the war rates; the increasing prevalence of legally permissible methods of tax evasion, like the taking of losses, the creation of trusts and corporations, and the many other expedients that have been devised by our ingenious lawyers. It is scarcely open to doubt, however, that the existence of the high surtaxes has strengthened these various tendencies, and that therefore a reduction in the surtaxes would tend to increase the revenues. What the ordinary man will pay with cheerfulness, nay even with alacrity, during a great war, he deprecates when the emergency has passed. It is always the part of fiscal wisdom to mingle moderation with firmness. What we need above all in our present situation are administrative simplicity and efficiency: insistence upon immoderate rates imperils the one and the other.

From the point of view, therefore, both of government revenue and of economic progress, a reduction in the surtaxes is de-

manded. The maximum rate of our income tax at present is fifty-eight per cent. In Great Britain it has recently been reduced to fifty-two and a half per cent., and were it not for the funding of the debt in the United States it would have been lowered to a still smaller figure. While there are, unfortunately, no statistics available to prove what particular surtax rate will afford the maximum revenue and exert the least possible interference with enterprise, and while much exaggeration has been spread abroad on this point, it is scarcely open to doubt that under actual conditions a substantial reduction is called for. With the haggling in Congress there need be no sympathy. For if the arguments for a lowering of the surtaxes are sound, what is called for is a reduction not of imperceptible, but of moderate, dimensions.

The second part of the Mellon tax programme deals with the adoption of differentiation and the treatment of capital gains and losses. The distinction between labour incomes and what Gladstone called "lazy" or "idle" incomes, or between what the British Act of 1907 terms earned and unearned incomes, has long been recognized as a corollary of the principle of ability to pay. While the accommodation of taxes to the amount of income through the device of graduation was accepted at an early period, the adjustment according to the source of income through the scheme of differentiation came at a much later period in Anglo-Saxon countries, although it had been adopted by Italy over half a century ago. Its acceptance in this country has long been overdue and has been postponed because of the dread of administrative difficulties. These doubts have now been overcome. There still remain, however, some points of discussion. Secretary Mellon suggests that all earned incomes benefit by the lower rate. The Committee of Ways and Means, on the other hand, had its attention called to the desirability of imposing a limit on differentiation, and accordingly introduced into the bill a provision whereby the distinction between earned and unearned income should be applicable only to the amount of $20,000.

From the point of view of principle, the decision of the committee seems correct. For differentiation cannot be upheld as of equal importance with graduation: when the two canons

clash, the former must give way. In smaller incomes, in other words, where the amount of income is in truth dependent upon the hard work of the recipient, the distinction is legitimate. But in the very large professional or high-salaried incomes it is not so much the amount of exertion as the native gifts or the talents of the recipient that are responsible; and in such cases the edge of the distinction becomes blunter, as the principle of differentiation is gradually overborne by that of graduation. The validity of this consideration was recognized at the very outset by Great Britain, and is more or less instinctively approved by the ordinary man.

There is one other point which is giving rise to considerable difficulty. The farmer feels that he ought not to be classed with the recipients of "idle" or "lazy" incomes; and yet it is clear that his income is not earned in the same sense as that of a wage-earner. An escape from the difficulty has been suggested by the Committee on Ways and Means, whereby the first five thousand dollars of income are to be deemed unearned. But this solution, which would indeed liberate most of the farmers, is not very satisfactory. For the first five thousand dollars might in other cases be derived entirely from investments, and ought then not to receive the remission.

Might it not be better to adopt the solution reached over half a century ago by the Italian Parliament when confronted by a similar situation? Italy intercalates between earned and unearned incomes a category which it calls mixed incomes, that is, incomes derived partly from personal exertions and partly from capital; and these mixed incomes are taxed at a higher rate than earned, but at a lower rate than unearned, incomes. Such an intermediate category might be especially applicable to the farmers and the small business men, and has much to commend itself from both an economic and a political point of view.

The next important point in the Treasury project affects the subject of capital gains and losses. We here enter upon a thorny path of both theory and practice. The problem consists in the query as to whether capital gains ought to be considered income. The concept of income has long engaged the attention of economists and of statesmen. At the outset of the discussion,

seventy-five or a hundred years ago, the concept was a very narrow one. Income was considered to be the annual receipt of money from regular, periodical, recurrent sources and from these alone. Gradually the concept was enlarged: and not alone money, but money's worth, such as the value of a house occupied and owned by the taxpayer, was included. Later on, not only regularly recurring, but exceptional, receipts were included. Still later, gifts and aleatory gains were accepted in some countries as constituting income. Finally, as in the United States, capital gains, or actually realized increments in the value of capital or property, were declared income. Theoretically, the idea reached its widest extension in the proposition first advanced by a German scientist a quarter of a century ago, and recently advocated by some scholars in this country, that the accountant's definition of income should be accepted, according to which income is the increase of the recipient's economic power between the beginning and the end of the accounting or tax period.

This conception is the only possible one to employ in estimating business or corporate income. The income is the inventory difference in the value of the assets at the beginning and the end of the period. But the difficulties arise in the attempt to generalize this conception and to apply it to individuals. There are two embarrassments. If an individual has to pay income tax on the unrealized appreciation in the value of his property, whether real estate or securities, and if he happens to possess no other income, he may be compelled to sell the property in order to pay his taxes. If he decides to borrow the money with which to pay the tax, he may find that in the following year the increment of value is wiped out by a reversion of the value to its original figure; and as this will not constitute a loss, as compared with the original purchase price, he receives no remission of taxation. He loses at one end, and does not gain at the other. He has paid a tax, although his economic power is not increased. Furthermore, an awkward situation arises in cases where, as in the United States, allowance is made only for actually realized capital gains or actually realized capital losses. For our experience has emphasized the facility accorded the taxpayers to change their investments temporarily for the sake of registering

losses, accompanied by the neglect on the part of the same taxpayers to remember, or to account for, their investment profits. There is but little doubt that a not insignificant part of the falling off in the yield of the higher brackets of our income tax is due to this widespread taking of losses. Great Britain, with its customary common-sense attitude in such matters, protects its revenue by excluding both capital gains and capital losses from the concept of income.

Our own attitude is illogical. A few years ago, owing to a temporary emergency, capital gains were limited to twelve and a half per cent. of the taxable income. Secretary Mellon's suggestion now applies the same figures to capital losses, on the principle that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. It is obvious, however, that this arbitrary figure is without any foundation in principle. It should either be zero or one hundred per cent. That is to say, capital gains and losses are either not income at all, but simply increments of capital; or, on the other hand, if they do constitute income, no part should be excluded from the concept. The proposed solution of the problem is absurd in the extreme.

What, then, ought to be done? To identify capital gains with increase of income and capital losses with decrease of income is not only a hardship to the individual, but jeopardizes the revenue of the Government. On the other hand, to exclude capital gains from taxation seems a gratuity to those who can well afford to pay, and whose ability to pay as reflected in their economic power has actually augmented.

The solution of the problem would seem to consist in the adoption of the English concept of income, accompanied, however, by the creation of a new tax on capital gains. Such a tax, called the capital-increment tax, has been successfully employed for a number of years in various European countries, like Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Germany. The advantage of the plan is that it safeguards the interests of the treasury. For capital losses can in this way be deducted only from capital gains, and not from income. Capital gains and losses, in other words, are put in a separate rubric and can consequently not affect the revenue from the income tax. The adoption of such a plan

would without doubt operate to increase the income-tax receipts by many tens of millions and would render feasible a substantial further reduction of the tax rate.

A possible objection to this suggestion is that a tax would be payable on unrealized appreciation to property. Such an objection, however, while valid as to income taxes, is illicit as to property taxes. A tax on income ought indeed to be a tax only on realized income, as the Supreme Court decided in the stock-dividend case; but in the case of property the question of realization is not involved. A tax on property means a tax on the value of the property: as long as the property is owned, its value is taxable. In our ordinary real-estate tax, if the value of the real estate appreciates, the tax is increased. No one objects to this because in the long run the value of capital or of a piece of property is in harmony with the income that may be expected to be derived therefrom. A tax on capital increment differs from an ordinary property tax only in the fact that in the latter case the increment is included in the value, and that in the former case it is separately taxed. The exclusion of capital gains and losses from the income tax and the subjection of capital gains to a separate, but corresponding, capital-increment tax would, therefore, constitute an advance in both theory and practice. It would at all events be far superior to the present illogical suggestion.

There remains one further point. A strong argument for the lowering of the surtaxes, as we have seen, is the injurious effect that may be exerted on savings or capital accumulations. If this consideration, however, were to stand by itself, it would encounter the difficulty that in many cases incomes are not saved, but spent; and that a reduction of the surtaxes, if carried out for this reason alone, would fail of its purpose and might benefit the wrong man. Why, it might be claimed, should the recipient of a two hundred thousand dollar income who spends all of it in luxurious living be taxed at a lower rate simply because his neighbour with the same income spends only fifty thousand dollars and saves the remainder for investment? It is this consideration which undoubtedly sways the great mass of the American people in their opposition to a substantial reduction of the surtaxes.

How, then, shall the difficulty be met? It might be claimed, indeed, that the time has come to recognize a new principle in taxation. Thus far we have given effect to the principle of ability to pay or individual capacity, by modifying the tax rates according to the amount or the origin of the income. We practice graduation and are about to introduce differentiation. But has the time not come when we ought to consider also the disposition, rather than the acquisition, of the income? The acquisition of the income follows an individual criterion: we consider how much the individual has received and how he has gained the income. The disposition of the income, on the other hand, follows a social criterion: we ask what should he for social reasons do with his income. To put it another way, is it not true that socially necessary or socially desirable expenses ought to be considered in arriving at the taxable income?

We have already entered upon such a path. That part of income which is spent upon children or dependents is to a certain point almost everywhere deducted. Furthermore, in the United States, that part of income which is spent in gifts to charitable or educational associations can likewise be deducted, up to a certain point at least; and in some of the European countries, like Germany, these socially desirable expenses even include contributions for political purposes—an emendation that would in all likelihood not be popular in the United States. Might it not be said that if savings constitute a socially desirable phenomenon, that part of the income which is saved should be taxed at a lower rate?

Some scholars go still further and desire to exempt all savings from an income tax. John Stuart Mill first proposed this, but for entirely different reasons; and his argument, that a tax on savings involves a double income tax, has been repeatedly shown to involve a fallacy. But in Italy, and more recently in this country, propositions have been advanced in favour of what is called the spendings tax—the suggestion, namely, to tax only that part of income which is spent and to exempt that part which is saved.

This argument, however, has a double weakness. In the first place, expenditure in general is the least satisfactory of all bases

of taxation, as is universally recognized by all recent scholars and by all modern democracies. Instead of imposing a relatively higher burden upon the rich who can afford to pay, it imposes a relatively higher burden upon those who cannot afford to pay. It is the very inverse of the principle of graduation. It is thoroughly undemocratic, for democracy seeks to tax wealth and not consumption. The first thing that the Americans did when they entered Cuba was to abolish the *consumo* tax.

Furthermore, the spendings tax proposition neglects the fact that even if saving is a useful economic process, the possibility of saving, in different classes of society, runs through the whole gamut from absolute impossibility to automatic necessity. An individual living on the bare minimum of subsistence cannot possibly save without imperilling that subsistence: at the other end, the recipient of a princely income finds great difficulty in making his personal expenditures exceed more than a few hundred thousand dollars at the outside and can therefore not possibly avoid saving the rest. In the one case saving is impossible; in the other saving is inevitable. To exempt all savings from taxation would be to confer a virtually complete immunity on the millionaire who cannot help saving the greater part of his income. This is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the entire plan, because it completely undermines the principle of ability to pay.

The only defensible method of giving effect to the core of truth in the savings proposition would be to make a distinction in the tax rate between income spent and income saved; but in such a way—and this is the important point—that the entire difference of rate should apply only in the lowest brackets where saving is so difficult as to connote a substantial sacrifice; and that with every increase in the amount of income received the difference in the rate between saved and unsaved incomes should become less, until we reach the higher brackets where saving becomes largely automatic and where the difference should therefore disappear. In other words, the principle of graduation should apply to saved income as it does to income received; with the difference that in the first case we should have a regressive, and in the second a progressive, rate.

The application of such a distinction between incomes saved

and incomes spent would, however, involve complicated and difficult administrative adjustments. It is questionable, therefore, whether the same result might not be more effectively reached by a reduction of the rate of the general income tax and by the imposition of a new tax that might be called the luxury tax and which would impose, at a progressive rate, a tax on expenditure. In such a tax it would also be possible to make allowance, especially in the lower brackets, for necessary or socially desirable expenditures, like family charges, exceptional doctors' bills, and the like, which it is virtually impossible to consider at present. The question it is desired here to emphasize is to query whether we have perhaps in modern society reached the stage where not alone the acquisition, but the disposition, of income becomes a legitimate consideration. If such a point of view were clearly presented to the American people, much of the opposition to the reduction of the surtaxes would disappear.

The third point in the pending tax programme is the matter of tax exemption.

Exemptions from taxation originally played a useful rôle. In the Middle Ages a man was subject to a scutage or "shield money" tax: but if he provided his own horse and armor in the feudal array, he was exempt. Even today—not to speak of growing crops and workingmen's tools—ministers' houses, cemeteries, and educational and religious institutions are exempt. The public is willing to bear the higher rate of taxation because the exempted class or institution is deemed to perform what is really a public function.

The original system of class exemption, however, soon degenerated. Sometimes the exemption was acquired by the classes which, as in France, enjoyed power without assuming responsibility. In other cases, the exemption became individual, culminating in a system where anyone could buy himself free. As a result of modern democracy, individual exemptions have been almost everywhere abolished, and class exemptions reduced to the narrowest limits. One of these class exemptions, however, still persists, namely, the exemption of government bonds.

The obvious reason which led to such exemption was war.

At the outbreak of war government credit is apt to be weak, precisely at the moment when the need for revenues is great. What is more natural, then, than that the Government should seek to strengthen its credit by granting to the bondholders a tax exemption? The argument originally applied in war was soon extended to peace. In the United States the situation is complicated by the division of powers and the belief that state and local bonds cannot be taxed by the national Government, just as Federal bonds are not subject to local taxation.

In view of the immense output of State and local securities—now amounting to twelve or fifteen billions and increasing annually by a billion or two—the situation has become critical. While it would be possible to call attention to not a few other arguments opposed to tax exemption, the exigencies of space compel our limiting ourselves to emphasizing a single consideration. The existence of tax-exempt securities is honeycombing our entire income tax. It is upsetting the system of graduation which we thought we had adopted. It is converting it into the opposite or what the French call an upside down progressive tax. We are getting back to the mediæval system with its nominal principle of *le fort portant le faible*,—"the strong supporting the weak",—which in practice was turned into the converse principle of the weak supporting the strong. What a travesty on justice! What an absurdity for a democracy! How can we expect social peace or class contentment, with such a glaring inequality? What wonder that we should have a Radical bloc! Of what avail is it to impose surtaxes if we openly invite the taxpayer to escape the burden by investing in tax-free securities?

It is sometimes urged that this inequality is more fanciful than real because of the premium that must be paid by the purchaser of the tax-exempt bond. This argument, however, is invalid for two reasons. The premium enjoyed by a tax-exempt bond is largely a scarcity privilege. If a new and small issue of tax-exempts occurs, the market price will indeed be apt to rise by the entire capitalization of the tax-exemption. But as the output of tax-exempts increases, the advantage tends to disappear: if all securities were exempt, there would be no difference of price at all. With every billion dollars of tax-exempts the advantage

becomes smaller. We have it on the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury that if the outstanding federal debt could be refunded into tax-exempt securities they would in all likelihood enjoy no premium at all. Yet while the disparity in market price between tax-exempt and taxable bonds tends to efface itself, the difference in the tax tends to remain the same.

The second reason why this argument is invalid is the existence of the graduated income tax. The reason why tax-exempts enjoy a premium, if at all, is because the market discounts the tax that has to be paid in future. The eight per cent. normal tax may indeed therefore be discounted when the scarcity privilege exists. But how about the surtaxes? Who can tell into what hands the tax-exempt bonds fall? Will they be owned by the very rich who are subject to a fifty per cent. surtax, or will they be bought by the moderately well-to-do who are subject to a very small surtax or by corporations which pay no surtax at all? In proportion as the market becomes saturated or as the moderately wealthy learn to avail themselves of the privilege, the premium will tend to fall. Under existing conditions, with a widespread practice of buying tax-exempts, the marginal point is apt to be much closer to eight per cent. than to fifty-eight per cent. The recipients of large incomes, in other words, enjoy a complete exemption from the tax and yet have to pay a much smaller corresponding premium on their purchases.

Thus the weakening of the scarcity privilege and the existence of the graduated scale result in an actual freedom from taxation to the holders of tax-exempts.

The chief argument, however, which was responsible for the recent adverse vote in Congress on the proposition to secure a constitutional amendment, was that the States and localities would be hampered in their loan issues. This argument rests upon a misconception. In the first place the premium tends, as we have seen, to become continually less with the disappearance of the scarcity privilege, and will soon be wiped out altogether. It is in fact questionable whether it has not been almost completely wiped out already. If we compare American municipals with the Canadian which are not tax-exempt, the differences will be found to be insignificant. Furthermore, even to the ex-

tent that this is not true, and that there is still a slight premium, the privilege is one never contemplated by the Constitution. If the State and local bonds were subject to tax in the same way as other property, including Federal bonds is taxable, they would suffer no disadvantage as compared with other property. The States indeed have the right to demand that the Federal Government impose no differential burden on them. To permit the nation to impose a special tax on the agencies of State government is, however, one thing: to ask the nation to perpetuate a special privilege to the States is quite another matter. For tax exemption affords the States, in theory at least, a special privilege. As a matter of fact, the advantage, however indefensible, is much slighter than they think.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that the State income tax is developing rapidly, existing now in fourteen or fifteen States. Where the State income taxes are unable to reach the holders of Federal and other State bonds, the States will stand to lose more in the deficit of revenue than they can gain by the increased price at which they may be able to market their securities.

With every year the situation in the States will become more similar to the Federal situation. Not only will their revenue suffer, but the growing inequality between social classes will be continually accentuated. The constitutional amendment which gives reciprocal powers to both State and Nation to tax the other's bonds is sure to prevail when the problem is once thoroughly understood. The people of the States will sooner or later learn that the privilege really amounts to little and that it is purchased at the cost of a grievous inequality among social classes. In the long run their selfishness will not avail; they will lose rather than gain by the continued tax exemption.

Equality between State and Nation; equality between local and Federal bonds; equality between economic classes; equality between rich and poor; that is the equality which we desire to achieve. The problem of tax exemption is the problem of fiscal equality; it is the problem of social justice. Sooner or later this objective, like the other fundamental purposes of Secretary Mellon's tax programme, will be attained.

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

BRITAIN'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

In the days of political life in England when the so-called governing class was kept in power by a small percentage of the population, their hold upon the situation was due to a restricted franchise and their personal control over those who cast the votes. The Labour party is now in power in Great Britain, although its candidates received only a quarter of the total vote cast. It is therefore no more representative of the will of the whole nation than was the autocracy of other days, but for different reasons. The name of the party is misleading, for it is not strictly speaking a Labour party. If it were a party which really represented Labour, it would have received a majority of all the votes cast. The vote it did get was nowhere near equal to even the total membership of the labour unions. It is more a Socialist than a Labour party, but in the expediency, not of its tenets but its action, it is more akin to the so-called Socialist party of Germany as it existed before the war, a party that traded with the Emperor, agreeing to increases in the military establishment in return for further paternalistic legislation.

It is also true that the Labour party of Great Britain acquired much of its strength as shown in the last election from votes cast for its candidates by those in no way identified with the wage workers. It was surprising after the election to find that not only did many of the intellectuals vote Labour but that many business men, weary of the stale intrigues of the older party leaders, had cast their votes for the party their daily newspaper told them was a menace to the nation and to the Empire. The Labour party had little or no support in the British press, but, as in other countries, the results of the election did not conform to the wishes of a majority of the newspaper proprietors. The Labour party also received considerable support from the women voters. In fact, if it were possible truly to analyze the vote of last

December, it would be found that the so-called Labour party did not owe its increase of vote at the polls to the ballots cast by manual workers, but to those it secured from the independent voters of all classes.

That this is realized by Mr. MacDonald is evident, not only in the men he has selected to assist him in the Government, but in his declarations of policy since he came into power. He knows that he cannot attempt to carry any extreme legislation through the House of Commons without precipitating a defeat of his Government. He is looking forward to the next election, when he hopes to gain enough of the independent vote to give his party an actual majority of the House. To do this the legislation now proposed by his party must be of more or less conservative character, and his executive actions be such as to inspire confidence in his sanity, safety and common sense. That he will act accordingly, unless overruled by the extreme element in his following, is a safe assumption, for he is not only an altruist in his conceptions of the needs of humanity, but he is also a first-class politician. Competent evidence as to his intentions and his complete realization of his great responsibilities is to be found in his assumption of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs in addition to that of Prime Minister.

There has probably been no abler Cabinet ever selected by an English Prime Minister than that now managing the affairs of Great Britain and the British Empire. There have been abler individuals in other Cabinets than are to be found in that of Mr. MacDonald, but the general average is far above that of the usual group to be found in office. It is even doubtful whether the present Cabinet will produce any great, outstanding figure such as has been noted of former Cabinets; but each and every one of the present Cabinet is a man who has won his spurs by hard work, innate ability and original method. In other words, they are nearly all men of accomplishment who have made their mark under difficulties and lifted themselves to high position without any of the aids usually extended to those who in the past have come from the governing class and have taken up politics as a career under the most favourable auspices.

The much talked-of inexperience of the members of the new

Government is unimportant. Every few years men are brought into the Cabinet at Washington who are as a rule far more inexperienced in the conduct of Government affairs than the members of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet, but even so there is no apparent hitch in the operation of the machine. The various departments of the British Government are even more immutable in character than the departments of the United States Government, as the British have a corps of officials known as Permanent Under-Secretaries, who do all the work regardless of who their chiefs may be. To the latter are left only questions of policy, and these are in the larger affairs generally determined by the Cabinet as a whole, or by the Cabinet Committee concerned, and it is needless to say that the influence of the Prime Minister will be convincingly felt in all important matters of British policy at home and abroad.

It is practically assured that the present Government will remain in office for some months, and perhaps even longer than is anticipated. There is no present intention of precipitating another election in a hurry, for all three parties are anxious to avoid antagonizing the voters by bringing about further political turmoil at the present time, and no party has anything to gain until the voters have a chance to change their minds under the influence of current events. The test of the new Government will come in two ways; when the new Budget is brought before Parliament in April, and in the results of Mr. MacDonald's foreign policy. The announcements he has made so far as to foreign affairs have met with the approval of the people, though not with that of all the newspapers. The accession of the Labour party to power in England, the fall of the franc and the rising discontent in France, have softened the attitude of the French Government towards the German situation, and it is not impossible that Mr. MacDonald will in the end be able to bring more stability to European affairs than have his immediate predecessors.

Unemployment and housing will be the two domestic problems upon which the Labour party will concentrate its efforts, and any reasonable and constructive plan will not be opposed by an Opposition majority. There will be a deficit this year in British

national financial operations, which in view of the surplus of the past two years makes the Budget question more difficult. It is the intention of the Labour party to secure the funds needed for unemployment and housing schemes through economies in Government administration, and a reduction in the naval and military expenditures, and it is possible that there will be an increase in super-tax and death duties. While this last named move would be extremely unpopular with some, it would not affect people with small incomes—and they cast the larger number of votes. Mr. MacDonald is primarily concerned in the domestic field with the relief of the extremely hard conditions under which many people in Great Britain are now living, and in the foreign field with the state of Europe, which he holds largely responsible for depressed conditions in Great Britain and elsewhere.

The recognition of the Soviet Government was not conceived in the idea of supporting Bolshevism or Communism, for with the exception of a few extremists the Labour party of England is anti-Bolshevik. Such recognition is merely a matter of international common sense and not "shaking hands with murder". The business and financial interests in Great Britain have been in favour of such recognition for a long time past, and those who take an international viewpoint have long held that to ignore a community of over a hundred million people with a firmly established Government which shows few signs of disintegration, is an injustice to the Russian people and an act of commercial folly. The idea every European Government now has in regard to Russia is to make the best bargain possible in return for recognition, and let future development repay such loss as has been incurred.

The new British Government is in closer and more sympathetic touch with the peoples and Governments of Italy, Belgium and Germany than its predecessors, for the peoples of those countries lean towards the Left in their political trend. There is really very little sympathy between the British and French Governments. The present British Government will be inclined to be firmer in its dealings with France than was the Conservative Government, and in fact would not be unwilling to bring what pressure was possible upon the French Government to achieve

some modification of its views. The British members of the Reparations Committees, both new and old, will get more support for their conclusions from Mr. MacDonald than they would have received from Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Baldwin.

The opinions of Messrs. Bradbury, McKenna and Kindersley are well known, and they do not in any particular support the French attitude as it stood in January of this year. His belief in the illegality and mistaken policy of the occupation of the Ruhr is emphasized by Mr. MacDonald, who will not consider it necessary to have the opinion of any international court or report of any commission to confirm his position. The Governments of the British Overseas Dominions find no threat in the coming of a Labour Government to Great Britain, for in their modern development they are more in sympathy with that form of Government than they are with one originating in a landed autocracy or a hereditary legislative power. To have read and believed what was printed in a majority of the British newspapers before January 21, it might have been anticipated that ruin would come to all the people of Great Britain, and that the Empire would have fallen to pieces when Mr. MacDonald became Prime Minister; but the people accepted the change with full confidence in the stability of all things British, and awaited with interest subsequent developments in British politics.

It can even be said that it was with some feeling of relief and hopeful anticipation that many of the English people, although they may have voted against the Labour party, witnessed its coming into power, for they have felt that things could not be much worse than they have been since the war, and that new methods and fresher minds might possibly bring about more favourable conditions. Notwithstanding its minority vote and the accidental character of its triumph, the Labour party met with a favourable reception from the nation and a sincere spirit of helpfulness, noticeable in all quarters, for anything reasonable it might undertake to do. In fact, considering the circumstances, this feature of the situation is remarkable, for it is doubtful whether the Conservatives or the Liberals, had they triumphed under similar circumstances, would have found the atmosphere as friendly or as tolerant.

The political future in Great Britain is of course problematical, but certain well marked tendencies of public opinion have been noticeable for some years past, which will undoubtedly find expression. The Franchise has been so extended to both men and women as to make all popular reactions of importance. In the days when only a small proportion of the people had a vote, and even these were controlled by a still smaller group of those in power, the popular will was only made manifest through demonstrations ranging from revolution to more or less ineffective mob clamour. In a population of less than fifty million people there are now nearly twenty million who can vote, and under the English system, where speedy results can be obtained, a profound disturbance among the people may find immediate expression in the overturning of a Government and the appearance of an entirely different set of men with new ideas and new policies.

Before the late war the decline from power of the so-called governing class had been marked. The coming of Mr. David Lloyd George into the Government was a symptom of what was happening in the body politic, for he was merely the visible symbol of a quiet but determined revolt against upper class ascendency and a determination that the mass of the people should be legislated for from their own point of view and not from that of a group of self-sufficient aristocrats. The war put all social and political questions into the melting pot for the time being. As the war progressed and the masses of the people had to be cajoled and humoured in matters of military and civilian service, the power of a numerical majority of the people became apparent to even the most primitive intelligence, and when the war was over this appreciation of power remained.

The first elections after the war were held when the people were still under the influence of relief from strenuous effort, and the reactionaries had their own way. As after-war conditions failed to improve, and in fact seemed to grow worse, the people came back into that state of mind which had been submerged in the great flood of emotional disturbances, and when the Conservative party, not content with its position of political safety, went to the country on a Protection issue, the opportunity was given

for a protest against conditions as they were and for a demand for a constructive policy based upon the welfare of the nation as a whole.

Protection was defeated because the business interests of the country were largely opposed to it, and because the women voters feared it would increase the cost of living. That Mr. Baldwin made a strategic error in bringing about an election at the time he did is generally admitted. One of his friends said lately in speaking of the late Prime Minister, "What has happened to him is conclusive evidence that it takes more than character to make a great political leader." Few men have ever become Prime Minister in England who had finer characters than Mr. Baldwin. Honest, able, fearless, cultured, and in every way admirable as a man, he failed his political following in a moment of crisis for want of generalship.

At the December election a great majority of the people of Great Britain voted Liberal or Labour, or in other words they showed a marked inclination of political thought towards the Left. The entire course of political events in Great Britain during the next few years depends upon the permanency of this inclination and the degree to which it may carry the voters. Those who so desire are predicting the early return to power of the Conservatives, the disappearance of the Liberals, and a division of the electorate between the Conservative and the Labour or Socialist parties. It would perhaps be rash to question their belief as to the probable course of events, but the general trend in the past fifteen years in British politics would certainly fail to uphold their belief.

About 75 per cent. of the electorate in Great Britain go to the polls and exercise their right to vote. This is a larger percentage than is to be found in any other country. The British people are deeply concerned in their political matters, which being largely economic affect the economics of every individual. They are in a state of mind in which experiments do not alarm them; there has been a wide spread of Socialist belief, not only among the manual workers but in the ranks of the vast army of those who are counted as in a class above the manual workers, and yet who work longer hours for less pay and are compelled to spend

more upon their living than those who labour with their hands at out-of-door employment. There has also been a great increase in the number of intellectuals who are ready to support a more radically inclined Government than has ever been at Westminster.

This is not due to the propaganda of the Soviet Government of Russia, for nearly all of these people would promptly declare themselves to be anti-Bolshevik, although they would freely admit that a large degree of Socialism entered into their political creed. The Liberal party is awaiting the next election, hoping to catch the voters on a rebound from Labour before they go far enough to fall back into the Conservative party. The Conservatives are willing to concede an even larger vote to Labour at the next election than they had in the last, but they hope that those who have recently voted Liberal will realize the futility of keeping alive a three-cornered contest for control of the House of Commons, and will vote Conservative to prevent a continuation in power of a Labour Government.

As matters now stand and will remain until the next general election comes about, the three parties are all jealous of each other, and each is filled with political hatred towards the other two. There is even more than jealousy and hatred in the situation, for there is fear of treachery, and for that reason there is no possibility of a Coalition Government. The Liberals and the Conservatives are hereditary enemies, and the Conservatives look upon the Labour party as being outside the pale of civilization. The relations of the Liberals and the Labourites are equally unfriendly, but for different reasons. They are like two people of similar temperament who for that reason are incompatible in partnership. Politically they are given to using the same kind of ammunition in their attacks upon the electorate. It is believed by many Conservatives that the present situation ends the life of the Liberal party as a distinct political organization, and that in course of time the two-party system will again prevail, the two parties representing the Right and the Left in political beliefs and doctrine. They profess to see the Socialist party, as they call it, absorb the more radical Liberals, while the more conservative will drift back to the Conservative organization.

Needless to say, the Liberals do not take this view of the future. They profess to believe that the mass of the voters will in time become alienated from the Labour party and, being too radical in belief or opposed to the old order, will seek refuge in the Liberal party, which offers to its adherents a Conservative Radicalism far removed from any taint of the Communism with which the Labour party is asserted to be sympathetic. That is the situation so far as the relations of the three parties are concerned. The relations of the voters to these three parties are in the making, for in Great Britain as well as in the United States many have broken old party ties and constitute an independent "bloc" which in future may hold the balance of power.

Any party, therefore, which hopes to gather to itself enough votes to secure a majority in the House of Commons, will have to make an irresistible appeal to the nation, and under present circumstances it does not matter what the name of that party may be. All three parties are now in training for the next election, and unless the Labour party commits suicide by some strategical error, such as that devised by Mr. Baldwin and his advisers, the next election will not be held until enough Conservatives and Liberals are convinced that the time has come for a trial of strength, and they unite long enough to oust the Labour party from power. The Conservatives are sore and humiliated. The Liberals are disappointed in the smallness of their gains at the last election, but are again united and watching every move on the part of their opponents, hoping to be able to take advantage of opportunity when it offers. The members of the Labour party are jubilant, enthusiastic, and convinced that their accomplishments in the near future will ensure their continuance in office when they are again compelled to go to the country.

It is not impossible that they may be right, and that their assumption is warranted. There are many circumstances in their favour, and looking into the immediate future with the aid of current events and tendencies it would seem that during the Labour administration of the affairs of the Empire there might be such an improvement in the world's affairs generally as to reflect a certain amount of credit upon the party now in power in Great Britain. It is the unexpected, however, which may hap-

pen, and it will be the unexpected which will precipitate the next crisis in the House of Commons and determine the fate of the three political organizations now struggling for control.

The Conservative party is more identified with the big "interests" than either of the others. Some of its most prominent members avowedly stand for certain industrial elements. Notable among these is that of the liquor interest, and it is significant to note that notwithstanding the alleged antagonism of the country to Prohibition, nearly all the candidates in the last election who were identified with the brewing and distilling business were heavily defeated. Mr. Lloyd George is known to be in favour of Prohibition, and there are more temperance advocates in the Labour party than in any other. It is the intention of the Labour party seriously to attack the "trust" situation, and it must be borne in mind that while in the days of restricted franchise these things could not be done with safety by a political organization, today, when nearly half of the people are entitled to a vote, it is not only safe but might prove to be the best possible political strategy. This in itself is a sufficient commentary upon the change which has come over the political situation in Great Britain in the last fifteen years.

In any consideration of the future of British politics it must be realized that, notwithstanding the progress that has been made in popular government and the spread of Socialistic doctrine among the people, the Conservative party is still securely entrenched in the political system. It has a powerful and wealthy organization; some of the ablest men in the country are its leaders and managers; the British Constitution gives it an advantage in its efforts to control the political affairs of the country, and the great Government machine, built so gradually and upon such sure foundations, is a source of strength not possessed by any other party, for it was designed and constructed by those who were Conservatives by nature and by inheritance, and it has changed but little in the last few decades.

There is still a vast body of Conservative opinion in Great Britain, to be found largely among men of affairs and social position and among the older generation of their employees, and unless the more progressive political factions are wary they will

again be outgeneraled as they have been many times in the past, for the Conservatives will conduct a trench warfare with all the advantage of long established and well constructed defences at their command. They are now waiting to take advantage of any mistakes that may be made by their enemies, and as these are inevitable they may possibly come back into power in the future by reason of a divided opposition. They represent the one solid and more or less unchangeable political element in a disturbed and uncertain-minded nation.

The Labour party is fortunate in its leadership, for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a man of fine character and an earnest worker on behalf of humanity. Whether he will prove to be another illustration of the fact that character is not enough to make a great political leader, is yet to be determined. He may go down to defeat as did his predecessor and for the same reason, or it may be that a man has now come to the surface of British political life who will prove to be a great figure in political history. His future and the future of his party is all before him. The old warhorses of British political life are watching his every move with keen interest and practised eye, and should he but trip they will see that he falls and falls hard, for they are adepts at the game.

It is indeed a most interesting time in British politics, and one with which the American people can well afford to keep close touch, for upon the developments of the next year or so depends the degree with which British-American affairs can be coördinated. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald remains Prime Minister long enough to carry out a half of the programme which he has set as his task, the British and American peoples will come closer together in their intentions and their aspirations than ever before in the history of the two nations.

J. D. Whelpley.

FIVE TO FOUR SUPREME COURT DECISIONS

BY FRANK R. SAVIDGE

IT is being urged that a bare majority of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States should not have power to render inoperative as unconstitutional an Act of Congress; and, further, that close decisions, sometimes of five Justices to four, have a tendency to lessen respect for that Court and to detract from a reverence for the law. The situation does not seem to be popularly understood. Otherwise, it would be difficult to perceive why such drastic measures are suggested. One of the recent proposals, introduced in the Senate by Senator Borah, provides that before an Act of Congress may be declared unconstitutional, at least seven of the nine Justices of the Supreme Court must agree. In other words, if only three Justices consider an act constitutional, they shall hand down the prevailing opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States; and the six opposing Justices, who consider the Act unconstitutional, may merely write dissenting opinions!

It is well not only to observe the character of cases in which that Court has been divided, five Justices to four, in declaring Acts of Congress unconstitutional, but to learn, if possible, just what is the basis for differences of opinion between the judges. There are only eight of such cases from the beginning. This in itself is remarkable. We should study whether there exists any relation between the decisions and the developing stages of the history of our country, and how the permanent rights of the people have fared in such decisions.

These cases divide themselves into three classes. In the first class there is but one case, that of *Ex parte Garland* (*4 Wall. 333*), decided in 1867. In order to understand the meaning of that case, we must recall the days just after the Civil War and see then at the bar of the Court a man, named Garland, holding a full individual pardon for all offenses committed by his participa-

tion in the Rebellion, signed by the President of the United States. He is there because he is unable to obtain admission to practice his profession on account of an Act of Congress of January 24, 1865, requiring an oath to be taken by attorneys applying for admission to the Federal courts, containing statements to the effect that the deponent has never been guilty of treason nor in any way aided or abetted any enemy of the United States. The majority opinion decided that this Act was unconstitutional, for it prohibited a man, although pardoned for an offense, from practicing law in the Federal courts because of that offense, and was in the nature of a bill of attainder.

On account of the circumstances of the period, it is hard to place this case in a class with any of the others, except in the justice of its result, which was one of the steps in giving to former enemies of the United States all the rights and imposing upon them all the duties of full United States citizenship, the wisdom of which no one will question at this date. Indeed, Mr. Justice Miller in his dissent, in which three other Justices concurred, stated: "For the speedy return of that better spirit, which shall leave us no cause for such laws, all good men look with anxiety, and with a hope, I trust, not altogether unfounded."

The second class also contains but one case, that of *Pollock vs. Farmers Loan and Trust Co.*, twice argued before the Court and reported first in *157 United States 429 (1895);* and on rehearing in *158 United States 601.* This is commonly known as the "Income Tax Case", and held that the imposition of an income tax, being a direct tax not apportioned according to population, was not a constitutional exercise of the power of Congress to tax. This case stands alone because of the situation in which we find it when in the Supreme Court. The Act as laid before the Court was ill advised, and the tax when imposed was immensely unpopular and greatly criticised by large masses of the people as well as by the majority of the lawyers of the country. Nevertheless, the power of Congress was by many judicial minds considered to be sufficiently wide to admit of the tax, and there was realized a great change in our economic conditions since the Civil War. At the time this Act was passed there was no general pressing demand for an income tax. It was a departure.

The point of demarcation here is very clear—the majority striving through strong argument to protect the right of the people to be free from all Federal taxation except that specifically provided for in the Constitution, the minority claiming for Congress the fullest powers to tax in order that the financial welfare of the country might not be undermined. The people, faced with the problems of a nation now become one of the leading powers of the world, met the situation with characteristic courage and forestalled the dangers seen in the minority opinion by adopting the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution. This Amendment followed the judgment of the majority of the Court, that the Constitution as it stood did not contemplate or permit an income tax, and at the same time satisfied the dissent of the minority.

The third class contains the six other decisions, and in all of them we see very much the same personnel in the Supreme Court. The first of these decisions in date, but probably the least important in its effect upon our national life, was the decision in the case of *Fairbank vs. United States, 181 U. S. 283 (1901)*, which declared unconstitutional an Act imposing a stamp tax on a foreign bill of lading, on the ground that this amounted to a tax on exports, which is categorically prohibited by Article 1, Section 9, Clause 5, of the Constitution. The majority opinion in that case was written by Mr. Justice Brewer, who took occasion to introduce a declaration of the necessity for branding the Act as unconstitutional by quoting Chief Justice Marshall in the celebrated case of *Marbury vs. Madison, 1 Cranch 137*, as follows:

> The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and like other acts is alterable when the legislature shall please to alter it. If the former part of the alternative be true, then the legislative act contrary to the Constitution is no law. If the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.

Next in point of time of this third class are the *Employers' Liability cases (Howard vs. Ill. Central R. R. Co., et al., Brooks vs. Southern Pacific Co., 207 U. S. 463, 1908)*, which involved the Act of Congress of June 11, 1906, where Congress failed to make any distinction between interstate commerce, over which it has

control, and intrastate commerce, over which it does not have control. It contained, also, the attempt to abrogate the "fellow servant" rule in the case of death caused by negligence. In this case, and in all the decisions following, the majority of the Court has held that it is the office of Congress to consider the subject matter and policy of the law, while the obligation of the Supreme Court is to decide whether or not Congress, the agent of the people, has acted strictly within its authority granted by its commission—the Constitution.

In this particular case the dissenting judges concur with the majority of the Court in their general interpretation of the Act, but argue that it is possible for the Court to put such a construction upon the Act as to bring it within the terms of the Constitution and that, therefore, this should be done in order to save it. The leading dissenting opinion in this case was written by Mr. Justice Moody, in which he brilliantly argued the position of the minority. Mr. Chief Justice White, however, established a strong precedent for those who believe that the decisions of this high Court must look as much to the future as to the particular Act in question, and pointed out that it is very definitely the first duty of the Supreme Court to guard the form of Acts of Congress, and to see that they comply strictly with the Constitution, and that where they do not so comply, it is the duty of the Court, whatever the subject matter of the Act may be, to declare the Act unconstitutional.

Mr. Justice Holmes, we are to see, is a consistent champion of the doctrine that the Supreme Court should, wherever possible, uphold Congress in carrying out the legislative power by applying the most favourable construction upon its acts that is at all possible, however narrow that construction may be, in order to pronounce them constitutional. He says:

> I think there are strong reasons in favour of the interpretation of the statute adopted by the majority of the court. But as it is possible to read the words in such a way as to save the constitutionality of the act, I think they should be taken in that narrow sense.

This argument of Mr. Justice Holmes, and his desire to "save" the Acts of Congress by placing upon them a constitutional interpretation when the Act is beneficial to the nation, is strongly

marked in his dissenting opinion in *Hammer vs. Dagenhart (1918), 247 U. S. 251*, involving an Act of Congress of September 1, 1916, which was an attempt by Congress to reach by indirection the admitted evil of unregulated child labour, which it could not in a direct manner regulate under the terms of the Constitution. The Act sought to control the employer of child labour by preventing within thirty days from the manufacture the shipment, in interstate or foreign commerce, of any goods made in a factory employing children under the statutory age. The Act was framed as the result of the fear in Congress that it would adjourn without complying with a popular demand that some definite action be taken in the matter, and by this Act the responsibility for the constitutional question was transferred to the Supreme Court instead of being solved in Congress before the final passage of the Act. There is no doubt that every member of the Supreme Court of the United States is as conscious of the evils that Congress desired to remedy as any one instrumental in the passage of the Act involved. It is not to be supposed that any one will doubt the wisdom of rules regarding this question when imposed by the proper authority. But the sole duty of the Supreme Court was to decide the constitutional question. In the majority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Day and concurred in by Mr. Chief Justice White, Mr. Justice Van Devanter, Mr. Justice Pitney and Mr. Justice McReynolds, the Court carefully states:

> We have neither authority nor disposition to question the motives of Congress in enacting this legislation. The purposes intended must be attained consistently with constitutional limitations and not by an invasion of the powers of the States.

It declares the Act to be unconstitutional on the double ground that it transcends authority delegated to Congress over commerce, and exerts power in a matter reserved solely to the local governments; Congress did not say that certain things shall or shall not be done in interstate commerce resting upon the character of particular goods with which Congress was dealing for some reason inherent in them, but Congress attempted to prevent goods, in themselves entirely innocent and able to be transported by interstate commerce, from being so transported by reason of acts performed in the manufacture of such articles.

Of legislation drawn on the theory that the present public advantage is of greater importance than the mandate of the Constitution, Mr. Justice Lurton said at a meeting of the Maryland and Virginia Bar Associations in 1910:

> The contention that the obligation of a constitution is to be disregarded if it stands in the way of that which is deemed of public advantage, . . . is destructive of the whole theory upon which our American Commonwealths have been founded, to say nothing of the constitutional relation of the Union and the States to each other. It is a substitution of men for a government of law. It is against this that I raise a warning voice.

The dissenting opinion, in which Mr. Justice McKenna, Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Clarke concurred, was written by Mr. Justice Holmes, In it he advocated the constitutionality of the Act upon the right of Congress to prohibit that which it may regulate; declaring that there is no doubt that if Congress can regulate it can prohibit, because regulation can easily go to that limit. But he also shows clearly that he looks beyond the mere thing passing from one State to another. He cites authorities in which the Court decided that certain objects could be excluded by Congress on the ground that they were bad, and by comparison says that the good to be accomplished in child labour is of greater value than in those other cases, and adds:

> But if there is any matter upon which civilized countries have agreed—far more unanimously than they have with regard to intoxicants and some other matters, over which this country is now emotionally aroused, it is the evil of premature and excessive child labour. I should have thought that if we were to introduce our own moral conceptions, where in my opinion they do not belong, this was pre-eminently a case for upholding the exercise of all its powers by the United States.

This tends to lead away from the issue. Of course the point is well taken, that if the Supreme Court is to intrude its judgment upon any question of policy or morals, child labour is one of the best objects for such intrusion. Still, the fact remains that, in the first place, the Supreme Court has no such right, and in the second place, the Constitution reserves such questions to the States, and does not give the right to Congress to interfere with local government, as this particular Act decidedly did. As stated in the majority opinion, the Act would place a wide field of

local matter under Federal control which under our present form of government is unquestionably in the hands of the States. As the Court said:

> Over interstate transportation, or its incidents, the regulatory power of Congress is ample, but the production of articles intended for interstate commerce is a matter of local regulation.

No student of American history can escape the importance of the position of the State in our form of government. The fear of many of the framers and supporters of the Constitution was that in some manner the Central Government would usurp the power of the States and absolutely absorb them, and it was only because the Convention at Philadelphia guarded the whole structure of the States with great jealousy that the Constitution was ratified at all. Alexander Hamilton, at the New York ratification convention, had the State Rights doctrine to encounter, and upheld it in the following words:

> While the Constitution continues to be read, and its principles known, the State must, by every rational man, be considered an essential, composite part of the nation; and therefore the idea of sacrificing the powers to the latter is wholly inadmissible. . . . The gentlemen are afraid that the State Governments will be abolished. But, sir, their existence does not depend upon the laws of the United States. Congress can no more abolish the State Governments than they can dissolve the union. The whole Constitution is repugnant to it.

And it is the duty of the Supreme Court to maintain both the definite powers of the Central Government and the rights of the State.

The next of these cases is that of *Eisner vs. Macomber, 252 U. S. 189 (1920)*, which held that the Revenue Act of September 8, 1916, is in conflict with Clause 3 of Section 2 and Clause 4 of Section 9 of Article I of the Constitution, in so far as it attempts to tax as income of the stockholder, without apportionment, a stock dividend made legally and in good faith against profits accumulated by the corporation since March 1, 1913. The part of the Act in question clearly taxed the stock dividend solely because there was a form of distribution to the stockholder, but as a matter of common economic knowledge, a stock dividend is not a distribution to the stockholder unless and until the stock is

sold by him, and then only to the amount that his original investment has increased. This is one of the more technical cases. Mr. Justice Holmes dissented, contending that the Sixteenth Amendment is sufficiently broad to cover the clause in question, in that—

> The only question of this amendment was to set right all nice questions as to what might be direct taxes, and I cannot doubt that most people, not lawyers, would suppose when they voted for it that they put a question like the present to rest.

He held that this consideration justifies the tax, despite the fact that he also said—

> I think that *Towne vs. Eisner, 245 U. S. 418* [on which the majority opinion is largely based], was right in its reasoning and result, and that on sound principles the stock dividend was not income.

Mr. Justice Day concurred in this opinion. Mr. Justice Brandeis also delivered a dissenting opinion, in which Mr. Justice Clarke concurred, wherein he sets out a number of illustrations of how stock dividends have been turned into income and taxation has been avoided, and argues from this that stock dividends should therefore be taxed as income.

The next case, *Knickerbocker Ice Company vs. Stewart, 253 U. S. 149 (1920)*, involved an Act of Congress of October 6, 1917, which attempted to impose upon the Admiralty Courts the Workmen's Compensation Laws of any State in cases of injury to claimants within the Admiralty jurisdiction. Under the Constitution the Admiralty jurisdiction is specifically placed in the Federal courts, in the following language:

> The Judicial power shall extend to . . . all cases of Admiralty and maritime jurisdiction;

and the question involved was as to whether it is constitutional for Congress to pass an Act delegating to the several States the legislative power given to it by the Constitution.

The author of this paper argued the case in the Supreme Court against the constitutionality of the Act, and feels now as he did then, not only that it was unconstitutional, but that it would have been unfortunate to have allowed a large group of Admiralty cases constantly arising to be taken out of the jurisdiction of the

Federal courts. The majority opinion of the Court, ably written by Mr. Justice McReynolds, is convincing that the Act was unconstitutional. Mr. Justice McReynolds, in delivering the opinion of the Court, was in just the opposite position to that of Mr. Justice Day in the Child Labour case, for in the latter case the duty rested on the Court to protect the State from encroachment of its power of local government reserved to it by the Constitution, and in the instant case Mr. Justice McReynolds was faced with the problem of keeping inviolate the rights that are definitely given to the Central Government by the same instrument. And he says:

> Moreover it [the Constitution] took from the States all power, by legislation or judicial decision, to contravene the essential purposes of, or to work material injury to, characteristic features of such [general maritime] law, or to interfere with its proper harmony and uniformity in its international and interstate relations. To preserve adequate harmony and appropriate uniform rules relating to maritime matters and bring them within control of the Federal Government was the fundamental purpose; to such definite end Congress was empowered to legislate within that sphere.

Mr. Justice Holmes wrote the dissenting opinion of the Court, in which Mr. Justice Pitney, Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Clarke concurred. In this opinion Mr. Justice Holmes develops his argument for the constitutionality of the Act by pointing out that the Supreme Court has declared constitutional Acts of Congress adopting certain State laws as Federal laws, and that the Federal District Court has adopted as rules of practice the rules of the State in which the district is located. This, he argues, answers the objection of the majority that Congress cannot delegate to the States its power to legislate. In discussing the intention of the Constitution that the Admiralty laws should be uniform, he says that it would in his opinion be wise policy that the Admiralty laws should be as near as may be uniform, but that he does not feel that it is absolutely imperative that they should be so, if Congress chooses otherwise.

The latest of these cases is one which has been the subject of considerable ethical and political discussion, *Newberry vs. U. S., 256 U. S. 232 (1921)*. Whatever the verdict of the country

may be as to the improprieties of candidates for the office of United States Senator or any other office in spending large sums of money to further their elections, the fact remains that the case, as taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, was restricted to a very narrow point of law under the rules of appeal, the particular point being whether the Act in question came within the power of Congress to regulate "the manner of holding elections". The Act attempted to fix the amount to be expended, used, or promised by any candidate for election to Congress at the primaries. This power the majority of the Court held Congress did not have, for there is no connection between the "*manner of holding*" the election itself and the personal conduct of the individual seeking to have his name placed on the ballot for election. The four Justices who dissented, Mr. Chief Justice White, Mr. Justice Pitney, Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Clarke, concurred in part. The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Pitney wrote opinions. That of the Chief Justice was a plea for the necessity of such legislation, that of Mr. Justice Pitney, an argument for its constitutionality based on the rule laid down in *McCulloch vs. Maryland, 4 Wheat. 316*, that the supremacy of the Government in the exercise of its appropriate power implies the authority to do all things necessary to maintain the supremacy and operation of those powers.

This case has been the one most frequently mentioned in the agitation to limit the powers of the Supreme Court at this time. It is unfortunate, for it leads to the conclusion that many of those who say that they are anxious to protect the will of the people by curtailing the power of our highest Court are, in fact, seeking a way to give vent to their political animosity arising out of the subject matter of this particular case.

Thus we review the cases upon which any criticism of the present system of deciding constitutional questions must be based. They are now the law of the land. The wisdom of the law is reflected in the inevitable reactions to a study of them, and from them we can draw our conclusions:

1.—Perhaps most important of all, the majority decision in every case is a defense of the permanent definite rights of the people, and recognizes that Congress, the agent and not the

ruler of the people, must carry out the wishes of the people within the terms of the agency and not according to the whims of the agent.

2.—The judgment of history, the experience of legal training, the respect for our institutions, completely justify the majority.

3.—They obey the mandates of the Constitution.

It is conceded that a Constitution capable of being revered lives not because the best minds framed it long ago. That satisfaction will not perpetuate it. To survive it should be built upon eternal truths. Nor will the fact that a Civil War settled important differences of opinion regarding our Constitution be other than an argument upon both sides as to its permanent value. For, on the one hand, it may be insisted had the instrument been more clearly expressed a war would have been saved, and, on the other hand, it can be argued, having suffered the war, the construction of the instrument in large scope has thereby become settled. Of course this reference does not take into account the wealth of decisions that have interpreted and in reality become a part of it.

We may acclaim with Tennyson:

> For who would keep an ancient form
> Through which the spirit breathes no more?

Does our Constitution still breathe the spirit?

In fundamental analysis one must acknowledge that at any period of time the sovereign power of the people of necessity resides somewhere. It is never safely lodged without a government of checks and balances. In order practically to insure the substance of liberty, the Constitution inaugurated three coördinate branches of government, the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial. Certainly the whole of the Constitution is largely an instrument for the enforcement of its most cherished provision that life, liberty, and property shall not be taken without due process of law. To protect this inherent right of all Americans, an independent court is needed, for a court that is dependent upon any other branch of the Government is no court at all. It follows, too, that a limited legislature like ours, unlike the English Parliament, is composed of our representatives as agents

exclusively under the written authority of the Constitution, which the independent Court is sworn to uphold. As Senator Pepper recently so well put it, "the agent's own assurance that he has the authority which he claims counts for but little in determining the authority which has been conferred". This is particularly true where life, liberty and property are in danger. Hence every Act of Congress, when the question is raised, must be examined by the test of the Constitution, and it would be absurd to hold, as was once contended and has lately been suggested, that Congress should pass upon the constitutionality of its own acts.

Madison, in *The Federalist* (Article 46), wrote:

> The Federal and State Government are in part but different agents and trustees of the people instituted with different powers and for different purposes. The adversaries of the constitution seem to have lost sight of the *people* altogether in their reasonings on this subject, and to have viewed their different establishments, not only as mutual rivals and enemies, but as uncontrolled by any *common* superior in their efforts to usurp the authorities of each other. The ultimate authority whenever the derivative may be found, resides in the people alone.

And it would be dangerous to authorize Congress, the agent, after the Supreme Court has declared an Act unconstitutional, to validate it by another Act. Congress would pass Acts it would not now attempt, knowing that two resolutions, fundamentally unconstitutional, that is two wrongs, would make a right. Shall we ever forget the wisdom of Webster?

> The sovereignty of government is an idea belonging to the other side of the Atlantic. No such thing is known in North America. Our governments are all limited. In Europe sovereignty is of feudal origin and imports no more than the state of the sovereign. It comprises his rights, duties, exceptions, prerogatives and power. But with us all power is with the people and they erect what government they please and confer on them such powers as they please. None of their governments are sovereign in the European sense of the word, all being restrained by written constitutions.

Nor can it be successfully contended that Congress has or should have the right to regulate how many Justices are required for a decision as to one of its own Acts. When Congress begins to "regulate" the Supreme Court, our freedom passes. Fortunately, Congress cannot. The people gave to the Constitution

its life. A Government of which the people are the first consideration keeps that life breathing its spirit, as surely today as in 1789.

It is just as erroneous to say that a five to four decision is a one man decision (five judges decide) as it is incorrect to say that an Act of a branch of Congress passed by a majority of one is a one man Act of that branch of Congress.

These decisions are in themselves strong arguments for the filing of dissenting opinions. The dissenting opinions in the case of *Pollock vs. Farmers Loan and Trust Company* were undoubtedly the most forceful arguments advanced for the passage of the Sixteenth Amendment, and Mr. Justice Holmes's opinion in the Child Labour Case has done much to stir the advocates of a worthy cause to new zeal in the endeavour of accomplishing results in a constitutional manner.

Justices in the Supreme Court of the United States have no temptations to do other than the right, and to hand down in pride to posterity valid reasons for their interpretation of the law. They are not influenced by factional passions. They owe no allegiance to any political party, and are committed to no patronage.

Mr. Chief Justice Robert von Moschzisker, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has recently given to the country a thorough and convincing work entitled *Judicial Review of Legislation.* In discussing the question as to whether any remedy is needed with reference to our Supreme Court, he says:

> If a remedy is needed, so far as the Federal Supreme Court is concerned, the real one would be to restrict the appellate jurisdiction of that overburdened tribunal, confining it largely to the consideration of appeals involving constitutional questions, and thus allow sufficient time to examine into, upon, and, where possible, to reconcile differences on, these most important points, then let the liberalizing tendencies of the present age work their own way under our existing system as they are steadily doing.

The President of the United States, whose Secretary of State was once a learned member of the Supreme Court, in his message delivered at the opening of the present Congress, suggested that the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court be restricted by relieving it of some of the cases of less national importance,

in order that it might have more time to decide problems of great concern. This suggestion of the President is in effect a pronouncement of the proposition of the Pennsylvania Chief Justice.

The President thus urges that there be strengthened and not curtailed the basic function of the Supreme Court in deciding constitutional questions. That great Court has by its successive members always announced its decisions in the American way—by the majority. It is unthinkable that it shall come to pass that a State or citizen can be deprived of vital constitutional rights contrary to the protest of the majority of the members of the highest Court in the world—constituted chiefly to support such rights. If the faithlessness of the times shall next invade the Supreme Court of the United States, it may be too late, when dire consequences follow, to remedy such a colossal blunder.

FRANK R. SAVIDGE.

JAPAN IN A QUANDARY

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

THREE months ago Japan reverberated with a chorus singing praise of America and voicing the gratitude of sixty millions of the Empire for the unparalleled generosity with which the American people hastened to the rescue of the earthquake-stricken people. It seemed as if the great holocaust, as it spread death and destruction, took with it also the last vestige of any unfriendly feeling that might have existed between the two nations.

Today all this has changed, and the hands of the clock, as far as American-Japanese relations are concerned, are put back to where they had been before the earthquake.

What is the cause of this sudden change? Are the Japanese fickle? Are they wont to blow hot and cold? Was their demonstration of gratitude for the American succour of the earthquake sufferers naught but a pretense under the cloak of which lurked the sinister reality of anti-American sentiment?

Against insinuations conveyed by such questions the Japanese protest emphatically. They assert their appreciation of all that America did for them, not only in the recent calamity, but through the years of stress and strain that followed the opening of their country to foreign intercourse. They protest their desire to remain most friendly with the United States, and are deeply hurt when charged with hostile intentions. Japan, perturbed, distressed, almost heart-stricken, as one misjudged or betrayed by his best friend, begs America to lend ear to her and try at least to understand her point of view.

The first in the series of incidents, which has shaken Japan's trust and gratitude inspired by American aid to earthquake sufferers, is the ruling of the Supreme Court, upholding the land laws of California and Washington, whose purpose is to prohibit Japanese and other Orientals from cultivating land save as day

labourers. Even more shocking is the introduction in the Congress of three resolutions, all proposing that the Constitution be so amended as to deprive American-born individuals of Oriental parentage of the citizenship heretofore guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. The first of the three resolutions is sponsored by a Republican Senator from Washington, and is the most stringent. It proposes not only to close the door of citizenship to those born after the adoption of the suggested amendment, but to deprive those born before it of the undisputed right now enjoyed by them. The second, presented by a Republican Representative, also from Washington, does not state whether it is meant to be retroactive. The third, offered by a Democratic Representative from California, plainly says that it is not to be retroactive.

It may be taken for granted that enlightened public opinion in America will not permit such drastic proposals to pass, but the Japanese on the other side of the vast ocean, reading brief cable dispatches, are easily led to believe that the American people, in dealing with the Japanese, are bent upon a policy of persecution and even extermination.

II

Then there is an immigration bill, which proposes in effect to abrogate the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan, and which unceremoniously puts the Japanese in the category of excluded nationals as distinguished from the admissible class consisting, roughly, of Europeans, Latin-Americans, Canadians, Africans, both black and white, and the peoples of the Near East. This discriminatory proposal is perhaps a more immediate concern to Japan, as the bill may pass before the Congress adjourns. It may be modified here and there, especially in those parts affecting Jewish and South European immigrants, whose voice cannot for obvious reasons be ignored even by Congress. The Italian Government has already made a formal representation or protest to the State Department, stating that the bill involves a veiled yet unquestionable discrimination against Italian immigration. Various racial groups in America identified with Eastern and Southern Europe are conducting a vigorous campaign against the bill, declaring it a scheme not only to minimize immigration from

those sections but to put the stamp of inferiority upon those groups.

The essential feature of the bill lies in the fixing of the admissible number of immigrants from each given nationality at two per cent. of the number of foreign born individuals of that nationality resident in the United States in 1890. It is chiefly against this percentage scheme that Italian and Jewish objections have been raised, because it will materially decrease the admissible number of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe.

As for Japan, she has no criticism, much less complaint, to make against the percentage limitation. Her criticism is a very modest, and to her entirely reasonable, one. Indeed she would accept the percentage restriction without grudge, if it only applied equally to all nationalities, although in effect it would be tantamount to total exclusion of Japanese immigration for the simple reason that in 1890 the Japanese in America numbered only some two thousand, two per cent. of which would be less than negligible. If the authors of the immigration measure would exclude Japanese immigration, and yet keep themselves technically clear of the charge of obvious discrimination, the percentage plan would seem exactly the method to attain the twofold purpose. Japan, solicitous of American friendship and actuated by the spirit of neighbourliness and conciliation, might close her eyes to the patent fact that the percentage plan, as applied to the Japanese, would, under the ægis of equal treatment, practice flagrant discrimination, because it does not, at least apparently, fix the stigma of inferiority upon her, and, therefore, saves her national pride.

But the bill begrudges the Japanese even such pretense of equity. On the contrary, it places them plainly in the excluded class on the ground that they are a race ineligible to American citizenship. Is it the part of wisdom or statesmanship to adopt such a policy of open discrimination, where there is no practical need for it? Who can blame the Japanese if they read into it motives of deliberate insult? If there be any danger of equal application of the percentage limitation resulting in the admission of Japanese in large numbers, Japan might see the question in a different light, and might sympathize with the discriminatory pro-

visions. As the matter stands, she would appreciate neither the necessity nor the wisdom of branding her nationals as an excluded race. She would also look upon the exclusion law as a violation of the treaty which guarantees the "liberty" of Japanese, other than labourers, "to enter, travel and reside" and "to carry on trade, wholesale and retail", in America "upon the same terms as native citizens".

If there be some aspects of Japanese immigration which could not be regulated by the percentage scheme, recourse could easily be had to treaty or agreement with Japan. If the present "gentlemen's agreement" is, in the light of experience of the last seventeen years, found unsatisfactory, Japan has already signified her willingness to confer with America with a view to revising it. She might even agree to replace the gentlemen's agreement with a formal treaty, which would leave in the public mind no room for doubt as to the extent of exclusion, if America would only meet her frankly but in a friendly spirit. What is needed above all else in the adjustment of this matter is a desire on each side to see eye to eye with the other.

III

Heretofore the Japanese Government has taken the stand that discriminatory restriction or exclusion of Japanese immigration by a formal treaty with, or by a domestic law of, any foreign nation, with which it is on equal terms, is incompatible with the prestige and dignity with which the Powers have by common consent clothed her. If international good neighbourhood and courtesy mean anything and are of any value in the promotion of peace among nations, Japan's position in the family of leading Powers is worthy of due respect.

In deference to this stand, the American Government, in 1911, gladly eliminated from the treaty with Japan a clause relative to the exclusion or restriction of Japanese immigration. The same Japanese policy manifests itself in the 1911 treaty with Great Britain, which provides that "the subjects of each contracting party shall have full liberty to enter, travel, and reside in the territory of the other", and that they "shall in all that relates to travel and residence be placed in all respects on the same footing as native subjects."

As far as the treaties go, Japan is on equal footing with England and America. Thus her national prestige and honour have, at least to her own mind, been safeguarded. If she entered into a separate agreement, restricting the emigration of her labourers to Canada or the United States, that was entirely her own arrangement. True, she recognizes unreservedly the binding force of such agreements as between the parties concerned, but as for the world in general, it is not expected to recognize their existence. In other words, the world is asked to close its eyes to the "gentlemen's agreement", recognizing only the treaties which place Japan on equal footing with the leading Powers of the West.

This traditional Japanese policy will be completely shattered, if the immigration bill now before the Congress becomes law. What will be the effect of this radical departure from the course followed since 1907 by amicable agreement between the two Governments? Will it materially decrease Japanese immigration? Will not the new arrangement betray the sanguine expectations of its authors, and produce, as the late President Roosevelt warned against such anti-Japanese legislation, "a maximum of friction and a minimum of efficiency"?

The immigration bill, if enacted, will throw upon the American Government entire responsibility for the enforcement of Japanese exclusion. It will absolve the Japanese Government of all the responsibility which has heretofore cheerfully been borne by it. Under the existing "gentlemen's agreement", if the number of Japanese entering America is a little too large to please the exclusionists, the Japanese Government is held responsible for it, and may be called upon to employ greater vigilance. Under the new law, the American Government would have to blame itself, should the law fail to operate as effectively as has been promised by its authors. The Government at Tokio, relieved of the "gentlemen's agreement," would have no part in the enforcement of the American law. Heretofore the Japanese authorities have exercised the greatest caution and discrimination in issuing passports to those desirous of coming to the United States. Accepting the official American definition of "labourer", they have denied passports to many commonly regarded as non-labourers in Japan. In their endeavour to satisfy America they have even

gone out of their way, and strictly restricted the issuance of passports for Mexico, which has been a great help to the work of the American immigration officers along the Mexican border. After the enactment of the new law the American Government cannot expect Japan to exercise such vigilance. Certainly Japan would feel under no obligation to restrict emigration to countries other than, but contiguous to, the United States.

IV

As for Congressional resolutions for a Constitutional amendment, advocating the deprivation of American-born Japanese of the right of citizenship, Japan still entertains too great a confidence in the good sense of the American people to persuade herself that such proposals will be permitted to pass. Once the American people are fully informed of the portentous nature of such resolutions, their traditional sense of justice and equity can, Japan believes, be relied upon to prevent their incorporation in the Constitution. For these resolutions purpose to destroy the great principle of justice and humanity embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment, for which America did not hesitate to fight one of the greatest civil wars in the history of the world. If they are proposed in the hope of solving the Oriental problem in America, their authors will be disillusioned. It takes little foresight to see that denial of citizenship to American-born residents of Oriental parentage will contribute nothing towards the solution of the problem, but will merely complicate it and in all probability create new troubles. Under normal conditions and in friendly atmosphere, Japanese or Chinese born and reared upon American soil would admire America and would prove themselves loyal to its best ideals as wholeheartedly as those born of European parentage. If America is to Americanize her citizens of Oriental parentage, the logical course to follow would be to give them the best opportunity to understand and appreciate America. If, on the other hand, America wishes to foster enmity in their breasts, and thus aggravate the problem she hopes to solve, she can do nothing better than adopt a policy of discrimination such as is implied in the proposed Constitutional amendment now before the Congress.

The late President Roosevelt, in an attempt to solve the Japanese

question, advocated a two-sided policy, namely, extension of citizenship to the Japanese lawfully admitted to America, coupled with a rigid restriction of Japanese immigration. That was also the policy recommended by Mr. Oscar Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor under Mr. Roosevelt. Their advocacy of restriction of Japanese immigration materialized in the "gentlemen's agreement", but their recommendation for extending naturalization to the Japanese was never acted upon. Since public memories are not long, we quote the following from Mr. Roosevelt's historic message addressed to Congress in December, 1906:

> Not only must we treat all nations fairly, but we must treat with justice and good will all immigrants who come here under the law. . . . Especially do we need to remember our duty to the stranger within our gates. It is the sure mark of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate such stranger who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly. . . .
>
> Our nation fronts on the Pacific just as it fronts on the Atlantic. We hope to play a constantly growing part in the great ocean of the Orient. We wish, as we should wish, for a greater commercial development in our dealings with Asia; and it is out of the question that we should permanently have such development unless we freely and gladly extend to other nations the same measure of justice and good treatment which we expect to receive in return. . . . I ask fair treatment for the Japanese as I would ask fair treatment for Germans or Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians or Italians. I ask it as due to humanity and civilization. I ask it as due to ourselves because we must act uprightly towards all men. I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of the Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens.

It is perhaps well to note the peculiar aspects of the citizenship laws of the United States as they stand. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution provides that "all persons born . . . in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States." By virtue of this provision a Japanese, born in America of Japanese parents and subject to the jurisdiction of the American Government, is an American citizen. At the same time, the parents, having been born in Japan, are obliged to remain aliens, because the existing naturalization laws are so interpreted as to admit to American citizenship only aliens of the white and the black races. It follows that a Japanese family in America often consists of American

citizens and Japanese subjects—American-born children taking American citizenship, Japanese-born parents retaining, usually against their will, Japanese nationality. That this condition is an obstacle to the Americanization of Japanese homes in the United States needs no explanation. The remedy would seem to lie, not in the deprivation of American-born Japanese of the citizenship now guaranteed by the Constitution, but in the plan, as recommended by President Roosevelt, of granting citizenship to their parents. This plan, if coupled with a more strict enforcement of naturalization laws, and a more rigid restriction of Japanese immigration, would prove wiser than a policy of discrimination.

It seems a dangerous policy to divide aliens from various countries (with all of which America is and means to be permanently friendly) into two categories, one eligible, the other ineligible to American citizenship. It puts numerous obstacles in the path of nationals thus classified as ineligible, and is usually interpreted as a reflection upon the status of countries whence they come. The danger is the greater because this distinction is made regardless of the civilization or culture, achievements or progress, moral character or intellectual qualities, of the peoples affected. Does it not seem unreasonable to brand as ineligible the nationals of an Asiatic Power, and make all manner of discriminatory laws against them, simply because that Power happens to be geographically located in the Far East, while at the same time the nationals of countries which are far below that Asiatic nation in civilization and in political and economic status, are regarded as eligible simply because they come from Europe or Latin America, Africa, or Asia Minor? One wonders what American policy towards the Japanese might have been, had their country been located, say, on the European side of the Mediterranean.

V

In amicable international intercourse, one thing to be avoided most scrupulously is a policy of mutual recrimination and discrimination. If Japan's reply to American discrimination is to be a policy of "an eye for an eye", the peace of the Pacific, so happily advanced by the Washington Conference, will suffer a set-

back. It is, therefore, with emphatic disapproval that we hear of Japan's intention of enacting a land law of a retaliatory nature in rejoinder to the discriminatory land laws of the States on the Pacific Coast. This proposed Japanese policy is regrettable, not only because it will prove ineffective, but also because it is in principle wrong. Japan's steps in international dealings should be guided by righteousness and justice. Retaliation and reprisal are products of a vanishing civilization, and should not be invoked in our age of enlightenment. Japan's course of wisdom lies, not in the adoption of the Eastern counterpart of the California or Washington land law, but in the liberalization of her own laws governing the rights and privileges of aliens under her jurisdiction. The Japanese laws as they are do not permit foreign individuals to own land, but confer this privilege upon any juridical person established by foreigners in accordance with the commercial code of Japan. Aliens, whether individuals or juridical persons, may lease land for fifty years, and may hold superficies, the right to use the surface of the land, for unlimited periods. In addition they enjoy the extraordinary privilege of "perpetual lease", a relic of the extraterritoriality obtained by foreigners when Japan was young and inexperienced in international bargaining. What is more remarkable, no tax is paid on either perpetually leased lands or improvements thereon.

What Japan should do would be to extend land ownership to foreign individuals, seeking at the same time the means to tax perpetually leased lands and improvements thereon. Even if land ownership were conferred upon all aliens, acreage of lands controlled by foreigners in Japan will always be limited for the simple reason that the country is small and congested. At present corporations organized by foreigners own 656 acres of land in Japan; 69 foreign individuals, including 20 Americans, own 195 acres apparently in disregard of the existing laws; 336 aliens, including 55 Americans, hold 430 acres under perpetual lease; 335 foreigners, of whom about a hundred are Americans, hold 547 acres in the shape of superficies. From these figures it is obvious that America will be but slightly affected by the enactment of a retaliatory land law by Japan.

As a practical question the proposed land law of Japan, as ap-

plied to Americans, will prove inoperative. It proposes, with reference to America, to deny land ownership and leasing to aliens whose native States deny the same privilege to the Japanese. Under this principle Americans, hailing, for instance, from California or Washington, will be prohibited from owning or leasing land in Japan. But who is a Californian, and who a Washingtonian? Should an American find his identification with California or Washington prejudicial to his material interests in Japan, he could easily transfer his domicile to some other State and thus evade the inhibitory provisions of the law.

The immediate occasion for Japan's decision to adopt a retaliatory law is the recent decisions of the Supreme Court justifying the laws of California and Washington, which prohibit the Japanese, under pain of heavy penalty, from "acquiring, possessing, enjoying, transmitting, and inheriting real property, or any interest therein". Japan's perturbation over these decisions may be appreciated when we know something of the Japanese farmers on the Pacific Coast.

The State of Washington has a land area of 42,775,000 acres, of which 6,573,584 acres, exclusive of Federal domain, are farm land. The Japanese population in the State numbers 17,000, of which 2,500 are farmers cultivating some 20,500 acres under lease. No land has ever been owned by Japanese in Washington, as the State has always denied land ownership to aliens.

Oregon has a land area of 61,188,280 acres. Here the Japanese farmers, 224 in number, cultivate some 10,000 acres in all.

The crux of the problem is in California, of whose total population, numbering 3,426,526, 2 per cent. are Japanese. Of its total land area of 99,617,280 acres, about 28,000,000 are farm land, of which 1.6 per cent., or about 458,000 acres, were, before the adoption of the present land law, cultivated by Japanese as follows: Owned by Japanese individuals, 26,988; owned by corporations with American and Japanese stockholders, 47,781; leased by Japanese, 192,150; cultivated under "crop-sharing" contracts, 191,000; cultivated under labour contract, 70,137.

The land laws of California and Washington, reënforced by the rulings of the Supreme Court, condemn the Japanese to the status of labourer, from which it would not permit them to rise. They

would allow no Japanese to exist as a self-respecting, independent farmer. Such discriminatory laws aggrieve the Japanese residents there and create a plausible cause of offence to Japan.

VI

In the closing years of the Democratic Administration under Mr. Wilson, the Japanese question received serious attention both at Tokio and at Washington. This resulted in what was known as the Morris-Shidehara findings or recommendations. The substance of those findings was jealously guarded, but it was generally presumed that they aimed to restrict Japanese immigration more closely than before, providing at the same time a safeguard for the enjoyment of ordinary civil or property rights by the Japanese lawfully admitted to America. Before the Democratic Administration had any opportunity to take action upon these recommendations, it had to give way to a Republican Administration which pigeonholed the findings of the two Ambassadors.

When the Washington Conference was called, public opinion in Japan was in favour of submitting to it the question of Japanese immigration and of the treatment of the Japanese in America. But the leaders of the Government held the view that it would be indelicate for Japan, an invited guest, to bring forth for discussion such topics as might be distasteful to the host, the American Government. When the Conference came to an end, critics in Japan were frankly disappointed, because it failed to consider the Japanese question, to them the crux of the Pacific problem.

When, in March, 1923, Baron Shidehara was succeeded by Mr. Hanihara as Ambassador to Washington, discussion of the same question was revived in Japan, and the Japanese public expected the new Ambassador to undertake its adjustment. On the other hand, it was then presumed that the State Department was unwilling to take up this unpopular matter particularly at the time when a Presidential year was approaching. While the matter was in this state of suspense, a great earthquake shook Japan, and the American Government and people went to the rescue of the stricken nation with characteristic generosity and promptness. The impression made upon Japan by this magnanimous act was so profound that many were led to believe that all differences

between the two countries were swept away. Then came the rulings of the Supreme Court, followed by various proposals in the Congress directed chiefly against the Japanese. These developments have inevitably pushed the Japanese question once again to the foreground.

In Japan it is commonly admitted that the question of the treatment of the Japanese in America is the only serious problem between the two countries. Few Japanese expect any serious situation to arise in China or Siberia which will imperil Japan's amicable relations with America. On the other hand, many are genuinely apprehensive that the so-called Japanese problem might develop sinister symptoms, if the Pacific Coast States persist in their attitude of discrimination towards the Japanese.

Realizing the potential danger of the problem, a coterie of distinguished Japanese publicists, notably Viscount Shibusawa and Viscount Kaneko, have for years been advocating organization of an American-Japanese commission for the study of the Japanese question on the Pacific Coast. Their view is expressed exactly in Mr. Hughes's statement setting forth his idea of a commission to study Germany's paying capacity:

> The first condition of a satisfactory settlement is that the question should be taken out of politics. If statesmen cannot agree, and the exigencies of public opinion make their course difficult, then there should be called to their aid those who can point a way to a solution. Governments need not bind themselves in advance to accept the recommendations, but they can at least make possible such an inquiry with their approval and free the men who may represent their country in such a commission from any responsibility to the foreign office and from any duty to obey political instructions. In other words, they may invite an answer to this difficult and pressing question from men of such standing and in such circumstances of freedom as will insure a reply prompted only by knowledge and conscience.

If American publicists were inclined to take a broad view of the matter and willing to meet their Japanese colleagues in the spirit of coöperation, such an American-Japanese commission of investigation might at least throw wholesome light upon the question and contribute materially towards the clarification of the situation.

K. K. Kawakami.

THE SOUTH, THE COTTON AND THE NEGRO

BY H. B. McKENZIE

THE article on *Negro Migration and the Cotton Crop* by Howard Snyder in the January number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contains some true statements about conditions in certain portions of the South, particularly the low lands of the Mississippi Delta. There are, however, some statements of conclusions, relative to the status of the Negro in the South and his migration to the North, which are not correct and which leave the wrong impression among those seeking the truth about this important question. Mr. Snyder closes his article with the following:

> That the Negro needs and is determined to have schools, good wages, justice, and all those many and complex things that go to make up life in civilized America, we also know. And further we know that he is migrating to the North that he may find these things which he failed to find in the South. It is to raise this question that I have written this paper.

What the general public needs, what the unbiased reader wants, is a fair statement of the facts relative to the social and economic status of the Negro, and not an extravagant assertion, however plausible, that will be accepted with some hesitation, if at all. Any element of prejudice for or against either the North or the South certainly should be eliminated. It will avail nothing to discuss questions of sectionalism. Most men have long since learned the futility of this. Even the grizzled veterans who dined on Minie balls with Johnston's cartridge biters, and those who exchanged informal calls at Bull Run and Gettysburg, are now having nothing to say.

If it were true that the Negro is finding in the North the things which he failed to find in the South, particularly prosperity and happiness, one could read with more complacency the allegations against the South made by Mr. Snyder, but that he is not finding them as pictured by some, is at least a subject for discussion.

The charges of cruel treatment and dishonesty generally on the part of the white population of the South is strong and unqualified. Certainly not every white man in the South is honest, and the treatment accorded the Negro by some reflects no credit on them or on the South, and the white people of the South do not hesitate to condemn it. They look with equal disapproval on any such treatment of the Negro in the North or elsewhere. I have no desire to shield or defend the South for wrong doing, but deny that there is general mistreatment of the Negro by whites in the South, and say that the feeling of racial antagonism is not so widespread as some imagine.

On the front page of *The Arkansas Gazette*, the leading morning paper of Arkansas, I find the following:

WHITES PAY TRIBUTE TO NEGRO LEADER

O. A. Carpenter, negro, aged about sixty years, well known at Galloway by both white residents and negroes for eighteen years, was buried yesterday with ceremonies attended by many of the leading white planters of the vicinity. Carpenter was revered by the negroes and trusted by the whites.

A negro school building in the district, now nearing completion, is regarded as a monument to Carpenter's work. It was said by Mark Valentine, well-known planter, who spoke at the services, that the new building has done more to hold the negro residents of the community than any other influence, and that a second new building will be erected soon. It was Carpenter's earnest work that obtained the building for the negroes, as it was his counsel and guidance which earned for many of his race the respect of their community.

This, of course, is only a single instance of friendship and coöperation between the Whites and the Blacks, but there are hundreds and thousands of others, many of which are unreported.

Mr. Snyder writes with an air of satisfaction in the fact that thousands of Negroes are going to the North from the South, and evidently looks upon it as a glorious change. In no sense do I deplore the migration of the Negro from the South, nor have I any desire to stop it, except in cases where I may know that it is not for the welfare of the Negro. The South is his natural home, but I believe for the most part that he should discover this and realize it for himself, and that the question of his migration should not be too much deplored or agitated by the people of the South. It should be a question largely for the solution of the

Negroes themselves, and especially the leaders among them. These leaders, to be sure, have already seen and heard enough to take a somewhat different view of the matter from that of the average Southern Negro. Moreover, Negro newspapers both in the North and the South are urging that the members of their race should think twice before deciding on so grave a change. They have begun to see the wisdom of investigating conditions encountered by Southern Negroes who go to the North. Quite recently Professor Kelly Miller, of the Junior College of Howard University, Washington, D. C., told of the deplorable conditions in which Southern Negroes are living in the North, making particular reference to the Negro section of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where Negroes were housed in stockades with filth, dampness, and disease on all sides. He said: "My soul sank within me as I saw splendid specimens of physical manhood fresh from the open air of the South immersed in this dreadful environment, destructive alike to body and soul."

Again, to illustrate the fact that there are two sides to the positive statements of Mr. Snyder that Negroes are succeeding in their quest for wealth and happiness in the North, and that they are sending "hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay travelling expenses North for those hopelessly sick of the monotonous life of want and debt on the plantation," we might quote from *The American*, a Negro paper published at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, directing attention to the seriousness of Negro migration from the South:

> The existence of Negroes in the North is becoming more and more abhorrent on account of the poor housing conditions. The domestic circle is sinking lower and happy home life, essential to good citizenship, is being prevented and interrupted. Everything has been done by some propagandists to encourage the migration of Negroes, but very little has been done by anybody to protect the migrating Negroes from the evils they are encountering in the North. The danger point has been reached. It is time for every Negro of the South who contemplates the journey North to be guided by truth rather than sentiment. Otherwise many are likely to have more suffering in the North than they have ever experienced in the South.

I have said that Mr. Snyder's description of the conditions of the cotton farmer of the South contains much that is true. The

facts about Negro tenant life on the cotton plantations are fairly well stated. The same conditions exist with reference to white tenants, and altogether they reflect no particular credit on the present conditions of cotton plantation life in the South. He refers to the cotton grower as a farmer very unlike the Northern farmer, who produces a wide variety of agricultural products both for the market and for home use. This is true of the one-crop cotton farmer, but it overlooks entirely that type of Southern farmer who is independent, who is not a borrower, and who is usually surrounded by all of the necessities of life and many luxuries as well. He grows everything that he needs for his own use, and makes of cotton a surplus crop, but even then he is not altogether dependent on it as a source of revenue. There are many such farmers in the South. I talked with one of these farmers from Eastern Texas a few days ago, who employs very little Negro labour. His surplus last year was seventy-five bales.

We are given a picture of the one-crop system from which the inference is drawn that it satisfies no one, and least of all the Negro who tills the soil. Indeed it is conducive to neglect of the home, lack of proper care for the land, indifference, lack of civic pride; but the average Negro knows very little about these things, anyway. Indeed there are many who, if you gave them land absolutely free of debt and equipped them with teams, seed, and tools to cultivate it, under present conditions, with the ravages of the boll weevil, in a few years would be absolutely penniless and without any equipment whatever. The squalid towns, wretched hovels, and dilapidated cabins of the country-side will always exist among this class of Negroes, however prosperous they may be. There are, moreover, certain types of white people in the North and in the South who, regardless of their financial condition, would refuse to live in a comfortable home or wear decent clothing. I saw a family of white people last year in Northeastern Arkansas, outside of the boll weevil district, who were all barefooted, even the husband and wife, and all were very poorly dressed, but they were riding in a high-class automobile. They had no sense of propriety or consistency in their manner of living.

The statements in Mr. Snyder's article on the Negro which especially ought to be challenged, are as follows:

> Nowhere on the earth among civilized nations are such atrocious outrages committed against human beings as are committed in the South against the Negro. Almost any day we can read of some benighted Negro peasant being hunted down with hounds, or shot by a posse of men, or burned at the stake amid the multitudinous cheers of a vast concourse of people.

Judging from press reports,—and it can be fairly stated that most crimes of any consequence against Negroes in the South are reported,—in a given population, there are as many or more equally atrocious crimes committed in many Northern cities as there are in the South among all classes.

Taking the world over, the treatment accorded the Southern Negro is today equal to or better than the treatment given the black race elsewhere. In South Africa the black man is still confined beneath the burdens of imperial politics. This is especially true in such districts as Mozambique, where now all civil offices are denied the Negro, by economic pressure of Great Britain; a fifty-year franchise in the colony now gives to the "Kingdom of Capital" the absolute mastery of the land, where schools and missions can be suppressed, and where native labour is said to be enslaved to recruit the mines of South Africa. Where is there an outrage equal to this in all the South?

Of course, there are lynchings in the South, just as there are in the North, in the East, and in the West, and comparatively no more. Such outrages as these occur the world over, and usually in the South they are very greatly exaggerated.

If we are to believe any of the reports of the Pan-African Congress, holding a double session in November in London first and then in Lisbon, conditions in British Kenya are so much worse than those of the Southern United States that there is little ground for comparison. Flogging and shooting of natives in that region are said to have developed into a system, and for any trivial, even imaginary or suspected, offense a varying number of lashes with the "reim" or the "kiboko" is inflicted without mercy on the helpless and inarticulate natives, who, except by their cries and gestures, have no way of giving expression to their likes or dislikes, their wants or needs. Death

frequently comes as a result of such brutalities. Where there are criminal trials growing out of these conditions, verdicts, if rendered against the white settlers are said to be scant and utterly inadequate. Such outrages as are committed against Negroes in the South are tame by comparison. Most of them are isolated cases and occasional race riots where scarcely more than one are killed.

Another extreme of white oppression is found in Uganda, where they seek either directly to exploit and enslave the natives, or to leave them carefully isolated and alone and rule them as they say "through the chiefs"; yet Mr. Snyder says that nowhere on earth among civilized nations are such atrocious outrages committed against human beings as are committed in the South against the Negro. Personally, I do not recall any outrage against the Negro in the South that was worse than the Herrin massacre in Illinois. The outrages committed by the Negro against the Whites are equally atrocious, and often much worse than those committed by the white man against him. Nor do I find among the Negroes and Whites of the Southern States where I have made observation, that every form of "cunning and trickery" is resorted to by the Negro to outdo the white man. It would be a fair statement to say that there are many Negroes who dislike white men through native prejudice and ignorance. There are also many low class white men who are always saying something derogatory of the Negro and losing no opportunity to take advantage of him. Neither class is typical of the South today. It is by no means true that the generation of Negroes succeeding the slaves of the South universally dislike their white landlords. I can count thousands of them now between the ages of forty and fifty who trust implicitly the sons of the white master of the old South. There are some of them living about me now, some own their own farms and equipment and are out of debt, others are tenants on a small scale, for whom I would rise at any hour of the night to assist them in a time of trouble. There is not the slightest friction between this type of Whites and Blacks, each moving with perfect freedom in his own element, each voting according to his own judgment, each acting according to his own pleasure in his own sphere.

The World War is given as one cause of general dissatisfaction among the Negroes of the South. We are told that it familiarized them with the ease of travel and the fair wages of the North, and they continued to spread the tidings of a new industrial life. Whatever may have been the cause or causes of the migration, the South will not ultimately suffer, and there is no occasion for wondering what will become of this supposedly benighted region. Certainly the race problem is no longer a problem of the South alone. That the South will ultimately benefit by the migration is undoubtedly true. The North will become acquainted with the Southern Negro, and indeed with the most illiterate type, for many of this type, misled by labour agents and agitators, have been told that every door in the North would be thrown open to them and that jobs in the factories at good wages would be plentiful; when the truth is the Northern employer will likely employ white men as long as it is possible to get them, and Negroes when he can get none other, and when the labour shortage is over the Negroes will be the first, no doubt, to lose their jobs.

The assertion that the South has made a gross blunder in "keeping the nigger down" to control labour, is far from accurate. What some unscrupulous employers may do with ignorant labour should not be taken as characteristic of the entire region where they live. I am not disposed to defend that type of Southern white men who have much to say about the ignorance of the Negro and his general inferiority. I have no patience whatever with those who by reason of his ignorance would take advantage of the Negro in business. There is much of it done in the South, and will be much of it done in the North if the Negro ever lives there to any extent. He will learn no more in the North than he is learning today in the South. He could not become acclimated there in a thousand years. He can live nowhere so well as in the tropics or a temperate climate, but the best and most conservative thought of the South sees no permanent injury and no great calamity in his going. Many have already returned. Many more will go. Some of them will suffer keen disappointment, will lose all they may have accumulated in the South, while a few will prosper and no doubt live in contentment, and I cannot conceive that any sensible

Southerner could wish them anything but success. The Negro problem will be better understood in the North than it is, and consequently there will be a clearer conception by Northerners of the problem in the South.

Moreover, the labour problem in the South is by no means the same as the Negro problem. The South is not so "desperately anxious" as to what will be the outcome. Indeed, many large cotton growers will be seriously inconvenienced for the present, but the change will both promote diversification and lead the South to other forms of labour. Some are now introducing Mexicans. It is doubtful if they can take the place of the Negro. For many years there has been a steady flow of white farmers from the North and East, and it is more probable that this means of filling the places vacated will prove far more effective and satisfactory, although as a general rule the better class of Northern farmers do not come South. These will for the most part own their own homes and perform their own labour. Mr. Snyder wonders what will become of this migration, and what a deplorable condition will prevail in the South, and how the cotton crop can be produced without the Negro. I would answer by saying that conditions in the South will ultimately be greatly improved.

In the first place this movement will assist in reducing to the minimum the grave danger of over-production. Over-production did not mean so much before the disruption in Europe of all American marketing facilities, but now our domestic market must absorb practically the entire crop. The migration will stimulate that well planned organization, the Coöperative Grower's Association, which is due in part to the Extension Division of the Department of Agriculture. The States of Tennessee, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana now have a membership of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, who will this year market at least a tenth of the crop and possibly more. This is enough to stabilize the sale of the entire crop. If the organization is properly maintained, it will be the greatest advance in the cotton industry that has ever been made. One of the chief features of the organization is the proposition to fore-

cast the demand for cotton as well as for other agricultural products. Other industries have long had the benefit of valuable forecasts, but not the farmer. Working on this basis, the cotton grower is asked to cultivate only a certain acreage and to look to quality instead of quantity. In doing so he needs and must have the most intelligent class of labour and the most dependable class. The average Negro farmer is not dependable. He cares nothing about coöperative associations, and he makes no effort to understand them or to assist in their operations. His native suspicion, distrust and ignorance make of him an undesirable member of such organizations. Nothing but time, patience, education and the coöperation of both races can overcome these things, and in many cases on account of native incapacity it can never be overcome. His going will materially assist the South in breaking away from the clutches of the one-crop system. It is not probable that more than half of the Southern Negro population will ever move away. Such a percentage would have a wholesome effect on the Negro problem in the entire country. By far the larger percentage of this one-half would be the type of shiftless and irresponsible Negro, who had accumulated nothing in the South. It would be a good thing for him if he should find employment at good wages, and, with renewed interest in life, make a measure of success. The chances are that one-third of all the Negroes who go from the South to the North will ultimately return, but if they do not come quickly, they will find a New South in which they too will find even greater opportunities for success which they wandered far to seek.

As to the causes of the migration, whatever they may be, I have no reason to doubt that better wages, the efforts of labour agents, the promise of better schools, the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, and many other things, are some of them. There is room for improvement in the schools of both the Blacks and the Whites in the South. Of course the schooling the Negro gets now in the South is largely paid for by the white people. The burden of educating the Negro is on the Whites, wherever they may be, except in a few localities. I have myself heard Negroes complain of lack of school advantages. On the farm where I was reared, a Negro tenant with four children who went to school

from four to six months in the year (about the same as the term of the Whites) complained that he paid taxes and ought to have better school advantages. It was not a bitter complaint, but in order to determine whether he was actually entitled to better schools, an investigation of his tax bills was made, and it was found that sending his four children to school from four to six months in the year cost him a total of $1.16. I do not believe that the activities of the Klan have much to do with Negro migration. I have seen and heard of little evidences of it, and I believe that such organizations are worth nothing toward the solution of the Negro problem in the South. They will more likely do harm. According to press reports, persons representing themselves to be agents of Northern employers recently collected a sum of money from each of a large number of Negroes to guarantee "good faith" and partially defray expenses, and gave specific instructions to be ready to board the train at a certain hour at certain stations. When the appointed hour came, there was a large concourse of Negroes, but no train and no agents. Of course these "labour agents" might have come from anywhere, North or South. It is only a fair sample of the dishonest methods used in taking advantage of the ignorance of the Negro under such conditions.

No matter whether the Negro lives in the North or the South, a mere change of climate and environment will not make him prosperous and happy. His blood will not change overnight, and into whatever community he goes, in whatever respects he may prove an asset, in some measure he is certain also to be a liability. His advancement will depend on the extent to which he profits by the example of his white friends and the conservative leaders of his own race, and the manner in which he follows their advice. To understand what this means usually requires a long period of residence and business relationship with and among Negroes.

H. B. McKenzie.

ROOD

IN MEMORY OF THE TREES AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

In the night the trees did fall—
Christ is good! Christ is good!
All night long I heard them call,
"Wounded flesh drinks snow and rain,
Wounded heart must not complain!"
Christ is good! Christ is good!

Oh, the earth was stark with frost—
Christ is good! Christ is good!—
Wings lay broken, song was lost;
And the drift wove one white sheet,—
Wind and death and creeping sleet.
Christ is good! Christ is good!

Spears of ice with blood did run;
Christ is good! Christ is good!
But tonight the grief is done:
Trees are now flame's Yule-tide guest,
Fire at heart and ash at rest,—
Christ is good! Christ is good!

EASTER RAIN

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I think the sap of every spray
Leaps to a hidden tune today,
Bursting in music green and gay;
For love is falling in the rain,
Drenching the world to life again,
Splashing through the April air
Resurrection everywhere.

O, Magic of the humble shower!
Cup-bearer to the smallest flower!
Stooping to pour the gift divine
In living streams of dewy wine
Where honeysuckles leap and twine!
Holding the cup to thirsty leaves
Of hawthorn bush and dogwood trees,
While little birds in every lane
Sing "Love is falling in the rain!"

O, Mystery, to bend so low
That in a raindrop You might go!
O, Love, so intimate and small,
The breath, the bloom, the gift of all!
The Very Heart of every heart,
The end, the middle, and the start,
Above, below, within, without—
O, April blossoms, laugh and shout!
And soul, sing forth a high refrain,
Lifting a mad and happy strain,
For Love is falling in the rain!

TWO POEMS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

MOOD

Seagulls rocking in long sonorous curves
Of tumultuous beauty across a chaotic sky
Have at least a point that never swerves,
Have at least the music of their cry
Peevish, instinct with windy terror; but I
Have nothing that so stirrups my heart, so serves
My passion and my sick despair, so nerves
The nerveless wings that flap and cannot fly.

What scheme is it, what ruse malevolent
Sordid and black as witch's brew, that has
Filled me with sky desire and soaring intent
Only to give me the kiss of Caiaphas?
Was Christ in truth betrayed when his wail rent
The sullen mutter of the firmament?

ALTERNATIVE

Clouds open and close
At the knocking of the sea wind;
The in-sea mist grows; glows
Like a flushed ghost; throws a thinned
Lethal shimmer over the sea and goes.

Men forget bread
And the instant of stars: they live
Between water and fog dread instead;
Between the clean precise alternative
Of putting out, of being washed up dead.

THE LATER POETRY OF W. B. YEATS

BY LLEWELLYN JONES

Poets must sometimes be disappointed at the success of their own books. We can surely imagine the shade of Rupert Brooke smiling ironically at the immense sales of his *Collected Poems* to people whose only interest in him was on account of his four war sonnets, and who had never even thought of buying his poetry until after his death with its romantic, even though tragic, circumstances. And a living poet, a friend and associate of Rupert Brooke, once thanked us for saying comparatively little of his child poems, in a review, for, as he said, they threatened to use up all the attention the public could afford to give him, leaving none for the work by which, after all, he hoped to be remembered.

With Mr. Yeats the situation of Rupert Brooke is reversed. His early poetry has become one of the accepted things to read. You meet those two gilt-backed volumes of lyrical and dramatic poetry everywhere. They are a standardized Christmas present. But do all admirers of those poems go on to Mr. Yeats's later work? They do not. It is evident that of the small percentage of our hundred million people which read poetry only a fractional percentage read poets—have regard, that is to say, not only for the momentary gleam of the lyric or sonnet that pleases them, but for the complete revelation of the poet which begins with his first poem and ends with the last posthumous fragment given to the world by his executors.

To redress the balance in this particular instance let us take Mr. Yeats's earlier work for granted and say a word about his later. The current cant phrase about him is that he has become a man of the theatre and of theory and lost his lyric gift. And it is also added, sometimes, that he is insincere. As good a critic as Middleton Murry has found in his book, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, nothing to praise and much to cavil at. But for our own part we find in that book some of the most beautiful poetry that

Mr. Yeats has written, although it is beauty of a more ascetic kind than the lush exuberance of his salad days.

Of the change, of course, Mr. Yeats himself warned us in *A Coat* printed in *Responsibilities* and written between 1912 and 1914:

> I made my song a coat
> Covered with embroideries
> Out of old mythologies
> From heel to throat;
> But the fools caught it,
> Wore it in the world's eye
> As though they'd wrought it.
> Song, let them take it
> For there's more enterprise
> In walking naked.

The warning, however, must not be taken too literally. All of Mr. Yeats's poetry is decorative, but in this later work the decoration is of a severer order, more organic, inherent in the theme rather than adherent to it. It differs from the earlier poetry, too, in this, that Mr. Yeats comes to closer quarters with his readers. He poetizes his own experiences for us, and as his experiences have given him his philosophy, we find that his poetry and his later prose—particularly that beautiful book, *Per Amica Silentiæ Lunæ*—join in a coherent whole. And when, on the rare opportunities when it is possible for Americans, we hear his conversation, we find that that, too, links up in what, in spite of impressions that Mr. Yeats is anything from a Theosophist to a charlatan, is really a very consistent and well worked-out philosophy of life.

But for the present we are only concerned with the poetry. To say, as has been said, that Mr. Yeats's lyric gift had left him is to talk foolishly. It is at least to limit lyricism to Herrick-like song writing. In this later work we have deeper thought than before, which of course we could have without lyricism, and we have closer personal touch, but we have also a new and very exciting rhythmical subtlety—and that is the final test and the *sine qua non* of original poetry. Robert Bridges has done some new things in English poetic rhythms, but Mr. Yeats is as new and more subtle. Here for instance is a rather obscure little

poem from *Responsibilities*, which Mr. Yeats tells us in a note was suggested to him as he looked into the sky and at the same time thought how we tend to freeze thought "into other than human life". It has a companion piece which we do not quote:

THE MAGI

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depths of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side,
And all their eyes still fixed, hoping to find once more,
Being by Calvary's turbulence unsatisfied,
The uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor.

The rhythmic movement, itself level and unruffled like the movement of the clouds, will be obvious to whosoever reads the poem naturally, not trying to jump from stress to stress. But it is a movement which is altogether out of the orthodox limits of the usual and quite artificial method of scansion by the so-called classical feet—even though for the later lines such scansion would be possible.

And what a triumph in setting a key and keeping to it is that ending. For Calvary, according to our distance from it, physical or psychical, may be anything, from a Jewish crucifixion to a decoration in stained glass. Here, to human thought as a whole, ever tending to be distant from the reality, Calvary is simply a turbulence, unsatisfying because seen merely as that, while, in that thought-packed last line, the event is not only pictured in its essentials but with the implication of rebuke to unsatisfied human thought in the fact that it is uncontrollable—and unrepeatable in any form that human thought may waywardly desire.

But that poem, like others in *Responsibilities*, represents Mr. Yeats in a metaphysical mood, and from the point of view of a writer wishing to commend his later work to people who look askance at him, we have been guilty of bad tactics in discussing it quite so soon. For after all, the one book which may be adduced to show Mr. Yeats's great sincerity and his essential simplicity is *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1918–1919).

Indeed, if there has been a book of poems published in the English language in the last ten years of which sincerity could most assuredly be predicated, it is this collection. From the simplicity of the opening lyrics to the more labyrinthine *Ego Dominus Tuus* and *The Phases of the Moon* and *Michael Robartes* which come near the end of the book, every poem here is the direct utterance of a personal emotion or a personal discovery in imaginative reason. And not a word or a rhythm is second-hand. In many of the poems the gesture is of the very simplest, but it is always a gesture of the utmost distinction—nobody could have done with those simple and simply used words just what Mr. Yeats has done. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that there are not two consecutive lines in the volume that could not be identified as his if they were met with alone.

The book as a whole is an autumn flowering—not a mellow autumn fruitage, "close bosom-friend of the maturing sun" or drowsed with the fume of poppies—not that, but a flowering in a later and more northern autumn where only small and hardy flowers blow, where the chill of winter is already in the air, but serving as yet only to brace where summer has made languid; giving to its lovers indeed the sense of a new lease of life as they recognize that they have put away much but have much still, though now more contemplatively, to enjoy.

That is the tone of the book as a whole, and it is remarkable how even in Mr. Yeats's smallest figures that sense of things is implied. The note is struck in the first stanza of the very beautiful poem that opens the book:

> The trees are in their autumn beauty
> The woodland paths are dry;
> Under the October twilight the water
> Mirrors a still sky;
> Upon the brimming water among the stones
> Are nine and fifty swans.
>
> The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
> Since first I made my count;
> I saw, before I had well finished,
> All suddenly mount
> And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
> Upon their clamourous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore,
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold,
Companionable streams, or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

But man's heart does grow old—hungry generations do tread him down, and Mr. Yeats in a later poem tells us, rather more despondently than in many of the other poems in the book, that

I am worn out with dreams;
A weather-worn marble triton
Among the streams. . . .

—which gives Mr. Middleton Murry a chance to tell him that his own romanticism is to blame, as if Mr. Yeats were not entitled to a mood of despondency now and then.

But these figures are consistent throughout the volume, figures such as that of

The birds, who cry aloud
Their momentary cries before it is dawn. . . .

while that very coldness of autumn or of dawn the poet recognizes as an ideal—knowing that it does not imply a lack of life, but simply a certain cleansing of life from sentimentality. Witness the poem, *The Fisherman* in which the poet contrasts the natural aristocrat, the peasant, with the cheap politician and witty men and clever men of the city, and ends:

. . . Before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn.

But this book, though of autumn—the poet in one place confesses to his fifty years—is by no means of winter. The coldness has but stimulated the essential self, even while it may have chilled some of that self's early exuberances. In *The Collar-Bone of a Hare* Yeats pays one more tribute to the land he celebrated in that early masterpiece, *The Wanderings of Oisin*, and his poem beginning

I would be as ignorant as the dawn,

with his contempt for "knowledge", will undoubtedly irritate the classicists (who will misinterpret it) as the following, *The Scholars* was, with more premeditation probably, meant to do:

Baldheads forgetful of their sins,
Old, learned, respectable baldheads,
Edit and annotate the lines
That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

They'll cough in the ink to the world's end;
Wear out the carpet with their shoes
Earning respect; have no strange friend;
If they have sinned nobody knows.
Lord, what would they say
Should their Catullus walk that way?

It is that spirit which keeps Yeats both from being wintry and from being other than aristocratic. For your aristocrat is always at ease and gay. And yet he never chooses the so-called easiest way. Here is one side of Yeats's summing up of his own relation to life and to art, and its assurance is surely justified. In lines addressed *To a Young Beauty* he says:

I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives;
Yet praise the winters gone;
There is no fool can call me friend,
And I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne.

The other side of the aristocratic attitude, the gaiety of its bravery, is shown in the magnificent group of poems, *Upon a Dying Lady*. The lady—we are indebted to a letter printed in *The Little Review* in which these poems first appeared—was Miss Mabel Beardsley, sister of the late Aubrey Beardsley, a Roman Catholic, who died after a lingering illness, during which Yeats and other poets and artists visited her. The poems are unique in the spirit in which they meet death, even as Miss Beardsley's meeting of it must have been a unique illustration of the attitude which Mr. T. Sturge Moore has expressed in a very beautiful poem on death in which he tells us that "imagination must teach us how to die": imagination, that is to say, in the shape of that self-consciousness which refuses to abdicate as long as there is consciousness through which it can "carry on". Here is the first of the group which will give sufficiently the tone of them all:

HER COURTESY

With the old kindness, the old distinguished grace,
She lies, her lovely piteous head amid dull red hair
Propped upon pillows, rouge on the pallor of her face.
She would not have us sad because she is lying there,
And when she meets our gaze her eyes are laughter-lit,
Her speech a wicked tale that we may vie with her,
Matching our broken-hearted wit against her wit,
Thinking of saints and of Petronius Arbiter.

The seven poems of this group—like the whole book indeed—did not seem to raise a critical ripple when they were published in America. Indeed one poet wrote a letter to Miss Monroe's *Poetry* complaining that a work of genius had been overlooked, and with interest one notes that a good proportion of the poems in this book, including this group, have been reprinted by Mr. Yeats in his own selection of his works. Our own opinion was from the first that the seven poems referred to will rank among the great elegies of our language—even though the hypocrisy and conventionality of the average man may regard them as blasphemous.

But that again brings us to our starting point—Mr. Yeats's sincerity. He is not a materialist, and yet in this elegy he has avoided the least touch of conventional religiosity or even poetic

conventionality. And there is the same sincerity in the other elegiac poems in this volume, of old friends and of some younger friends who were killed in the war.

In vivid contrast to so many of the lesser poets of the day, Mr. Yeats is not repeating his old tunes. He is sharing with us the discoveries of his maturity, and he is doing so with such unconventional sincerity that only the few will recognize his work for what it is. Not only has he made sure that there is not a fool can call him friend, but that there is no sentimentalist can sully the exhibition of his heart by raving over it. The autumnal coolness of his colors and his stark, stripped line, are for tastes that have left the sentimentally luscious far behind.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

PEPYS AND HUMANITY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

PEPYS brings to the portrayal of his manifold general relations with humanity the same infinite straightforwardness that he applies to all his dealings with every aspect of life and death.

And first, he delighted in the various phases and manifestations of human intercourse and activity. He was never tired of watching men live, make their strange, unaccountable gestures, go through their merry, or dreary, or passionate antics, and then settle quietly down into the grave. He liked travel, made caustic and vivid notes on his journeys. No matter how tired his legs might be, his eyes were keen. Whether in Brampton or Tangier, he was always on the watch: rugged, homely English peasants and draped, melodramatic Moors, all alike were game for him. He must have been a delightful traveling companion, if the fleas and the bills and the delays and the bad food did not fret him too much: they may have.

Anyway, there was matter enough right at home, in the parks and the back streets and the public places of London, to satisfy even his almost insatiable curiosity. And always, on every figure and every little incident that crops up about him, there is some odd, suggestive, startling observation, which leaves them unforgettable. Take the graveyard scene and the civil gravedigger, who might have stepped right out of *Hamlet:* "He would, for my father's sake, do my brother that is dead all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corps that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not."

It is to be noted that in all this vast presentation of the surface of life, which would seem to afford so much of humourous contrast and comic diversion, Pepys almost never succeeds in making the reader laugh with him, and does not very often attempt it.

In actual talk he might have made you laugh freely when he laughed. As a writer of diary you often smile good-naturedly at him, but you do not take him for a humourist. It is true that he himself sometimes laughs loud and long; but you read the account of it and, though you sympathize, you are hardly overcome. And there are his occasional practical jokes, like the farce in connection with the stealing of Sir William Penn's tankard, or the pleasant jest of the swearing boys. These are not unamusing, but belong to a rather elementary type of fun.

Also, they are somewhat suggestive of ill-nature, like a good many practical jokes; yet Pepys was not ill-natured: he only saw life and took it as it came. Indeed, he had his marked share of human sensibility, quick and ready response to the emotions of those about him, sympathetic understanding and kindly appreciation. He is sensitive to human sorrow in general, keenly aware of the large and haunting misery of our mortal lot. The sight of a murdered man makes the diary even more undecipherable than usual: "a sad spectacle, and a broad wound, which makes my hand now shake to write of it." The memory of a dead body left floating upon the Thames for four days, with no one bothering to take it out, proves strangely troubling. The melancholy story of the mistress of the Beare Tavern, who drowned herself, excites most dismal reflections, much augmented by her having been "a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen".

And he has direct social sympathy, puts himself in other people's places, feels the awkwardness of a domestic situation more, perhaps, than the actors themselves. When a lady whom he is visiting scolds her husband, Pepys hardly knows which way to look. Or, take the much deeper note in the charming scene with the old woman in the country, surprised by the arrival of the young girl she loved: "When comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she come in, that it made me weep too: I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears."

But what is most attractive about Pepys's sympathy, and what is perhaps also somewhat in advance of his time, is his tenderness

and consideration for animals. He seems to have been fond of pets, to have watched them, and fostered them, and cherished them. And, with the true instinct in such things, he clings to the old and cannot get used to the new. He is much troubled to hear that the canary bird, which he has had for three or four years, is dead. On the other hand, when his wife is presented with a mighty pretty spaniel, "as a newcomer, I cannot be fond of her". Suffering, or ill-treatment, of dumb creatures irritates and distresses him. When he finds a son of Sir Heneage Finch beating a poor dog to death, it makes him mad to see it.

The same elements of kindness, combined in due proportion with irritability and imperiousness, appear in Pepys's relation with the long series of domestic servants whose coming and going is chronicled in his pages. And as the variegated train of boys and maids files before us, we begin to feel that few things better exhibit fundamental traits than a man's—or woman's—dealing with those who make his daily existence tolerable—or intolerable.

It is evident that Pepys believed in family discipline. These boys were put into his hands partly for his convenience, partly also for their own good. Strict and rigourous measures were absolutely necessary, if he was to get his service out of them, and incidentally, if their souls were to be saved. The boy tells a lie. The lie is brought home to him, so that he cannot possibly deny it, or explain it. Whereupon the master beats him thoroughly: "I did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it, yet I thought it necessary to do it." The same thing happens again; only the master frankly confesses that the rods were so small that the castigating arm was considerably more damaged than the boy.

Yet there was also much genuine, sweet, normal affection in these domestic relations. There were dependence and counsel and even pleasant and profitable talk on suitable occasions. Here, as with the pets, it is clear that Pepys was loyal, got attached to persons and faces, clung to them, hated to part from them, and was glad to see them return. When "poor Jane, my old, little Jane", comes to us again, we are greatly contented. When we are obliged to dismiss one who has served us long and well, the tears are very near coming, and this not on one occasion, but on

several, so closely do these humble but essential ministers of comfort twine themselves into our lives.

Pepys's dealings with the different members of his family are of constant interest and importance to his readers. No one realized more fully than he, though perhaps he does not definitely analyze it, the clinging quality of the blood relationships. Our friends are bound to us by links of sympathy which are too apt to change with age, so that the friendships wither and leave us. Our blood connections are often less warm, because such sympathy does not enter into them, but they last, and even, with the fading of friendship, they are apt to acquire more strength. As the years pass, uncles and cousins, though fairly distant and though at times subject to suspicion and controversy over little questions of inheritance, seem somehow to become more and more part of ourselves.

In what is usually the closest blood relation of all Pepys is not particularly impressive. We get very little glimpse of his childish dependence upon and affection for his mother, and during the diary period she appears as rather fretful and querulous, not perhaps actually broken, but certainly not active and efficient. Pepys remonstrates with her on the economical quality of her table, which seems a little hard, considering that it is all saving to him. He is obliged to snub her appeal in behalf of a younger brother's waywardness, though he endeavours to do it in kind words. Above all, she is too disposed to friction with her husband, as about the maid, "which my father likes and my mother dislikes". The son feels bound to lecture on all these topics. Then the mother dies, and the approach of death, as is the remorseless habit of it, brings up old memories and strange forgotten tenderness; and the haunting presence of the one we loved and slighted, though it fades in the pressure of daily business, comes back upon us with burning intensity in the solitude of night. Yet we have, after all, a practical mind, and when the final word comes, though I weep and my wife weeps, I console myself with pointing out to her how much better it is that my mother should die now than survive my father and me and be thrown dependent upon the harsh world: "So to my tailor's, and up and down, and then home, and to my office a little, and then

to supper and to bed, my heart sad and afflicted, though my judgment at ease." The exquisite aptness of the distinction! And the strange, swift, deadening, protecting current of daily life!

With his father, Pepys's tone is constantly quite different from that in which he alludes to his mother. There is indeed a shade of patronage, which, taken in connection with the financial support, does not seem wholly compatible with the finest delicacy of feeling. Yet it is clear enough that there was enduring sympathy, comfort, confidence, between the two. Pepys goes down into the country to visit his father, discusses business with him, travels about with him, shares his room, confers with him on all important matters, and recognizes the value of his judgment and experience. The father comes to London, and the son wants to have him come, looks forward to his coming, and hopes it will revive his spirits and relieve him from something of the drag of domestic infelicity. When he is taken suddenly ill, everything is done to make him comfortable, and the son can scarce forbear weeping at the sight of his distress. When he returns home, he is missed and regretted, and the regret is expressed in terms, which, if a trifle condescending, are by no means without charm: "It rejoices my heart that I am in condition to do anything to comfort him, and could, were it not for my mother, have been contented he should have stayed always here with me, he is such innocent company."

Then there is brother Tom, whose marriage causes Samuel so much anxiety. Worldly goods must be looked into and all other circumstances must be considered and weighed before the final decision is adopted. And, as so often happens, too great caution spoils the whole project, all the successive projects, and Tom is left to conclude his not too reputable existence a hopeless bachelor. On his illness and death the diary is priceless, as on death always. Pepys frequents the bedside with fraternal solicitude, and also with a clear vision of the various difficulties and vexations involved in the prospective decease. He avoids the death chamber when actual dissolution is imminent, having no mind to see his brother die, but returns immediately after and gives a somewhat gruesome account of the process of laying out, as

practised in the seventeenth century. And then comes the final comment after the funeral, a comment of which the dry, direct, bare horror of commonplace oblivion has not been surpassed by Pepys or any one else: "But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying, I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him."

As for brother John, not dying within the range of our acquaintance, he is saved from such another unceremonious epitaph. It is evident that Samuel tried to do his duty by him, giving not only financial assistance, but good and intelligent advice when it was needed. Perhaps the advice was not always desired, or digested. Yet, after all, a brother is a brother. John has a sudden, violent attack of illness, "and he was fallen down all along upon the ground dead, which did put me into a great fright; and, to see my brotherly love! I did presently lift him up from the ground, he being as pale as death . . . I never was so frighted but once, when my wife was ill at Ware upon the road, and I did continue trembling a good while and ready to weepe to see him."

As for the sister, Pall (Paulina), it cannot be said that she was ever a source of much satisfaction. At a very early stage of the *Diary* she is registered as ill-natured, and forfeits affection because she is "so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases". Pepys has her up to London, to assist in his domestic economy. This is done with the explicit understanding that she is to be a servant, and only a servant, to which she agrees with humility and gratitude, London probably representing the acme of her dreams. Further, the menial position is emphasized by the absolute refusal to let her sit at table with the family. Under these conditions, perhaps it was not strange that the experiment should fail and Pall be relegated in disgrace to the country.

Her brother does not forget her, however, and, as the years go on, realizing that she "grows old and ugly", as he expresses it, he finally arranges a match. "I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her; but only she is my

sister, and must be provided for." Now I would give a good deal to know what Mr. Jackson, whom she married, thought.

It will be easily understood that all these family relations were much complicated, as they so often are, by the matrimonial element. Mrs. Pepys did not always get on happily with her husband's kin, not with any of them, unless perhaps the unfortunate John. Then there are Mrs. Pepys's relatives, who are usually unobjectionable and can be kept at a distance, but do occasionally cause solicitude. When her father seems at the point of death, Pepys has his priceless mortuary comment: "Which, God forgive me, did not trouble me so much as it should, though I was indeed sorry for it." The mother was harmless, and lived for many years, and was always appreciative of what her son-in-law did for her. Pepys was helpful to the brother Balty (Balthazar) and the helpfulness was acknowledged.

From the narrower circle of Pepys's family relations we pass to his extensive contact with humanity at large. Among the vast numbers of men that he was obliged to meet and deal with there were many who were mere indifferent shapes and shadows, going and coming, many whom he liked and enjoyed, some also naturally whom he disliked and who, perhaps causelessly, inspired ill-feeling and disgust. It must at once be recognized that with these Pepys was inclined to keep his irritation to himself. It was a fighting age, and he carried a sword. He may have had some theoretical experience in using it. But he was by nature a man of peace, and tempers of that kind avoid quarrels with surprising facility and agility.

I fancy that Pepys, in courage as in so many other things, was an average human being. But here, as always, we must remember the candour, perhaps here even more than usual; for the average man does not usually confess his tremors, and a good argument may be made to show that confession tends too much to augment them. Pepys confessed them, at any rate, noted them with absolute indifference and sincerity, at times almost seems to gloat over them, with something of the curious satisfaction which they afford his readers.

As to human friction, the diarist does not hesitate to reiterate his dislike of it. Let others quarrel and bluster, if they will. Let

Sir William Penn knock a couple of ruffians off their horses, and be proud of it. Such proceedings fill us with a certain disgust. To be sure, we can swagger on instinct, when impulse gets the better of us. There is the inimitable incident of the street set-to: "So I being called, went thither, and the fellow coming out again of a shop, I did give him a good cuff or two on the chops, and seeing him not oppose me, I did give him another." Does it not remind you of the charming bit in *A King and No King*, when the citizen's wife says to her damaged retainer: "Why did he strike thee, Philip?" and Philip replies, "Because I leaned on him." "And why didst thou lean on him?" "Because I did not think he would have struck me."

Yet even in that age of quick and susceptible honour there is not the slightest indication that people made fun of Pepys's timidity, or despised him for it, or were even aware of it. Without indulging in Rosalind's "swashing and martial outside", I fancy he kept up a good semblance of manly dignity. And I feel sure that the resentment he so simply and honestly expresses over the ill-treatment of two ladies quite unknown to him would have impelled him to act not unnobly when occasion called for it: "I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies."

Still, it must be admitted that Pepys is more winning, if not more instructive, in friendly relations than in hostile. It does not appear that he was closely intimate with any one. But he knew an immense variety of men and women, knew them and liked them, and they apparently liked him, and he exhibits his connection with them at all points with his usual clinging and telling veracity.

On the whole, his attitude to his social, as to his official, superiors, is satisfactory. Certainly he does like to get up in the world, to establish and assert his position, to take steps and do deeds and say words that will accomplish this end. Yet through it all one gets an impression of dignity and independence, of proper and becoming deference and respect, yet accompanied with the recognition and assertion of substantial worth and manliness on one's own part, which is not to be disregarded or

put down by the insolence of the great. Especially does Pepys appear well in his relations with his patron and relative, Lord Sandwich. The Earl had made him all he was in the world, and he admits it freely and is grateful. But he is not going to truckle or be played with. He will submit to unrewarded toil, will work hard and face sacrifices at his friend's behest. But he will not be neglected or maltreated. Also, when he sees the Earl making mistakes, he does not hesitate to point them out, to lament his vices and deplore his follies. He gives respectful advice, which is not only well meant but well worded, and deserves to be, and is, well received. When there is a temporary estrangement, his comment upon it is admirable in tone, and is in itself sufficient to make one esteem the writer.

But there are freer and easier and gayer relations with men than these difficult and ceremonious dealings with peers and chancellors. There are hours of forgetful, careless jollity, when the good meat warms, and the wine flows, and office frets and troubles cease to bother. One gets many a vision of merry outings, of joyous dinners at country inns, of hours gaily spent in song and jest and the pleasant exchange of words that were light-hearted, if not deep-thoughted. It is evident that the diarist liked company and could be good company himself.

Also, there was much more grave and serious intercourse, intelligent talk with intelligent men on matters that were worth while. There is Mr. Hill, with whom one can discuss music, or the universal character, or the art of memory, or Granger's counterfeiting of hands. And in the later years, when there was more leisure, we should not overlook the charming picture of Pepys's mature friendships, both as indicated by Evelyn and as suggested in the following passage of a letter from one who knew him well: "Mr. Pepys, who entertained us with that obliging kindness which engages all that he converses with into a love and respect for his person, which time, that destroys other things, does digest into a habit, and renders it so perfect that it generally lasts as long as a man's life. Of this there has been many examples; several of Mr. Pepys's friends continuing so, notwithstanding all accidents, till death; and the rest are likely to do the same."

With women of his own class, good women, sensible women, Pepys also enjoyed himself thoroughly, and liked to associate with them. It is true that he preferred the handsome ones. Yet there are many who are approved, not for mere looks, but for gravity and good counsel and sober carriage. Altogether, there are few things more delightful than to pass an afternoon in the sweet, gay, innocent company of a parcel of gentle and frolicsome girls: "Where, when we come, we were bravely entertained, and spent the day most pleasantly with the young ladies, and I so merry as never more."

How Pepys appeared to the young ladies we shall never know. I do not imagine him quick and sprightly in conversation, inexhaustible in wit, always ready with that ingenious repartee which sets the air a-sparkle, even though in a mere inflammation of nothing. He may have had these gifts, but the *Diary* does not suggest them, and I have an idea that, when he did not force himself into a slightly laboured gayety, he was inclined to be quiet, to watch and make internal notes, and even in delicate situations to be a trifle awkward. The self-consciousness, the embarrassment, which he admits on more than one occasion, must have often beset him. Indeed, social as he was, it is evident that he also knew the shrinking from all society, the sense of its hollowness, its insufficiency. In the midst of the gayest and most gleeful social occasion he would have understood the damning comment of Sly, the tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, as the merry farce is enacting before him: " 'Tis a very excellent piece of work: would it were done." When the company is gayest about him, and the laughter merriest, his soul suddenly stops like a run-down watch, and with a sigh he registers: "So to supper with them at Sir W. Batten's, and do counterfeit myself well pleased, but my heart is troubled and offended at the whole company."

And when you are most in the mood for jollity, when care has left you for the moment, and the heart is light and the heels lighter, you may go out with great expectations, and all your hope may be thwarted by some untoward circumstance. Pepys dines with a friend; but the appearance of the friend's aged mother is such as to damage appetite, and the presence of a sick

wife does not add to the hilarity. He gets a charming company to dinner, but the folly of one sets his sensitive nerves all a-jangle: "My simple Dr. do talk so like a fool that I am weary of him."

Also, the company may be delightful, and you may know it; a choice gathering of your nearest friends, with whom you ought to find pleasure, if with any one. Yet you may be simply out of the vein yourself, there may be some little pricking sting of office care, or you may be a few shillings wrong in your accounts, or there may have been a trying domestic scene during the day, and you are unfit for pleasure and the gayest merry-making in the world sounds like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Yet, if you have the social chord in you, and Pepys undoubtedly had, as most of us have, somewhere, the contact of your fellows will pull you at times out of even the worst of these blue fits. Your nerves will begin to thrill and quiver, the corners of your mouth will lift at the tinkle of laughter. The sight of a gay company absorbed in a game will stir you, so that you long to be with them. Cards? In the abstract Pepys does not care much for cards. When he loses sixpence, it is annoying. When he wins nine shillings, it is most agitating, and he prays God it may not tempt him to play again. Yet, after all, these cards are strange diverting things: there is oblivion in them, there is triumph in them, best of all there is laughter, a chance to laugh oneself, and to see pretty women laugh, and to sit near them and to melt away an evening in mutual, contenting gayety. And there are other trifling games, such as "Love my love with an A", which Pepys has even seen the dukes and duchesses play at Court; silly, idle things, to be sure, yet somehow they have a singular felicity in making hearts dance and eyes sparkle.

And if you want really to forget yourself and your troubles, perhaps the best of all means is to go on a journey, with a frolic cavalcade, like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims. Little incidents and queer faces turn up, and set everybody quipping and jesting. You revel in the sunshine and you smile at the rain. You clatter through the mud, and you brush off the dust. What do rain or dust matter to a merry heart? And you are so exhilarated, so clean intoxicated, by the mere fun of the thing, that you play all sorts of giddy pranks which would seem strangely out of place in

staid London. "Of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. . . . By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, 'Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry and I gave her twopence."

But unquestionably Pepys's most attractive social aspect is as a host. He did love to gather his friends about him and entertain them and feed them, and be himself the wildest and gayest of the lot. The blend of ostentation and pride and agonized economy and mad abandonment and real, hearty kindliness, which appears in page after page of the *Diary*, as it describes these social meetings, is as fascinating as it is thoroughly human. The climax of all Pepys's social ecstasy occurs near the end of the record, when ampler means permitted indulgence with a clearer conscience. This magnificent orgy of hospitality could only be dimmed by comment or expatiation: "We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. . . . And so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cozen Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cozen Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid's bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed, and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality." Oh, what a regal night!

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

ÉMILE BERGERAT

A PARISIAN JOURNALIST OF YESTERDAY

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

BALZAC in *Les Chouans* chose for his theme a dawn without a morrow, and M. Joseph Galtier in *Le Temps* uses much the same conception of the career of Émile Bergerat, who for so many years delighted Paris with his chronicles, his articles and his criticisms. It has seemed not unprofitable to me to consider how much in fact M. Galtier's idea applies to Bergerat and to many another journalist. Summing up the work and the life of Bergerat, this very able Frenchman says of it that it has *point de lendemain*, and though he says it in all kindliness, he has a tone of finality that makes one somewhat rebel. To be buried under flowers is no more satisfactory than sepulture under uncritical stones.

Émile Bergerat was not only a man well liked, but a high minded, a very talented journalist and man of letters, a critic of art who could discover a Forain, and a playwright who never quite succeeded. Instead, he was one of the best *Chroniqueurs* of the French press, a branch of work in which he was ranked with Aurélien Scholl, Henri Fouquier, Albert Wolff and the irrepressible marquis, Henri de Rochefort. He knew the art of the *Chroniqueur* and developed it as a literary form; he liked it, he served it faithfully, but always in his heart pulled back from the guiding of the gods who would not push him toward the theatre. The chronicle as it was understood in his period was not an essay, it was not reviewing, but something quite of itself. It had a lightness that is grievously lacking in many essays, a combination of familiar style and the restraints of knowledge quite unknown to mere reporting, and it had a certain literary ripeness by no means conspicuous in writings that one reads now and yet are more pretentious. But, if you please, we shall leave the work to one side and first regard a little the man.

The future chronicler of the Boulevard was born in 1845. Philippon was still drawing *La Poire* and his majesty's green umbrella. When he went away a few months ago in the consulship of M. Millerand, who is not at all like the son of Egalité Orleans, things had changed. In his babyhood, the Postilion of Longjumeau was still cracking his whip, and Marshal Soult had office under Government. When the saddened and experienced but good Émile made with unseeing eyes as though to read his blanket spread newspaperwise, "*en faisant*", as M. De Flers quotes, "*malgré lui le geste héréditaire*," there were no more postilions at Longjumeau, the Boulevard, as he once wrote, was become the "ex-navel of the world", the era of the mediocre was in full blast, and he had neither understood nor liked what was about him. There were airplanes and moving pictures, rapid motion and mass thinking. Bergerat's life was a long one, as those things go, and a hard working, but though he "dated", as his child once said to him, some of his friendly critics seem to think that he never "arrived". It is here that I am tempted to doubt. He read much, laboured much, saw much, had a strong bow and many arrows, some of which he shot into the earth and some into the sky, where they became invisible. They all seem to have been shot too fast. Let us not say that he chose his career or had it forced upon him, but that it was his for many years.

Bergerat went to a clerical school at Poitiers, but seems not to have been much impressed by the teachings of the reverend fathers. What he remembered more was that it was very Royalist indeed and that the other boys kicked his shins, but could not make him acclaim Henry V of France. He could suffer, but he would not desert his Republican principles. While still at school and not one-and-twenty he wrote a play which he presented to the redoubtable Sarcey, whose account of the young author you may read in his *Quarante Ans de Théâtre*. In a little while the young Bergerat found himself in Paris and of course writing for the press, in which he soon made himself known as a very able journalist who could be decidedly charming and interesting. At Paris, too, he married Estelle, the second daughter of Théophile Gautier. It is curious to note that Bergerat was to write of the

author of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, that he was a poet smothered by journalism. Still, later, Bergerat's friends were to say that he was outshone by the dazzle of the older man's reputation. As to this, M. Gustave Kahn tells us that he often speculated why Bergerat never took to novel writing, and when he does, we see that careers are never quite according to specification; but whether this be for or against free will, I leave to others.

"Caliban," to call him by one of his pen names, was a cheerful soul and a robust, viewing the spectacle of the Paris of his day with great delight and with a good deal of discrimination. I shall not say that he was irreverent, for men of a certain weight of mind are never quite that, but he was humourous, as when in talking of a possible aspiration to the Academy he said that he would canvass one member and addressing him in Chaldean intimidate him. In the mean time, and however his work and intellectual habitudes were taking form so as to make him one of the figures in Paris, he longed to be a playwright, a famous playwright, and never did he become one. Yet if he was "the last Romantic", as M. Henriot says he was, it was with pretty modern touches, and as we look on his work and the atmosphere in which he lived, we doubt a little whether M. Galtier is quite right in his phrase. Perhaps he is, but as you examine it, you see that Bergerat's work, the work of a literary journalist, might have had more of the permanent had he chosen.

Take the *Portraits Contemporains* of his father-in-law, a man of much more genius, compare them with Bergerat's *Souvenirs d'un enfant de Paris*, and you are on the way to understanding what M. Galtier had in mind. The older man's portraits are contemporary enough, there is much in their ease and familiarity that is journalism if you like, but just the same they give you the impression of solidity, of firmness of texture, the coherence of scheme that spell intellectual dignity in printed matter and keep you from throwing it away spent and enjoyed at the first reading. You see how solid was Voltaire's *Counsel to a Journalist* when he asked his correspondent to observe that "the men who have thought the best [that is, the most carefully] are those who write the best"; a proposition that may arouse the compassion of those who regard thought as something for only the cloistered or academic.

Turn now to the *Chroniques* of Bergerat and you are aware of something different. I use the French word because it cannot be quite well Englished, though its meaning be clear enough. On glancing at the *Souvenirs* you have another contrast. You shall see much liveliness, a great deal of knowledge, much smiling interest and good natured emphasis, that hold and charm you for the moment, but when you have read the book, you have read it. You have gazed delighted at the swift and gilded water-fly, but as you gazed, it has been swept, graceful and not regretful, down the stream. You have read a number of brilliant things, each of which in turn would repay a little more care and a little more patience, but taken together have not been worked and fused. You can in writing quite as well as in engraving stipple a little too much for firmness, and the public which is not an artist in self defence must ask for something more coherent. What you feel in reading such work as Bergerat's, who is a literary journalist, does not prove that it is written in this centrifugal way by preference necessarily, or that the writer can do no otherwise, but it makes you ask why he did so. You become sensible of irritation, forgiving withal that a writer with such fancy, such superabundance of easy vigour, should split his diamonds into so many little pieces, for you are sure that they were integral and large in the beginning. As one said after he had gone, "He was always grazing glory."

This so impressed the friends who wrote of Bergerat when his work was over, that too much they agreed for such journalism as his there was no tomorrow. Others are welcome to the pleasure of defining glory. It is hard to conceive of any one disclaiming it, for all that it sometimes has the touch of Bengal lights and cymbals. If one does crave glory, it must be bitter to graze and yet not bring down the jewelled popinjay. And to define tomorrow would be to cast reflection upon the shortcomings of today. At all events, Bergerat longed for success in one field and he found it in another, in literary journalism, which some very businesslike people hold to be mere æsthetics. These do not contend, they are quite sure, that the standards and canon of letters have no place in journalism. The comedy of the situation is that one declares journalism at best to be ephemeral and

another pityingly insists that literary journalism does not pay and has small excuse for being practised. Is good work in journalism ephemeral?

Let us understand by good work that which has always a certain standard of technical excellence, that as time and exigence permit is done with the same thoroughness and care for essential form as if it were to have the honour of a binding and an index, that shall enlighten and not bore more than predestinate quality ordains; work, in two words, which shall add a modest wedge to the mosaic and live with the whole design. I have never understood why one should not write his best for thousands of newspaper readers quite as he would for that much smaller number who may use his bulkier production as a guide to higher living or for a table ornament. If Jefferson trembled when he remembered that God was just, we journalists should tremble when we remember that the public is able to read. Journalism can be the Sable Island of clever men, but it need not be nor is good journalism thereby necessarily ephemeral. This is a large and reckless word that cannot be applied to the teaching and guidance of public opinion, and while some journalism may not do these things, that which does is no more ephemeral than the public opinion itself which is the manifested expression of a people's thought.

M. Gustave Kahn, as we have seen, fancied that Bergerat would have made a novelist. M. Galtier says that modern journalists are often in training for novel writing, that their work is more objective than that of the *Chroniqueur* who scintillated as much about himself as about others. M. Paul Souday remarks that Bergerat did not practice the "catastrophic criticism" of Barbey D'Aurevilly; nor did he, because he possessed the more constructive virtue of geniality. Let us take these three sayings together, and we do nothing violent in opining that Bergerat was willing to concentrate in the small compass of his "page" what represented much reading and labour. Following this conception we see that such work is less butterfly lived than the practical declare. An artist like Bergerat writes as he pleases, but it pleases him to remember form and content and to have no fear that these shall diminish a reader's interest.

There have been heavy Frenchmen, very heavy; Bergerat was born when M. Prudhomme was ponderous in the land; but heaviness is not welcome in a France where it is not thought that solemnity is prescriptive intellect. No doubt in France, as in other parts of the habitable globe, when a man tackles the Elder Statesmen as Bergerat said he would his Academician, he takes his life in his hands. He has smiled at the Augurs; he is an odd, if not revolutionary, fish; his name may not be quite anathema, but it makes a sighing. Let us leave these Statesmen in their pudginess and turn to another view of things, namely that of "H. T. P.", who in *The Boston Evening Transcript* wrote once of M. Ernest Bloch, that "he is rather a highly original and independent composer, neither discarding nor deriding the elders. Out of himself he persuades them into new courses and new voice." Transpose music into letters, and you have a very good idea of what should be the wish of the literary journalist. M. Robert de Flers says that Bergerat "liked paradox, but it was the paradox which contains a truth too new to dare going undisguised"; that is, he had something to say, but must be a trifle careful in the saying of it. Give such a journalist a pen, and he will make people think, and embellish their experience, an achievement more durable than gold or glory. It is in this range that the journalist who is called "literary" has his great chance, though he may not ooze quotations and famous names or be rich with the richness of Encyclopædias, those faithful friends. I mean the journalist who has the plenitude and sportsmanship, who has enough regard for you, the reader, and for himself, the workman, to boil down his barrel of knowledge and imagination into the teaspoonful that you shall take with innocent ungratefulness. I think that such journalism is above all important for us in the United States, where a popular tradition of literature is yet to form and newspapers are gigantically read.

Bergerat did not all that he might with his art. He had a failing, the professional failing; he neither took time nor did he think his thesis to the end, and to mortify our flesh let us remember that every article is a thesis. Touching this last, I take Sarcey again for some sound advice, addressed to the playwright and to be shared by the journalist. The round but sharp Fran-

cisque speaks plainly to Bergerat, who used good naturedly to lament that on the boards critics and public would have none of him. Sarcey tells him that his wit is cloudy, that he is not clear enough, that "what has always been lacking in you is the distrust of what you do, the patient work that slowly clears the ideas and puts things neatly." In a word, Bergerat has not thought enough. "You think everybody will understand you because you understand yourself"—how this hits us that will not take pains! "Even in our trade of journalism, where you are of the first order, if you only knew how many times one hesitates as to what your articles' subject may be." A criticism as bitter as it is essential. You cannot add to it, and it is better than Carlyle's "babblements".

Sarcey in addressing our *Chroniqueur* lays emphasis on the need of thought and declares his pieces to fail for lack of it; that he has more than the talent needed, but never gives himself time. Again transposing, we see the application of this to journalism, for although much of its work must be hurried, there is always time for thinking. If some work is ephemeral, that is because it is skimpy, and it is skimpy because it has not been thought out. Its so called ephemeralness might have been avoided. The literary journalist must think, and although the brisk commercial school may not know it, literary journalism is a very wide term indeed. It does not alone consist in writing articles about Russians, it cannot merely stay itself with the dry flagons of grammar and go happy, it is not the careful and refined art of writing what few will care to read. It is that kind of newspaper writing which has method and a style actually going to make a decent daily literature. This is what I feel when thinking on a workman like Bergerat, a feeling akin to what possessed his friends when he had gone away, and yet it is not the same. Such work as his may not have had a morrow, the writer may have grazed glory and never have struck it, and yet I would say that it had more of a morrow than some may think and a little unsuspected glory.

To us here in America, those glittering, rather metallic days of boulevard journalism seem not so far away as they do to the more businesslike Parisian journalist of the present, because he is on the scene of their glories and we are not. Personally, I doubt

whether our stodgier English speaking minds could stand more than a stated number of brilliant things at a time; we have never been able to take the savour of talk as the French and Italians enjoy it, so that when it is transferred to print and is varnished with permanency, we seem to miss something which the Latin enjoys. In so far as this may go, I concede a tinsel effect in much of the writing of a journalist like Bergerat, but it is not a cheap tinsel, and when we get to his solider stuff with deeper lustre, we are handling good material. We look on these sheaves of newspapers and then we look away and farther than our little today. The noise of the taxicabs grows fainter, the singing sounds of passing feet are not, Vesper comes without the *camelots*, the last whiff of printer's ink and tobacco goes over the still horizon, and we see smiling and working the young man with the gray beard that was Émile Bergerat, a journalist of yesterday in Paris. He never had quite what he sought, he worked hard, he was cheerful and beloved and respected. Whether the harder headed Sarcey was right and Bergerat, the literary journalist, would not take quite the pains that duller men were willing to face, let us no longer debate. Instead, let us think of the spirit of such work as enduring and visible, just as the gilded number on the gateway of an old hotel on the Ile St. Louis stands out in the dusk. It is old, and it has been of much more importance than it is today, but it remains, and you can see it, because it once had real gold brushed upon it.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

IT DOES NOT FOLLOW

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

Not long since an account fell into my hands of a discussion between three learned gentlemen, Astronomer, Biologist, and Theologian, concerning the origin of life. The Astronomer began with those not unfamiliar statements regarding the immensity of the sidereal universe, the incidental nature of the birth of our planet earth, and the brevity of organic existence, to which we listen always with breathless interest. That the Nebular Hypothesis has vanished in star dust, and that our earth was born in a fortuitous clash of our sun with a greater star some thousands of millions of years ago, we accept with that grave reverence which we accord to all swiftly changing scientific hypotheses, to which, in turn, we swear allegiance as they come, pausing to let our imaginations play delightedly over the conception that we are living, moving, breathing, on a sun-flake. We accept this hypothesis with enthusiasm, and wait, with childlike wonder, for the next. For myself I cannot get enough of these astronomical theories, for I find in them intellectual stimulus; moreover, they train and keep alive my imagination in a way that is most useful in my humble task of teaching literature, while contemporary literature helps not at all. As regards the physical universe, when they are dealing with matter and the laws of matter, we follow without demur the leadership of the scientists, giving them an almost credulous faith.

When, however, on the occasion just referred to the Astronomer summarized his remarks by saying that "The precarious balance now maintained between terrestrial living organisms and their physical environment; the great extent in space and material of the sidereal universe; the great extension in the time scale relative to the duration of life phenomena; the eccentric position of the sun and its commonness; and, finally, the incidental nature of the birth of the planet earth, constitute five fairly specific

reasons why our theologies and philosophies would find it advantageous to reconsider and possibly revaluate the meaning of life," one wonders why the Theologian did not see that the Lord had delivered his enemy, or his friend, as the case might be, into his hands. Why have the voices of those who interpret life in anything except terms of matter become so faint? Possibly in this case it was the humanist's scruple in regard to sticking to the point, for he confined his brief and apologetic remarks concerning the mechanistic theory, the vitalistic theory, and the elder theologian's belief in the supernatural, to the subject as stated, the origin of life, a very different matter. Whatever the reason, he did not take up the gage thrown down in the phrase "revaluate the meaning of life".

The Astronomer, in emphasizing the vanishing littleness of man, was doubtless scoffing at the old conception, especially beloved in the eighteenth century, of man interpreting himself as the centre of a material universe, subordinate to him and ministering to his needs—a vanity long ago outworn and forgotten. That, also, was a shallow and materialistic conception of life's meaning, but probably, in the long run, a better one than would result from too long or too irrelevant a contemplation of "man as part of an organic scum that, for the time being, coats part of the surface of one small planet, itself a cast-off fragment of a star".

Surely it might be suggested by philosopher or theologian, or plain layman, that size is not synonymous with significance. If we are discussing the question of the meaning of life, the unimaginably great number of miles in the sidereal universe has no more to do with the point than the unimaginably great number of German marks that go to make up the American dollar. Would the Astronomer then think life of greater value if man were the size of the greatest sun, or could whirl in some celestial gyration in record speed, faster than any other sun? We need Bergson among us again to help us differentiate between quantity and intensity. Mass, weight, velocity, the properties of the outer universe, are not the determining factors in that inner world wherein the values of human life are found; matter may reach to the uttermost immeasurable outpost of space, but the

human soul is supreme and invincible in its own domain. The question is, surely, if we are discussing the meaning of life, what are the powers, the inner possibilities, the duties of this strange being, who, in an illimitable universe of matter, finds himself not wholly subject to material law? Our experience tells us that we are partly, at least, responsible for our deeds, that we have the power of choice, as, evidently, these masses of matter, these burning and clashing suns, do not. If the size of these has any bearing on the question, it would almost seem as if man's dignities were increased by his difference from such immeasurable lumps. If the surmise as to other planets being inhabited has any bearing on the question,—and the suggestion has been sometimes made that this, in some strange way, would decrease man's dignity on this planet,—it can only be in the way of suggesting possible future sidereal sympathies and affinities.

Should our Astronomer dispute this claim to partial freedom of the will, we can but remind him, and he will admit the charge, that he had it in his power to debate or not to debate; to stay on strictly scientific ground, or to invade, as he chose to do, the province of metaphysician, philosopher, and theologian, suggesting that they revaluate the meaning of life. Belief in freedom of the will, in power to choose one's course, underlies all human action; it is at the basis of every religious system that at all involves conduct, of every ethical system that the world has known. Strange dignities and strange responsibilities attach to this faith, which are in no way lessened by the size of the sidereal universe, or the illimitable time required for evolution. If the astronomy professor should, for instance, walk down the street and commit a murder, his conception, after the deed was done, of the kind of scum he was, would differ wholly from his present contemplation of himself as part of an organic scum on the surface of a cast-off fragment of a star.

The dignity of man lies in his power to rule his life from within, not in his weight, mass, or velocity. Outside of sporting, and possibly of thieving, circles, his worth has even depended more upon his power of choosing between good and evil than upon his speed or his avoirdupois, and all five considerations advanced by the scientist in regard to revaluing life would not prevail against

this fact. There is no marvel in the material universe so awe-compelling as the power of man to choose, and to hold, through struggle, hardship, bitter blow from outside and inner misgiving, to an ideal of right conduct, constrained not by outer force but by inner will. Such endurance, though it is not measurable in terms of time, has, I do not doubt, more piercing significance than the "inconceivably great duration of various recognizable stellar manœuvres".

If the largest two suns in the boundless universe should collide to-morrow and send masses of burning matter through space, wholly disorganizing our solar system, we should still, so long as we were conscious and until we were hit, feel ourselves bound not to rob, steal, or lie, and in that sense of allegiance to an inner, not a physical, law, we find the meaning of life. Moreover the fact that, as the Biologist remarked during the aforesaid discussion, our bodies are largely composed of sodium rather than potassium, does not interfere. We do not know wholly how this law of the inner life has come into being, though we can give some guesses, I dare say as valid as many of the scientific guesses about the solar systems of endless space and the enchanting hypothesis of the solar system of the atom. The law is there, and against it the weight of matter of a million universes shall not prevail; nay rather time and space immensities, the æons that have gone into the spiritual as into the physical evolution of man, enhance the marvel of his growth. And how profoundly spiritual, how much more potent in touching imagination, will, the secret springs of action in men's souls, than the tale of the fall of man, is this conception of man's struggle upward!

The fallacy in the Astronomer's statement comes, of course, from a confusion of terms; "significance of life," "revaluate the meaning of life," are shorn, as is so often the case in modern speech and modern writing, of their deeper reach of meaning. He should have contented himself with a lesser phrase, physical existence. I sometimes think that scientists of this turn of mind —I mean only those of this turn of mind—ought not to be entrusted with anything so precious as language, which has come down to us enriched by the inner experience of the race. They who use with half meaning words and phrases capable of high

spiritual import rob us of our heritage. The very dictionary confutes them, with its freight of words testifying to the growth and the reality of the inner life. Love, hope, faith, aspiration toward higher thought and conduct, increasing ability to discern between good and evil, are as surely a part of humanity's development as are the changes in bone, sinew, and nerve tissue, whereby, we are taught, the power and the perfection of the human body have come to be, from rudimentary beginnings. Philosophies and theologies may differ in regard to points innumerable, but the power to philosophize and theologize bears witness to the marvel of man's progress upward from the brute into the thinking, willing being, with possibilities of unfolding to which no limitation can be set, of inner growth—over-shadowed by no end. Shall they who, rightly, teach physical evolution in the light of ascertained fact, deny spiritual evolution and the facts of the inner life, surely as valid as the facts of the outer life? The results of this inner development, in which both thought and emotion play their great parts, are as trustworthy, as much to be depended on, as are the results of physical development, and need no revaluation in the light of new interstellar measurements. When, as sometimes happens, departing from the basis of all scientific endeavour, deduction from observed fact, our scientists become metaphysical and take a tremendous jump, perhaps without knowing that they are taking it, into denials that have no basis in observation, they draw after them into mental confusion and disaster a great part of the civilized world which so obediently follows them to-day. Might not they who deny the validity of the inner life be deprived by constitutional amendment of those qualitative terms whose very existence bears witness to that life, and be asked to confine themselves to figures, geometrical lines, hieroglyphics, algebraic symbols, and other similar mediums for setting forth the quantitative properties of space?

Surely the question of the revaluation of life could come up legitimately only in the face of a higher challenge, when one—perhaps poet or prophet—with conceptions of higher ethical or spiritual import than we have yet reached, speaks. As yet there is no need of this, so far ahead, so divinely difficult to measure up to, is the Christian life, the Christian faith. The value of life is

not a matter of the scales or of the yardstick, but of the potential development of the human soul, that part of personality not wholly dominated by physical law. What have the new discoveries in regard to extension and duration to do with this? The confusion of ideas recalls the reasoning which some one—I think it was Lowell—once attributed to Whitman, that "because the Mississippi is long and the prairies are broad, therefore immorality is beautiful".

The size of one world or of the universe or anything merely quantitative is no determining factor in man's abasement or his pride. His pride is that he has the power of choice, obeys a spiritual law, can rise to the dignity of sacrifice, the least act of which is of more significance than the whole material universe. His task is to interpret life in the light of his highest possibility, his sternest duty, his most searching faith—to live up to the best he can hope or conjecture. Wordsworth's great affirmations still are valid:

> Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
> Like harmony in music.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Enough, if something from our hands have power
> To live and act and serve the future hour.
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, through faith's transcendent dower
> We feel that we are greater than we know.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

BY HENRY A. PERKINS

THE American abroad is sometimes asked to explain the meaning of his college degree and the character of the institution which gave it to him. It sounds like an easy question to answer, but the more he tries the more puzzled becomes his hearer and the more the conviction is forced upon him that not only does the European find the American college enigmatical, but that he himself has no very clear idea of it either. It is the case of a bewildered sphere trying to explain three dimensions in Flatland, and one begins to wonder whether even those august spheres of large diameter, the College Presidents, really grasp the true inwardness of their institutions, what they are trying to do, and how inherently they differ from the universities of the Old World.

To rule out the first, the most obvious, and yet strangely prevalent misconception, let me explain that by American College I mean an institution like Williams College, Yale College, Trinity College, Harvard College. They are all alike in scope, ideals and methods, and differ only in degree and in size, but not in kind. Yale College has more students, more teachers, more courses than Williams, but otherwise they are as alike as two peas.

But, the reader will protest, Yale is a University and Williams only a College, and quite different in their scope and aims. Quite so. Yale *University* is different from any mere *College*, but Yale *College* within Yale University is only a college and its students college students, however much they may like to talk about the university, of which they are members by virtue of the greater including the less. Strictly speaking, if we adopt the European meaning of university, the graduate schools alone have a right to that splendid old title. The college, from this point of view, is a feeder for the university; but considering that in America the college preceded the university, and that so small a proportion of its product is "fed" into the professional schools,

it is more in accordance with American ideas to think of the college as the more important unit which may exist alone or may be surrounded by graduate schools. In the latter case, though still a college, plus graduate schools, the collective organization is known as a university.

But all this is mere nomenclature. It is no explanation of what that unique institution, the American College, really is. Certainly it is intensely and typically American, perhaps the most characteristic institution we have evolved, the one most wholly our own. It grew up with our early Colonial development, expanded with the expanding Republic, and is today the epitome of American life and American ideas. In its infancy, even, it had broken with the traditions of the mother country as regards method and organization, in order to meet successfully the needs of a scattered rural population, of a type unknown in Europe, whose stern living had inspired a veneration for still sterner thinking. It trained these farmers' sons for the university, the law and public office, and did it well, considering its meagre resources and the peculiar demands of the time. The young men who went there had an especial purpose in going, they had similar cultural backgrounds and similar nationality, so that the problem of training them was a simple one, and simple methods sufficed.

But out of this simple beginning has grown, logically and steadily, the highly complex college of today. Its problems, its methods and its spirit have changed so profoundly that it is almost impossible to recognize the traces of the earlier institution in its offspring; and yet much that is confused in our discussions of its problems arises, I believe, from a curious persistence of some of the early traditions colouring our present attitude toward the question of higher education.

The fact is that the modern American college bears no more resemblance to the college of one hundred years ago than it does to one of the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, or to a *collège* in France. It is unique both in time and place. The English college is really an administrative and social unit of a true university, and a French *collège* usually means a certain type of secondary school. However, this similarity in name seems to have created little confusion in our minds, and, oddly enough, of all

present day seats of learning, it is with the European University that our American College is most apt to be confounded.

This supposed similarity has done far more harm than the persistence of ideas out of our own past. When Harvard College led the nation in adopting an almost free elective system, it was apparently under the impression that it was similar to a German University and could advantageously copy German methods. This attempt to borrow ideas from Europe, on the assumption of a similarity which did not exist, has done American education much harm, and all future changes in our methods should be made with a clear understanding of the profound differences between us and Europe, and of the essentially American character of our college and of its educational problems.

Underlying all the more superficial differences between the American college and the universities of Europe is the fundamentally different personnel of the student body. The importance of this distinction in discussing our higher education cannot be overestimated, and must be faced fairly and squarely; while a thorough understanding of its real significance will enable us to understand other differences which spring from it, such as in the curriculum, methods of teaching and the peculiarly American undergraduate activities.

The personnel of American college students differs from that of European universities in two ways, but both arise from a common cause, and are by no means wholly distinct. The first is a difference in aim, and the second is in background. They both follow most naturally from our democratic and widespread feeling that if a college education is good for some it must be good for all. Not many years ago the founding of a college was regarded as the most laudable use to which a man of means could devote his fortune. Colleges sprang up over night like mushrooms, and soon there were so many that to justify their existence, and even to keep alive, they had to compete with each other for students, very much as if rival hospitals should compete for patients. This state of things, combined with our characteristic belief in education, naturally resulted in bringing wholly new elements into the student ranks which today are so important as quite to dominate the educational problem.

The first effect of this sudden rush for a college degree was an influx of a group, almost unknown in our earlier history, of college students who were not preparing themselves for a "learned" profession, but were destined for such callings as business, manufacturing and journalism. Today they constitute a decided majority of the student body and their influence on the spirit of higher education is enormous.[1]

I am quite aware that many persons consider business to be just as professional as law or medicine; but after all a calling that can best be learned in the actual doing of its work is fundamentally different from one which demands years of preparatory study of its theoretical background, before there can be any real practice. The future man of affairs, it is true, can profit directly by such courses as economics, political and social science and the modern languages, or he can go to an out-and-out business college; but, even so, such training is of wholly secondary importance compared to the actual school of the factory or the office; so that, except for an occasional course which may seem to have a "practical" bearing, the curriculum of the typical American college has no direct application for such students, and the fact that they constitute so large a portion of the student body must profoundly influence the spirit of the institution.

In Europe the reverse is the case. In the universities of the Continent, particularly, by far the greater number of the students are planning to enter a "learned" profession, including that of teaching. In fact, it is incomprehensible to a European that with us so many future "men of affairs" can afford to spend four years, after their secondary schooling, in the alleged pursuit of higher education.

The other element of this increased attendance at our colleges is due to the appearance of young men from homes devoid of any intellectual background whatever. They may be destined for business or the professions, but are alike in their lack of early

[1] The following figures, estimated from data obtained in the latest Directory of the living graduates of Yale University, show the steady decline in the proportion of students at Yale College who study for a profession after graduation. Of the living graduates who must have had professional schooling, there are 60 per cent. in the class of 1880, 50 per cent. in 1885, 48 per cent. in 1890 and in 1895, 37 per cent. in 1900, 33 per cent. in 1905, 32 per cent. in 1910 and in 1915, and 30 per cent. in 1920.

advantages. This element has increased tremendously since the World War, and since the general prosperity of the nation has made it possible for fathers to send their sons to college, whose own training stopped with the high school, if indeed it went so far. Certainly a very large proportion of our students come from homes without academic traditions, as is evident from the fact that their numbers are increasing much more rapidly than the population and also from the college statistics, which indicate a steadily decreasing percentage of the sons of men holding the bachelor's degree.

These two overlapping elements I have named constitute most of the student body of an American college. They exist of course abroad, but in far smaller numbers, and are almost negligible as an educational problem. But here their needs, their previous training and their outlook on life are at the root of most of our difficulties in higher education. Indeed it seems strange that this has not been more clearly recognized, and the resulting effect upon method and curriculum traced to its sources.

Method undergoes an immediate and profound change as a result of the change in aim just mentioned. The fact that most of our students do not come to college to study any particular subject, and are not in search of learning for its own sake, has necessitated a wholly different system of teaching from that used in foreign universities. We find it necessary to hold almost daily recitations, repeated tests and quizzes, and semi-annual examinations. We require attendance at classes and have a marking system with quarterly reports. These various forms of stimuli, prodding and goading the reluctant student, are almost unknown abroad, where very few pursue a higher education unless they really want higher learning and are ready to work for it under their own initiative. However, it is not only in method but in the curriculum that the non-professional student in our colleges makes his presence felt. For the benefit of those who have no vocational or intellectual interest in their education, courses have been evolved to meet, not necessarily the true needs, but too often the wishes of these young dilettanti who are rather apt to be on the outlook for something easy and diverting.

Both method and curriculum are also profoundly influenced by

the other element I have referred to, those devoid of an intellectual background in the home. For the benefit of this group, relatively new in American colleges, new and more elementary courses must be offered, and others modified, in a way that would not be necessary where certain mental experiences could be taken for granted. The high schools, which furnish most of such students to our colleges, are necessarily even more hampered by their earlier deficiencies, and their teachers testify to the steady lowering of the standards they can maintain when the classes are filled with young immigrants or the children of immigrants imperfectly equipped with even one language. They find it quite impossible to carry the course of instruction as far as in a French *Lycée* or in a German *Gymnasium*, where a more homogeneous body of students can go faster and reach a higher mental development by the time they are eighteen or nineteen, and ready for the university. Consequently our colleges have to do the work of the last two years of the best European schools, and cover ground that would already have been covered in a more highly civilized and more homogeneous community. They cannot and should not make the training for the professions their chief business, and must form the curriculum with a view to giving culture to those who have no foundation for it, and breadth of view to those whose mental horizon might otherwise be limited by Wall Street reports and the latest make of automobile.

It is a remarkable comment on this supposedly practical nation of ours that our colleges have gone in for training for life in general instead of for a particular job, and so are much less utilitarian than any European university whose aim is mainly vocational, like our graduate schools. This introduction of a period of four years of general education between school and university training has many admirable features, especially for those whose education would otherwise end at eighteen, but it involves the serious drawback of a rather indefinite goal for the student, and so results in a less serious effort to reach it. In Europe, on the other hand, the university student's whole career may depend upon his performance in an examination, and if he is ambitious, he works with feverish intensity, just as do our students of medicine and law in an atmosphere of reality that trans-

forms overnight the college loafer into the grind of the professional school. But where general mental growth is the goal, we find only apathy, because its meaning and value are not really understood or properly presented, and the intellectual curiosity that leads to study for the sheer joy of learning something new is an even rarer commodity here than among older civilizations. The work consequently is done without enthusiasm and the general attitude is that of just meeting the requirements with as little effort as possible. Thus the type of curriculum needed by our non-professional students tends to produce a mental state which still further influences the spirit and method of the teaching.

But an even more remarkable result of the seemingly aimless and unreal nature of the curriculum is seen in the amazing interest taken in extra-curriculum activities organized by the students themselves. These absorbing occupations are the direct result of a situation created by our mixed population, prosperity, democratic ideals and national temperament. The majority of our students reach college at an age when they are beginning to crave something practical, and yet, as we have seen, their future careers or home background, or both, require several more years of general education before they are ready to enter strictly professional schools, or the life of affairs with a well rounded preparation for its fullest enjoyment. These students must make up for deficiencies in language and literature at an age when the serious problems of life begin to be encountered. It is not then at all surprising that they should instinctively regard the pursuit of something so indefinite as hardly a red-blooded job, and we begin to understand why they have evolved an elaborate miniature world of affairs to satisfy this natural craving for experiencing life. Our extra-curriculum activities are as essentially American as is our democracy. They are practically unheard of on the Continent of Europe, and only faintly represented in the "sports" of the English universities. Their multiplicity and their absorbing interest for undergraduates has often been discussed, but what is far more significant is the spirit in which they are undertaken. This spirit is what makes them so typically American and differentiates them so sharply from the sports of an English university. I mean the spirit of success

first and foremost, the spirit that makes captains of industry, successful politicians, advertising and efficiency experts, promoters and specialists in salesmanship. As a nation we worship dash and enterprise, and the college of student activities, within the college of books, is marvellously calculated to develop those qualities. It is as rigorous in its exactions, as ruthless in its judgments, as severe in its penalties as any faculty of the strictest professional school. The spirit of play is not the moving force. It is hard work from beginning to end. Started, presumably, as a form of recreation, the various activities have gradually become the really serious business of undergraduate life, and failure to participate in them to the limit of one's ability means social ostracism. The student who avails himself of all the intellectual opportunities the College offers and only practices some sport for health and recreation is regarded as selfish. "He is doing nothing for the College," is the verdict, even if years later his name, as an alumnus, may be one of its proudest boasts.

Under this system, many so-called sports become a joyless drudgery, while "heeling" a college paper is as strenuous as is any tense competition in after life for some coveted position. Even the secret societies whose original aim was mainly friendly social intercourse take on the inflexible aspect of the social strata of a modern city, and produce the same kind of group consciousness.

If, however, we admit that the real purpose of a college, especially in a democracy like ours, is the spread of culture, it seems like inefficiency to introduce into the educational menu a sauce so highly spiced that all the more nourishing dishes become flat and tasteless by comparison. Our students who introduced this ingredient are getting out of it just what they want, but are they the best judges? There is indeed no doubt that our young graduates are far more ready to cope with the world of affairs, because of their experience as managers, captains, editors, etc., than are their less sophisticated cousins abroad whose simpler undergraduate career has kept them more youthful, and ingenuous; but compared on the mental plane, or on the basis of cultivation, our young people are hopelessly outclassed, and seem very immature in all that involves the world of ideas and thought

beside their foreign cousins. These latter, on the Continent, with almost no extra-curriculum interests,—too few, in fact,—have used their leisure in reading and in exchanging ideas at the café or the club, an indoor sport that reacts very favorably upon the laboratory and the classroom, instead of setting up a counter attraction so compelling as football or inter-fraternity relations. Thus it seems that the spirit with which our students approach their sports and other undergraduate interests results in more harm than good, for if one must make a choice between the training that comes from a miniature world within the college,—which after all could be better acquired in actual experience after graduation,—or the developing and expanding of the mind at a time when it is most ready for such a process, there is little doubt which should be preferred.

In spite of the handicaps I have mentioned,—the lack of definite purpose, inadequate early training, and the too absorbing character of undergraduate interests,—our colleges are surprisingly successful in the forming of character and in meeting the demands of a life of action. This is because they are so intensely American, perhaps more so than any other of our institutions, and have grown naturally and logically with their environment. But this is not enough. True education should go further than satisfying the immediate demands of the people. It should aim to elevate those demands and should keep well beyond the actual horizon of those it educates. Such an aim does not involve a radical change in the spirit of the American college, nor the adoption of European methods, but it does mean first a clear understanding of what we are about, and then a conscious effort to modify and alter whatever may not be working toward the best interests of education.

If, as I have tried to show, a majority of our students go to college without a definite purpose, and if a very large percentage of them come from homes where books and ideas do not flourish, it seems evident that every effort should be made to humanize both groups during those precious years before it is too late. For many of them it is their only chance, and, for all, the enriching of the mind should be made to assume the proportions of a purpose as definite as that of any vocational training. The first

two years of the college course, which are substantially equivalent to the last two of a French *Lycée* or an English public school, should have this as their chief aim, and a deliberate effort should be made to make true culture more and more attainable for all capable of receiving it, instead of leaving it to the possession of a privileged few. This programme differs from the present theory mainly in emphasis and in deliberate intent, with a clear understanding of the needs of the type of young person we are dealing with.

One might indeed almost argue from the great number of our colleges and their enrolled students that a spread of culture was already being achieved, but unfortunately instead of holding this aim steadfastly before the students our educators are only too apt to modify their curricula and methods to meet, not the *needs* but the ill-considered *wishes*, of their clients; as if a surgeon should act on his patient's suggestions during an operation instead of following the dictates of his own experience.

To consider some of the details of this programme of emphasizing the cultural ideal, one of the most serious needs of the modern type of American student is a knowledge of English. I do not refer to the needs of foreign born students, or even of those with foreign born parents, but to the perfectly good Americans who come from homes where books are unknown and who have been reared on the movies and the literature of the Sunday Supplement. Not only are they unable to speak or write their own language correctly, but they do not understand it when it is spoken with precision, and are quite incapable of reading a page of any but the easiest kind of fiction. It is positively cruel to put a serious work into their hands and expect them to understand it and recite upon it without further assistance, while the professor who likes to use what his class would call high-brow language in his lectures, without resorting to colloquialisms and simplified paraphrases, finds that he is talking over their heads. They actually do not understand what he is saying.

What is the remedy? Obviously English, and plenty of it, in the form of grammar, themes, literature and public speaking, and, second only in importance, enough of those languages from which English is derived to develop a knowledge of words and

expression that can only be gained by an understanding of Latin and French, with German and the rudiments of Greek added if possible. The necessity of some knowledge of Latin as a foundation for all serious reading or writing seems to me so important that I wish it might be required of every college student before he could take a degree in any department whatever from Bachelor of Arts to Bachelor of Finance, if such a degree should ever exist.

Next in importance to a thorough training in his own language and its literature come history and the literatures of other nations, all of which should be required as an essential element in this humanizing and broadening process. Economics and the elements of the more fundamental sciences should also find a place among the required studies, thus leaving little or no room for electives beyond the choice between the sciences and the branches of literature and history taught in the second year.

There is nothing really new in such a plan, except that it combines the required curriculum feature of a past generation with the teaching of modern subjects by modern methods. It would however give a new point of view to both the teacher and the pupil, and the latter should reach a mental maturity well beyond that attained under our present looser and more aimless system.

At the end of two years, say at the age of twenty, the college student should then be ready to begin his vocational, or at any rate his pre-vocational, training. Four years of the pursuit of culture is too long, considering the material we are dealing with, and the increasing stress of business and professional life. Therefore the junior and senior years should be made up of courses leading to some specific career. This again is nothing new, except for the horizontal cleavage between vocational and general studies, which I am advocating instead of the present vertical alignment, in which courses in the Humanities and in highly technical subjects may be taken simultaneously, a practice quite common in the upper undergraduate classes of our universities. That such an arrangement is bad, is the testimony of many teachers who have tried in vain to awaken interest in the Humanities in the face of the keen competition of really technical courses. As soon as the student begins actual preparation for his life work, all else pales by comparison. It does not work to

run two such different standards and methods as the cultural and vocational side by side.

Dealing with the question of how to reduce the overwhelming absorption of our students in the extra-curriculum activities to reasonable proportions, is more difficult. During the second half of the college course the fact that the classroom work would be similar to that of our graduate schools should result in a diminished attention to organized athletics and similar distractions; but the earlier years would still be complicated by the rival claims of sports, publications, dramatic and musical organizations, and these would naturally survive in a measure throughout the course. All these interests are admirable when undertaken in the right spirit, and not driven to the excess we see today, and it would naturally be the aim of all educators to develop that reasonable spirit toward them which goes with real recreation and sport for sport's sake. Revive the true love of play in the place of purposeless loafing or joyless "activities" and the problem is solved.

The changes I have proposed with a view to answering some of the questions raised by a study of the more outstanding differences between our colleges and the universities of Europe may be summarized as follows: The two first years to be devoted to general courses in the Humanities designed to meet the needs of the majority of American students. The last two years to be planned to satisfy the natural craving of most young people over twenty years of age for studies of a practical nature, and to shorten the period of preparation for the professions. These two programmes to be distinct in order to emphasize their purpose and so avoid a conflict between their necessarily different aims and methods. Finally the peculiarly American problem of extra-curriculum activities to be met by a determined effort to develop a more genuine recreational spirit and a more just sense of values among the students. Such changes could be made, I believe, without seriously altering the essential character of our colleges, but in any case, changes are desirable when indicated by changed conditions, and by a clearer perception of the influences that have made the American college as it is today so essentially different from the universities of Europe.

HENRY A. PERKINS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DARNED FOOL

BY MITCHELL BRONK

It was one of the revelations of the war time from which we have recently emerged, the fact brought out by the investigations of that war time, that a majority of us, at any rate of our fellow creatures, are not nearly so intelligent as we should be, as we thought we were. Still, we had known it all along, as well as Shakespeare's Puck: "What fools these mortals be!" But it was quite another proposition to have the truth set down in black and white; that is, in the merciless figures and statistical tables with which our governmental and professional psychologists confronted us. We had been complacently shutting our eyes to a whole lot of things. That the average man lacks average horse sense was one of them. That war time was an eye-opener in this respect also.

It is unnecessary to repeat the figures. They have been given the widest sort of publicity by the press, both popular and scientific. Indeed so much has been said of the results of the numerous "intelligence tests" that have been carried on by official and private investigators,—even Mr. Edison has been trying his hand at it,—and especially about that evidently fair testing of a million and a half drafted men, that many a decent citizen has lain awake nights, disquieted in mind, wondering just where he comes in: Is he a moron, or merely feeble-minded, or an ordinary fool, or simply stupid, or passably bright, or maybe of the intelligentsia? We had the swelled heads of maturity, or of old age, the most of us, and here come along these people declaring that one-half of us never have and never will develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a twelve years old child. We feel like saying, if that is all that evolution can do for a fellow, why shouldn't we join the ranks of the Fundamentalists and Mr. Bryan, and give Evolution also our curses and kicks?

Seriously, however, the fact of general mental incompetence

has an important as well as interesting bearing upon our daily contact with our fellows. It must be taken into account in all our affairs and social intercourse. The man with whom I am dealing or associating may not be a moron, or in Division I, II, or III, of the Fool Class, but I must always reckon with the possibility that he is. So I will be guarded against many disappointments, misplaced confidences, and useless endeavours; will spare myself many profound sayings; will not be forever casting my metaphorical precious pearls before metaphorical swine; will live a happier, more useful and efficient life; or if, on the other hand, I prefer to live the other kind of life, will more wisely go about the business of deceiving, cheating, and robbing my brother men. There is a saying of Schiller's, "Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious."

Take the gold brick expert, the peddler of worthless mining and oil stock, the thirty-per-cent.-on-your-money promoter; they all work their game through a shrewd understanding of this truth, which so many of us honest Christians and Jews disregard. That is why we call them sharpers. It was good news to them, the word of the psychologists that the world is full of suckers; they didn't know there were so many! We others keep repeating, as a sort of Coué formula, Abraham Lincoln's half-truthful saying about the difficulty of fooling "the people"—and they get us and our money. It is civic blasphemy to speak the names of Lincoln and Barnum in the same breath, but still P. T. Barnum understood the kidney of his fellow creatures fairly well, and became famous and rich by assuming that there are lots of people who are not overbright and are, therefore, gullible.

The professional wizards are always with us. They seem to make a living; many of them have savings bank accounts. The artists who for hire pry into the future; tell us things that not even God Himself knows; read our fortunes, offhand or from the hand or from the inside of a glass ball; hypnotize us with their colored turbans and garbled Hindoo phrases; point out magical medicine-less, operation-less roads to health and easy streets to salvation;—their stock in trade is mostly the childish simplicity of grown men and women.

I shall never forget several conversations—for her they were

confessions—that I had with a fat, good natured old lady who dispensed clairvoyance for many years not far from that famous center of light and learning, the New York Public Library. Her profession was for her half honest and half humbug, but empirical psychology had for her no unsounded depths. She told me of the kind of people who frequented her studio and related no end of interesting experiences that had befallen her, giving away, incidentally, some tricks of her trade. Finally, when I inquired point blank how she "did it", she answered: "I used to wonder how, myself; but I don't any longer, for I have learned what a large number of fools there are in the world, anyhow here in New York, eager to be fooled and willing handsomely to pay you for doing it." The woman has retired now, I am happy to state, and is enjoying a comfortable old age in a pretty little villa over in North New Jersey somewhere; but a multitude of her successors are still playing the game. The writers of advertisements, taken as a whole, are as honest a craft as one will find anywhere; they know that in their trade honesty is emphatically the best policy. But they play constantly, as indeed does everyone who has anything to do with selling goods, upon the general stupidity of prospective customers. The suggestion of the advertisement must never be obscure or recondite. The advertising man must not only put his stuff across, but must put it into the heads of a large number of people whose craniums are thick and dense. A great advertising specialist has asserted that every successful advertisement must be comprehensible by children. "If the child misses the appeal of your words or picture, then thousands of grown men and women will," he would say in lecturing his office force. There again is that forty-five per cent. of the statisticians; forty-five per cent. of the hundred million estimated, who intellectually will never be older than twelve years.

It is unnecessary to bring this matter to the attention of teachers; they know too much about it already. It is the joke, burden, and tragedy of their profession. In elementary schools it mixes things all up, for here the teacher has a composite class, of near-imbeciles and the brilliant minded and everything between, and they must all be instructed together. Happily, some communities are beginning to recognize how unintelligently they

too have acted in this respect, and are providing separate classes or schools for weak-minded and backward children. But it is still one of the big problems in education. Colleges pick their students, or are supposed to, and one would think that the task of a college instructor, dealing as he does with the intellectual élite, would be vastly easier than that of the elementary teacher. But it seems that it isn't. There are the entrance examinations; and sometimes they are pretty stiff; but, oh, how many numskulls sift through them! And sift through the four years of a college course, one might add. Talking about it, a president said to me, "We put in the gold and there comes out the calf." The professor of French in an American college, one given high rank by the Carnegie Foundation, was showing me a bundle of examination papers that he had been looking over. There were humourous things in those papers, but other things that were actually pitiful, such amazing stupidity did they reveal. And yet the young men who wrote them had been studying French, not usually regarded as a difficult language, four and five years; two years in expensive fitting schools, with native teachers, and then here in this college. "Would you think it?" was the professor's only but despairing comment. How some people can mark examination papers and come out of it with a clear conscience, we wonder! They doubtless are of the opinion, as we all are now-a-days, that other things besides intelligence adorn a college. Anyhow, the scholastic stupidities of our college students afford decidedly available material for comic papers and funny columnists. Another professor, professor in a big university, said: "What troubles me most is not that some of my students finish a course deplorably ignorant of the subject, but that some of them do not even know what it was all about."

The school boy and the college student, as well as some of their parents, will be ready with the rejoinder that the fault is not all on one side; that if Jack is a dull boy, or even a dunce, his teacher is another. It is only too true—sometimes; as school boards and principals and college trustees and presidents know to their grief.

Text books on public speaking never fail to proffer the counsel, "Don't underestimate the intelligence of your audience." The

very contrary of this should be advised. If the public speaker does not "talk down" to his audience, it will very likely get up and go out; at least not come again. If the preacher or lecturer cannot dismount from his high horse of learning and culture in addressing an ordinary company of listeners, he must not expect his audiences to be more than mere handfuls. In any large town, to be sure, the "intellectual" preacher will be able to gather an abundant congregation of his own kind; but the great crowds that fill Sunday after Sunday many huge church auditoriums all over England and America are addressed by men who pour forth, with intense energy, be it said, torrents of what their highbrow critics regard as religious bunk: religion expressed in the terms of platitude, slang, kindergarten talk, and sentimental story. Perhaps it is all that; but it is the level and limit of the average "popular" congregation. They like it, come again, and bring their friends with them, as visitors to provincial small cities are urged to do by roadway signs. Most preachers who will make honest confession and who have any skill in reading an audience will tell you that in half their sermonizing what they say may reach God and the angels but certainly passes over the heads rather than into the minds of their hearers. A distinguished professor of homiletics advises his students to preach many sermons to children, for through them one always reaches the adults of the congregation.

Right here lay much of the secret of Emerson's popularity as a teacher of philosophy. "Profound commonplaces," someone has called the paragraphs that he gathered into what he named "Essays". He adapted those essays to an intelligence that was certainly not above the average. The philosophers of the schools are contemptuously amused when we speak of Emerson; but high school boys and girls read him gladly. So too Longfellow will always be the popular American poet, because the most of his verse was written, intentionally or not, with that forty-five per cent. of the population who are mentally below par in mind.

All this may be said over again anent journalism and story writing. There will always be, thank God!—or let us hope—enough intelligent and superintelligent people in the world to warrant the publication of *The Boston Transcript* and such papers

as *The New York Evening Post* used to be, but those people will never be more than a small minority; so why should we worry and grow pessimistic because so many of our friends and fellow townspeople prefer morning and evening newspapers that impress us as being common of the common? Or why should it be a great wonder to us that fictionists like Laura Jean Libbey and Harold Bell Wright outclass writers like Henry James and William Dean Howells as best sellers? The photoplay that you chance to see is undoubtedly low in the sense of inane, and wearies you before half unrolled; but you can learn from the looks of two-thirds the people around you in the theatre that it is not too low for them, that for many of them it is high art—as high dramatic art as they are able to attain.

Incompetence is largely unintelligence, and in this unintelligence the most of the mistakes, disasters, and various other troubles of the workaday life have their origin. Factory superintendents tell us how difficult it is to train new help in the simplest mechanical operations or to do things in the right way; of the wasted material and broken machinery, to say nothing of the loss of life and limb, for which the stupidity of workmen is responsible. We shudder to think how our lives are hourly at the mercy of woeful thickheadedness as we are carried about and down and up in the various vehicles of modern transportation. In the shop where we purchase the necessities and luxuries of life we endure tiresome delays and in the end get the wrong article, or have to pay for it twice, because so many of the service people of those shops are children in intelligence. If we "go to law", mayhap our legal affairs will be scrambled worse than eggs ever are by the sheer obtuseness of the lawyer to whom we in our own obtuseness entrusted them. Nor do we fare any better at the hands of the fool of a physician, if ours happens to be such, and thank our lucky stars if we recover from the illness or injury alive and tolerably whole. It makes one long for the day when Rossum's Universal Robots shall get to doing things for us. They have brains, if no souls!

Or consider bureaucracy, our all too numerous public servants high and low, entrusted with business that vitally involves our welfare and happiness. Their shortcomings and inadequacy are

commonly attributed to their dishonesty and greed, but more often are due to Simon Pure simplemindedness. In legislative halls they enact laws profoundly nonsensical; in courts pronounce decrees and decisions that make both the angels and the demons weep; and in a thousand bureaus of town, city, and State ceaselessly exasperate us by the things that they are supposed to know and do but don't. Why should we blame anyone, by the way, for the unreasonable intricacies and amazing queerness of the income tax laws? The people responsible for them just didn't know any better.

Watch a trolley car or subway or elevated train discharge and take on passengers in New York or any large city. As a rule these two transactions are carried on in such a way that the entering crowd jams itself against those who are coming out of the car, to the delay, discomfort, and sometimes injury of all concerned. Time and again I have asked officials and employees of these lines of travel why the passengers could not pass out through the front and enter by the rear doors, simultaneously, as is done on most railroads. I never get an answer, unless a dull look of incomprehension and wonderment be regarded as such. Again, there is the little, insignificant matter of our copper coins. Why can we not have, as we have been clamouring for years to have, two- and three-cent coppers, and so be spared the bother of going down twice or thrice into our trousers pocket when we buy a newspaper or when a collection plate passes by? Why, because someone has not sense enough to give them to us. Or why are buttons still sewed upon our coats with perishable thread, as our grandmothers did it? Or why are not puncture proof automobile tires manufactured? Or why don't the writers of our jazz music give more variety to their productions? Or, even, why doesn't the plumber bring his tools with him to a job? For the same reason—because so many people are, frankly, darned fools. Yet I keep these words of Oliver Goldsmith in mind: "Were I to be angry at men being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?"

We are living in a heyday of democracy. All the world now

accepts the rule of the people as the correct thing in government. Our faith in democracy, nevertheless, suffers many a severe strain by being reminded of Demos's insistent stupidity. Accordingly we are inclined to say, Why, yes, it would be a splendid arrangement, would this government of, by, and for the people, if only the people had more sense!

I am not a pessimist. Things are better than they used to be; are always better than they used to be. But there is big room for improvement. We and our neighbours and the world must strive to become at least ordinarily sagacious; or a little better than that. If only our first parents in Eden had eaten their fill of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, instead of simply taking a bite or two! But as they did not, we ourselves must work out our own salvation from the sin of witlessness.

We can never accomplish this advancement by education. It helps, but is altogether inadequate. Education and intelligence are not all at one and the same thing. "Educated fools" is an ancient byword. But I am prescribing no remedy, suggesting no correctives for stupidity; merely stating the problem, deploring the fact of its universality.

It may be wondered why, instead of entitling this discussion, *The Problem of the Fool*, the inelegant expression *Darned Fool* has been used. Well, because we feel that way about it. Whether he be a natural born fool or a fool of his own volition, whether he be our own self or the other man, he brings about and upon us, as has been seen, much toil and trouble, and we voice our resentment with that mildest word in profane language, "darned".

MITCHELL BRONK.

MICHAEL THE PASTOR

BY ROBERT WITHINGTON

In these days of the deification of Labour, it is fitting to turn to a Prophet who, a century ago and more, preached the delights of the Land—to whom the "simple annals of the poor" were of far greater interest than the chronicles of kings. The labourer has become a lord, the *ouvrier* omnipotent, the *arbeiter* an arbiter, since Wordsworth wrote; but the sordid and the commonplace are with us yet.

I

When we think of a pastoral poem, our minds go back to Theocritus and Virgil, to the eclogues of the Romans and the idylls of the Greeks; to the Italian and French descendants of these types, and, above all, to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the first great pastoral poem in our language. It is not necessary to review the history of the pastoral in English before the publication of *Michael* in 1800: this form of art took various shapes in Elizabethan days at the hands of Sidney, Greene, Peele, Lyly, and Lodge—not to mention other writers of their time; it sometimes appeared clothed in prose, sometimes in verse, sometimes in semi-dramatic form, and even invaded the drama itself in such plays as *As You Like It.*

A "pastor" is, of course, a shepherd; but pastoral poetry—while primarily poetry about shepherds—soon became more inclusive. It dealt with people who were interested in the field life of the shepherds, with people who had no sheep to tend, but wished they had. And so, in their poetry they pretended they had—and they gave themselves conventional names and idealized an existence which, in reality, does not lack a sordid element. The non-dramatic pastorals breathed forth a rarefied odor of new-mown hay, of brilliant flowers, of blossoming shrubs. Soft lights shine on gentle slopes; zephyrs murmur in the trees; Colin

Clout joins Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon. . . . When the shepherds sit on the grassy knolls there are no snakes, no insects, no mosquitoes; no mud soils their garments, no rocks scratch their slippers, no biting winds make them shiver. If a storm comes, they can abandon their surroundings and seek shelter from the elements:

> But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
> And stouping Phœbus steepes his face:
> Yts time to hast us homeward.

They are as carefree as is the chorus of a light opera, which sings its *Brown October Ale* regardless of the sleet outside the theatre, dancing under a painted forest which rain cannot harm, in silken hose untouched by the unpleasant slush of reality. If some bitter blast strike the shepherd, it comes from the cold heart of his mistress—and he finds a keen pleasure in voicing his woes with sweetly modulated minor chords:

> Therewith affrayed, I ranne away:
> But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
> A shaft in earnest snatched,
> And hit me running in the heele:
> For then I little smart did feele,
> But soone it sore encreased;
> And now it ranckleth more and more,
> And inwardly it festreth sore,
> Ne wote I how to cease it.'
> 'Thomalin, I pittie thy plight
> Perdie with Love thou diddest fight . . .

And if, in Arcadia, life is not all "singing, and shouting, and jolly chere,"—if "Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste, And after Winter dreerie death does hast,"—even decomposition is poetic—in Arcadia.

II

The story of *Michael* is not laid in Arcadia. Wordsworth never went there, and he never cared to go. Michael himself lived in Grasmere; the ruins of the Sheepfold were known to the poet, and the story he tells was founded on something which actually happened. Wordsworth was not, of course, the first writer of pastorals to desert the Watteau shepherds—realism

had existed, ironical with Gay, pessimistic and oppressive with Crabbe. Like Crabbe, and perchance Goldsmith, he cast no romantic glamour about the hero and heroine of his poem, though *Michael* lacks the tender melancholy of *The Deserted Village*. Aged shepherds may, to be sure, be found in the older pastorals, but which of them had "one foot in the grave"? And if there were few elderly shepherdesses, there were also few married ones. Many readers find the element of uncertainty and doubt which exists until a mistress accepts her lover an essential of the "romantic"; and perhaps because they think of the love in the older pastorals as too ephemeral, or rather let us say too spiritual, to be tied down to marriage vows, and certificates, and laws, they feel that the married love of Michael and Isabel is less romantic than Astrophel's for Stella. Who would harness a butterfly? Can we imagine Colin and Rosalind ready to "give their bodies to the family mould"? No; for in the older pastoral, "the name of friend is more than family," and the ties are more intellectual, more passionate, than the family ties celebrated by Wordsworth—or rather they are less prosaic, less (dare one say?) *bourgeois*.

In the older pastorals, the fathers were kept in the background. Of course they existed; but the poets regarded the shepherds and shepherdesses as bright beings, without thinking how they came into existence. Family cares were not subjects for poetry —a cold mistress, a wound of Cupid's arrow, these are other matters. What ardent young suitor thinks of the butcher's bills as he presses his adored one to his heart?

The love of parent for child was not the love of which the older pastorals sang. Emotion enough there was, but it concerned another type of love. We must not forget that however lowly the shepherds were, they were (in Elizabethan days) not peasants. They were susceptible and refined, they could feel subtly—in short, they were noble, even if they mowed hay or milked cows. Indeed, it was the latter which made them "romantic" to the Court circle of the times (for it is as romantic to milk cows if you are used to conversing with kings, as it is to converse with kings if you are used to milking cows. That is "romantic" which is removed from the day's work by space or time: the Italian

peasant, Buffalo Bill, the fifteenth century, are all romantic to us —but Buffalo Bill was perhaps not a romantic figure to the cowboy). If these swains and milkmaids remind us of the farm, it is of the model farm—where the dairy is spotless, and the stalls without a germ. We are dealing, in the older pastorals, not with Michaels and Lukes, but with Thomalins, Palinodes, and Astrophels.

And yet, Michael has something in common with Astrophel—for did he not dwell in the Evening Star, and did he not love it? It is harder to find similarities than differences between the two kinds of pastoral—and Michael wrote no sonnets to his Stella! His Star was his home—not the wife of another man. . . .

The fact that *Michael* is written in blank verse need not detain us. It is not the meter which the older poets would have chosen for their pastorals, and it often leads Wordsworth dangerously near the commonplace. But his is the pastoral of the commonplace—of Easedale, not of Arcady.

Who can imagine the earlier shepherds victims of financial difficulties? Poor Spenser knew poverty well enough, but Colin did not put his name to a note. There is, however, nothing essentially unpoetic in the idea of money, any more than in that of a steam engine (out of which Kipling has made poetic capital) or the Chicago stock-yards. Michael finds himself in somewhat the same situation as did Antonio when he sought the aid of Shylock; and Prospero was dispossessed, and Rosalind and Celia were not burdened with wealth when they wandered into the Forest of Arden. Poverty (not want) is more "romantic" than wealth,—but financial dealings are too practical for poetry. Witness Richard Bateman, to whom a bank came to mean more than the edge of a stream:

> He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
> They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
> And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors bought
> A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
> And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
> Went up to London, found a master there . . .
> . . . grew wondrous rich,
> And left estates and monies to the poor

> And, at his birthplace, built a chapel, floored
> With marble which he sent from foreign lands.
> These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
> Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel
> And her face brightened.

An eminently practical passage—but in Arcady they were not always practical. In Elizabethan verse, one did not ask who paid the swains and milkmaids for cutting grass or churning butter; and instead of suggesting the pay envelope at the end of a forty-eight-hour week, Spenser shows them gathering flowers and filling baskets:

> Before them yode a lusty Tabrere
> That to the many a Horne-pype playd
> Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.

The Elizabethan pastoral—written with a keen sympathy for shepherds—was not supercilious, even if it was unreal. The Areopagus did not look down on the country-people—those that it created, at all events. Gay, later, waxed satirical; the pastoral proper, in the period of the Restoration, was insipid, unreal, and artificial, like the age. Later, at the hands of Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns, "the short and simple annals of the poor" took on a feeling and sympathy which prepared the way for Wordsworth. Even Colin might have sung responsive to his Rosalind at Sweet Auburn in its palmy days, and neither Isabel nor Michael would have hesitated to entrust Luke to the care of the nameless schoolmaster.

Wordsworth wrote with a desire to tell straightforwardly a tale of his neighbourhood; the Areopagus rather sought to exercise their poetic pens. Wordsworth felt the tragedy he knew—the others enjoyed the sentiments of their creations. Spenser and Sidney masqueraded as shepherds under assumed names—and in doing so, they lent to their peasants the graces of the courtier. Wordsworth could not masquerade—nor did he seek to; his sympathy was not for a creation of his own, nor was his pen working out an artistic "exercise." Both Spenser and Wordsworth had a grave moral aim in their verse, and both felt a sincere sympathy with the people of their pastorals—but the matter of these pastorals was as far apart as are the poles.

III

In a sub-title Wordsworth describes his poem as a "pastoral"—but in the poem itself he gives it another name:

> It was the first
> Of those domestic tales that spake to me
> Of shepherds, ... men
> Whom I already loved; not verily
> For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
> Where was their occupation and abode.

Spenser did not write "domestic tales"—and one feels that this poem of Wordsworth's is, after all, a pastoral only because it deals with a shepherd's family. The spirit of the poem would hardly have been changed if Michael had been a farmer or a villager. Spenser loved nature, but his emphasis is at least as much on manner as it is on matter; Wordsworth—earnest and serious—puts his emphasis on matter, and his manner suffers. Insofar as the Devonshire poems of Barnes and the novels of Hardy deal with shepherds, they may be called "pastoral"; and the Wessex tales which tell domestic stories of shepherds carry on the Wordsworth tradition. Goldsmith and Crabbe told "domestic tales" which did not deal with shepherds; Spenser and the others told of shepherds, though they did not write "domestic tales." In *Michael*, Wordsworth unites the material of Spenser (that is, shepherds) with the spirit of Crabbe, or Cowper, or of Goldsmith. In this union, the material is changed (as it must of necessity be changed); the shepherd becomes a homely figure rather than a romantic one: he is a man who

> Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep
> And for the land, his small inheritance.

Who owned the land where Palinode and Piers stood as they watched the Mayday revels, concerns us little, or whether the owner inherited it or acquired it by purchase. Wordsworth is careful to let us know that, on the death of Isabel, "three years, or a little more" after that of Michael,

> the estate
> Was sold, and went into a stranger's hands.

Another practical detail quite un-Arcadian.

Chiefly because the scene was laid, not in Arcady but in Grasmere; because the peasants are real, not "romantic"; because the tale is domestic, and the love therein that of husband for wife, of parents for child; because the poem deals with commonplace people, and is written by one who was as much a philosopher as he was a poet, and no more a poet than he was critic and theorist, *Michael* shows novelty. Mr. E. C. Knowlton, whose scholarly and excellent paper on the novelty of *Michael* as a pastoral appeared in the *Publications* of the Modern Language Association for December, 1920, notes also the new attitude toward the use of the eclogue, in so far as it is autobiographical; he emphasizes the dignity of the style, which is almost Biblical at times, and the revelation of the noble feelings of a man of lowly station.

But the chief question raised by the poem is this: Is the commonplace unpoetical? Wordsworth thought it was not, and Mr. Knowlton suggests that he was right. If some of the passages recall the Bible—"in fact," says Mr. Knowlton, "from the moral earnestness and delicate naturalness of *Michael*, one might be reading a story companion to those of Ruth, Joseph, or especially, Abraham and Isaac"—some others are prose in meter. The poem illustrates the strength of Wordsworth, but also his weakness; and if simplicity was reproduced, the language was often too simple—or rather too commonplace—for true poetry. The commonplace can be treated poetically, but when the poetry therein is found, the commonplace ceases to exist. Mr. Knowlton notes that the poem is reducible "to the simple presentation of a real man". If, however, "no such character had appeared in pastoral before,"—if "the conventions of pseudo-paganism and the literary purpose and artifice of certain work of classical antiquity were inadequate for the introduction of a real man,"—should one not change his definition of pastoral? Ought a pastoral, as we understand it, to portray "real men"? Astrophel and Cuddie and Hobbinol are not real men—granted; but when one speaks of a pastoral, it is they who come to mind rather than Michael, who seems rather to be the hero of a "domestic tale" than of a pastoral poem.

Wordsworth calls his poem a pastoral, and Mr. Knowlton shows wherein the novelty of this pastoral consists. But is not

the element of artificialty almost inherent in the pastoral, as we accept the term? Is it not almost a conventional poem by definition? Emotion there is in this poem of Wordsworth's, but it is not that of the earlier pastoral, which, though artificial, is not commonplace. If we grant that such a production as *Michael* is a "pastoral", another question is raised: Is the new an advance upon the old? Here we enter into the realm of taste, and each reader must answer for himself.

In invading the field of the pastoral, the human shepherd has driven out the artificial shepherd of the older literature. The labourer became a figure to reckon with in the poetry of the eighteenth century; he may dominate it before the twenty-first. But Cuddie and Thenot were poets, and Michael was inarticulate—he needed a poet to express his sensitiveness. We may be, as Carlyle says, poets if we read a poem well, if we understand what the poet is expressing, if we recognize our own thoughts in the beauty of another's phrase, and appreciate that beauty. But we are not poets if we are inarticulate, though we may have poetic tendencies if we are sensitive. The sordid, the commonplace, cannot be called poetry, unless (as here) they are transmuted into poetry by a poet. It is just now the fashion to deny poetry the element of artificiality; some would refuse the name to such a writer as Pope, at one time considered the leading poet of his age. On the other hand are those who, finding that the commonplace outweighs the beautiful, that simplicity has been carried too far, in this poem of Wordsworth's, would deny that it is a pastoral (as that term should be used), though they must admit that Michael was a "pastor,"

> And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
> And watchful more than ordinary men.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE oil scandal at Washington is bad, and may be worse. Let us for a moment assume the worst. Let us assume what is possible, but has not yet been proved, that it involves some actual corruption, more indiscretion, and still more blundering, entailing loss to the Government. Such things would be bad; but they would not be the worst of it. They would not be the worst of it, even if every rumour were a concrete charge, and every charge were proved to be true. There would be—indeed, there is—something immeasurably worse; something that is not merely the rumour of loose-tongued scandal-mongers, nor mere assumption for sake of argument, but actual, obvious, demonstrated fact. That is, that the purpose of the investigators—I mean, of course, the Senatorial investigators—seems often to be not so much to ascertain the truth, without fear or favour, as to shield members of their own political party and to attack and if possible to destroy members of the other party; and that even in the public press, and in popular conversation upon the subject, the paramount sentiment seems to be not abhorrence of the alleged crimes, but of solicitude lest the exposure injure this or that Presidential candidate, or of exultation over the impairment of some other candidate's prospects of nomination and election. It is not a quest and a demand for justice, but a game of party, even of factional, politics; which has been too greatly played not in the spirit of thoughtful men judiciously seeking the establishment of truth and justice, but in that of an insensate lynching mob, intent on the butchery of victims, regardless of their guilt or innocence. That is the most serious feature of the whole case. The nation can survive malfeasance in office, as it has frequently hitherto done. It could not long survive the general regarding of official malfeasance not from the point of view of patriotism and justice but from that of partisan or factional interest.

An eminent British statesman was subjected to unfavourable criticism, not so very long ago, because immediately after his retirement from high office he purposed to make literary merchandise of the special knowledge of governmental affairs which he had acquired during and by means of his public service. Recognizing the justice of the criticism, he abandoned the plan, which had promised him much profit. There was a widespread and strongly-expressed feeling that in that renunciation he pursued the course of honour. Recent occurrences and revelations have suggested the pertinence of raising a similar point in the case of high officials who leave the public service for private employment. Such a change of occupation is of course quite legal; with certain limitations concerning the character of employment, apparently applying to minor more than to major officials—after the manner of the net which caught the little fishes but let the big ones go. And such change is sometimes necessary for the official's own sake, in view of the small compensation made by the Government, and it is inevitable in case of the officials whose limited terms of service expire. But when a man for neither of those reasons retires from an important Government place, and at once, at an extraordinarily large remuneration, enters the service of a corporation which has dealings with the Government, and perhaps with that very department of it with which he was connected, an unpleasant impression is inevitably produced. Human nature being what it is, it is difficult to avoid the thought that he is thus employed in order that he may use the special knowledge of governmental affairs, or the personal influence with other government officials, which he acquired while in the Government's service, for the advantage of his new employers in their dealings with the Government, and thus in fact to the disadvantage of the Government of which he was recently a part. If a lawyer, after serving a corporation in a most confidential capacity, should suddenly transfer his services to a rival concern, for vastly higher fees, he could scarcely escape unpleasant suspicions. It is a pertinent question whether the existing law concerning private employment of former officials should not be made more comprehensive and stringent.

Seldom in human history has pernicious propaganda been more crushingly rebuked, or the courageous and righteous course of a great nation been more splendidly vindicated, than in the results thus far disclosed of the unofficial but tremendously authoritative American Commission in Germany. For the last two or three years the changes have been rung, with "damnable iteration", upon the manifest impossibility of Germany's paying anything like the reparations demanded of her, the monstrous iniquity and folly of France's occupation of the Ruhr, and the thousand times ten thousand pities that we were not mixed up in the affair, so that some clear-minded and impartial Americans could speak out for the relief of Germany and for the rebuke and condemnation of France. Well, at last General Dawes and his colleagues were sent over there to investigate and report on what should be done, —he the one man of all men whom all rational Americans were agreed was the best possible man for the job,—at which there was a confident chorus of "Now you'll see what wicked injustice has been done to poor, suffering Germany, and what fiends those militaristic and imperialistic Frenchmen are, and how they brought disaster by their lawless invasion of the Ruhr!" But what is the result? The full report of the Dawes Commission is not at this writing completed. But the two paramount and essential features, fundamental, salient and crowning, are so clear that General Dawes with characteristic directness has not hesitated to disclose them in advance. And they are to what effect? That Germany, flush with good foreign money, is perfectly well able to pay the reparations; and that France's occupation of the Ruhr was right and most beneficent. There are details, concerning a moratorium and a loan for Germany—of one-tenth the amount Germany has been asking—and the propriety of France's now relaxing economic occupation while still maintaining military occupation of the Ruhr. But the impregnable gist of the matter is that Germany has been trying to welsh, and that France has pursued the course of wisdom and of right.

Their best news for many a year has lately come from the colleges, particularly in the eastern part of the United States. It

is to the effect that as a result of the recent midyear examinations an unprecedentedly small number of students had to be dropped, particularly from the freshman classes. Some of the foremost colleges reported not one dropped, while in many the number was negligible. A larger proportion of second year men—and women—fell out, and of the third and fourth year classes the proportion of derelicts was about the same as formerly. The explanation is quite simple, and is most gratifying. Beginning in 1922, but much more in 1923, the colleges, to protect themselves from overcrowding, raised the standards of requirements for entrance, intellectually, morally and psychologically. Thousands were rejected who a year or two before would have been accepted without question—but who, at the first midyear examination, would have been dropped; or would themselves have grown weary and withdrawn. By this raising of standards, therefore the colleges not only kept the number of matriculants down to their capacity for taking care of them, but also assured the acceptance of the best students and the rejection of the least good. Obviously, this is for the good of all concerned; even of the rejected students, who have been saved the unsatisfactory experience of spending time and money in pursuing for a few weeks or months a course which they were unfitted to complete and from which they were compelled to retire. In former years, a college might be filled to capacity at the beginning of the year, but have many vacancies after the midyear examinations, while the instructors were subjected to the unsatisfactory circumstance of having pupils of greatly varying degrees of ability. Now the college remains full all through the year, with students of approximately uniform capacity. It is a great gain.

The mortuary centenary of Byron occurs in the very full flood tide of a modern poetical movement one of the cardinal principles of which is to regard his writings with contempt, as unworthy of the attention of Free Poets and Serious Minds. It may be that this is right. Omniscience is for the gods. Yet, very cautiously and deprecatorily, I find myself wondering if, in 2024, any of the output of Limehouse or Greenwich Village or even of Spoon River will be filling as large and influential a place in the

mental furnishings of the race, as the despised works of Byron do today. I suppose that, with of course the single exception of Shakespeare, there is no English poet—for all that, no poet of any land—whose words and phrases and images are more numerously and more frequently employed in the daily thoughts and speech and writing of the English-speaking race, than those of Byron. Nor, I may add, is there any who is more drawn upon for inspiration by other poets, even by those who affect to scorn his verse. When I hear such scorn made blatant, I am reminded of the good cleric who was inveighing against the worldly and sinful works of Shakespeare. "What," he demanded, "when your time comes to be summoned to 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,' what then will you think of the time you have worse than wasted in reading Shakespeare's plays?"

There was once a notion, widely prevalent, that the opening of a sea-level canal at Panama would let the Gulf Stream flow through into the Pacific Ocean, and thus transform Northwestern Europe into an uninhabitable Arctic wilderness. Fantastically absurd as it was, it was believed by many in both Europe and America, including scientists of generally high attainments. A slightly less but still formidable alteration by man of the great processes of nature is now actually observable, in its first stages, in Lake Michigan. Primarily for the purpose of flushing her sewers, the City of Chicago has constructed an artificial channel for conducting the waters of Lake Michigan into the Des Plaines River and thus into the Illinois and the Mississippi. Already, it is reported, so much water is thus diverted from its natural channel as to cause a serious shoaling of the harbors of the lower lakes and a reduction of the flow of the Niagara River, and now it is proposed so greatly to increase that diversion that actually more water will flow into the Mississippi than into the St. Lawrence. Obviously, this would be a very serious injury to the States fronting on the lower lakes and the St. Lawrence, as also, of course, to Canada, probably involving us in grave international complications. The public morality and the economic wisdom of such meddling with the conditions of nature are

extremely doubtful, particularly when the primary purpose of it is simply to enable a city to get rid of its sewage in the most shiftless, wasteful, filthy and detestable manner ever tolerated in a civilized land.

A most commendable effort is being made to correct the too rapidly multiplying errors and corruptions in English pronunciation, and to gain a larger measure of uniformity in the spoken language. Of this there is indeed sore need; far greater, I should say, than of spelling reform, which too often means deformity. Perhaps the greatest evil of speech today is the tendency toward what I may call a weakening of the vowel sounds, coupled with a disregard of many of those niceties of enunciation which contribute to the vocal colouring of the language. The long, full sounds of "a" and "o", and of final "us", are the chief sufferers from weakening. I am no advocate of "mouthing out hollow oes and aes"; but the loss to our speech from the abandonment of those orotund sounds may readily be perceived in listening for a moment to the utterance, in speech or song, of pure Castilian, in which those tones predominate. The worst of it is that this weakening of vowel sounds, and consequent loss of dignity, of vigor and of distinction, is a fault not merely or chiefly of the illiterate, but even more of those who possess education and profess culture.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WORLD CRISIS. Volume II, 1915. By the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Churchill's volumes upon the world crisis are notable exceptions to the rule that most war books—even the retrospective and would-be historical books—are simply overwhelming, quelling the normal emotions of interest by narratives of almost superhuman activities and more than human confusion of detail. The war is certainly the most interesting subject that any man can write about; yet more than half the books on the subject are a little more than the minds of merely mortal readers can be expected to bear. Heavy discourse, massive and numerous facts, doubtful conclusions, and a general impression of helplessness and horror, crowd upon the attention. But Mr. Churchill is one whose mind the great war has "touched to fine issues". He has written the record of a year of discouragements and lost opportunities in a style worthy of Thucydides.

The situation produced by the deadlock in the West called for extremely broad conceptions—conceptions which, in an affair of vast importance, could scarcely be generally comprehended, far less adopted without reservation, *in time to be of use*. This was the tragedy. Even the machinery was inadequate for the carrying out of the largest plans, and the men who were able and willing to execute them had not yet fully distinguished themselves from "the ranks of peace-time merit". *Tanks* were discouraged in their inception, and the effect of the first tanks was wasted in a premature demonstration. In order to further the production of the new engines of war, Churchill was obliged, as he admits, to exceed his authority. The slowness was terrible. "In February, 1916, Colonel Swinton, who was then serving on the Secretariat of the Committee of Imperial Defense, and had witnessed the early trials of the 'Mother Tank', set forth and printed in careful and accurate detail the plan of a tank battle on a great scale. In spite of this it took the High Command nearly two whole years more to learn to use tanks in the manner and conditions for which they were originally conceived. During the interval every conceivable mistake was committed which lack of comprehension could suggest."

It is easy to see now that the tanks might have been employed much earlier in the war, with an effect possibly decisive. It is easy to see that something of the sort was the logical move. Trench warfare had made attack unduly costly, and a "war of attrition" might prove nearly as exhausting to the victorious as to the defeated party. One of the few courses left open to strategy was to interpose some sort of barrier between the breast of the attacking soldier and the machine-gun bullets of the defender. The other alternative was

to turn the flank of the enemy position on a great scale—to turn it by diplomacy and by amphibious operations in the North Sea or at the Dardanelles. These were the two main lines of Churchill's thought.

Such considerations were often presented. They could be readily comprehended, but the difficulty was to evaluate them. The courage to act upon a very large general principle is in fact one of the rarest attributes of humanity. General principle, theory, is often the ruin of weak men, and so strong men are apt to distrust it. A really true and inclusive principle *looks* so much like a hasty generalization that the wisest are sometimes unable to draw the distinction. He who hesitates is susceptible to the temptation of "playing safe", and is frequently lost thereby. Practicality (not taking risks and looking to the details) commonly appears safer than theory. It is the part of the irony of the gods that this is untrue; for of all principles the theory that general principles must not be followed too far is the broadest and most questionable. Thus intelligence, the ability to take large views, waits on judgment, temperament, mood. And who can reconcile all these factors? The human element, the imperfections of human judgment, can not be eliminated. Great men are needed to do great things.

Was Mr. Churchill in reality the man of the hour, the God-appointed leader? He by no means implies such a thought. All that one can say for him, all that he would claim for himself, is that he saw some things more clearly than some other men and saw them sooner. Events appear very largely to have justified his views. No one, of course, realizes more keenly than he the crushing load of the responsibility which rested upon the men who guided the destinies of England during the war. It was Lord Fisher who said, "The one most awful thing in war is 'the careful man'." But it is not after all surprising that Lord Fisher doubted. It is not surprising that Lord Kitchener doubted. The fact remains that on three or four separate occasions the Dardanelles operations might almost demonstrably have succeeded! Doubts and hesitations came at the wrong time, and were unfortunately combined. When the Admiral was ready and willing to attack, the High Command held him back; when the authorities in England had made up their minds to the risk, the Admiral and his advisers were oppressed with honest doubt. Yet the testimony of Liman von Sanders is almost enough to show conclusively that the Dardanelles might have been captured. "To drift into a new campaign piecemeal and without any definite decision or careful plan, would have been scouted by every one," writes Churchill of the situation in January; "yet so obliquely were these issues presented, so baffling were the personal factors involved, that the War Council were drawn insensibly and irresistibly into the gulf." The right measures were eventually taken, but they were not taken in time. In March, "every one's blood was up. All the will-power and cohesion necessary to mount and launch a great operation by sea and land were now forthcoming. But, alas, a month too late!"

The whole book is a chronicle of "might have beens", the most thrilling,

perhaps, that has been written in modern times. It is, however, distinctly an *Iliad* rather than a *Jeremiad*. Neither disgust—so much more potent and so much more treacherous to the writer of memoirs than hatred or party feeling—neither this common weakness of the virtuous, nor the temptation to become retrospectively cynical, ever masters the author's spirit.

The remarkable clearness of the whole account—a clearness rare enough in books dealing with military matters, especially when these are involved with personalities as well as with polities—this lucidity as well as the moderation of tone and the apparent poise of judgment that characterize the book, are due in no small part to the writer's philosophy. Mankind, it is true, justifiably distrusts the large, loose, "generalize everything" type of mind which sometimes for a brief period passes for a great mind. Yet certainly a measure of philosophy makes for clearness and steadiness. And it is just because Mr. Churchill has thought deeply about human responsibility that he is able to assume toward every person and every event in his narrative an attitude that is tenable and acceptable. All may be due to causes that are beyond our control; yet different streams of causation exist. Men acting within the main stream of causation are responsible. Events happening outside this stream are of little account; virtually, if not in fact, they are accidental. In the principal chain of events, however, every act may be weighted with immense importance, and the principal actors are responsible in a truly terrible sense. It is not reasonable under such conditions to speak vaguely of destiny or of tendencies—to assume that an effect could not in any event have been produced, or that it was bound to happen anyway. The responsible man is then a conscious link in a fateful chain of causation. His lightest word, his slightest act, may count enormously in the end. From this point of view, history recovers its dramatic quality, its tragic interest. It is not possible, however, for a true philosopher to carry this doctrine of responsibility to the point of inhuman criticism. The general inevitableness of mistakes must be recognized.

> Even so was wisdom proven blind,
> So courage failed, so strength was chained,
> Even so the gods, whose seeing mind
> Is not as ours, ordained.

To apportion praise or blame is, indeed, never the real object of inquiry. In many cases it is clearly doubtful that the man who made an honest mistake could have done otherwise. The critic of human affairs whose views are broad and charitable, and who does not too consciously regard himself as an instrument in the hands of God, will not be able to avoid hurting those whom he criticizes, but he may trust that he hurts them for the general good. Daily we hurt those we love and respect: it is part of the process of nature. We can not conscientiously avoid it (whatever we think), but we can be honest and reasonable. The conscious object, however, ought to be that of Demosthenes: It is never too late to re-examine our acts and to determine where the mistakes lay in order that the same or similar mistakes may be avoided in the future.

No fatalism can destroy the value of such criticism. Thinking thus, or somewhat after this fashion, Mr. Churchill appears to be both just and merciful in his judgments. Much grief, but little bitterness, and much wisdom appear in his narrative.

It is one's impression that Mr. Churchill's volume is history of a permanently valuable and permanently appealing character—in form and manner, one of the great books.

THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES OF ENGLAND. Based upon a course of lectures delivered upon the Lowell Foundation, Boston, U. S. A., March, 1922. By Albert Mansbridge. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A thoroughly English book, a work of scholarship prepared with immense painstaking from abundant sources of information, full of curious knowledge, yet rich in literary quality and breathing the breath of adequate leisure, Mr. Mansbridge's book about Oxford and Cambridge is not only the most comprehensive and convenient book on its subject for American readers, but makes an irresistible appeal to those who have the English university tradition, so to speak, in their blood. This mellow treatise is to be recommended to all who have postponed till rather late in life the pleasant duty and privilege of learning something definite and correct about those great institutions toward which so many of us look with a somewhat distant affection and respect.

A discerning delver in detail and an accomplished sifter of historic materials, Mr. Mansbridge never lets antiquarian zeal outrun his real purpose, that of portraying the function of the universities in English life and conveying their spirit. Gossip, the sketching of eccentric character, the recounting of the innumerable anecdotes to which Oxford and Cambridge have given birth—to such things the genius of the historian is obviously adequate. Yet a just sense of proportion restrains him from tempting excesses. The real point of view is perhaps best expressed by a quotation from a letter written to the author by the head of a college: "I am afraid you idealize the old Universities. Still, after all, there are no other places like them." To some such state of mind the author brings his American readers in all sincerity.

The precise origins of the great universities are lapped in fascinating mystery. Nothing could well appear more fortuitous and needlessly complex than their growth and development. Yet the very naturalness and the apparently accidental manner of this process gives the narrative its peculiar charm and instructiveness. Where definite forces and conscious intentions are involved, Mr. Mansbridge traces cause and effect with great skill. He defines the influence of the monks and friars; he shows how schoolmen and humanists contended; he makes clear how the struggle between Puritan and Cavalier affected the fortunes of learning. Political influences and the impulses given by later religious movements he analyzes in close connection with the university life.

The work of the Royal Commission of the twentieth century he describes with considerable detail. Otherwise, he lets the facts speak for themselves without too much discussion, setting them forth in a style notable for warmth and sublety; and in so doing he builds up in the reader's consciousness a conception of the state of mind that made the older universities possible —a mental attitude that resisted interference and yet resisted not so long as to bring ruin, that preserved absurdities under the name of tradition and at the same time nourished a unique and priceless sentiment, that permitted false swearing and yet won the loyalty of sincere lovers of truth. Something sound in the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge triumphed even over corruption. A beautiful tradition arose and flourished amid conditions that mocked it, and perhaps no better home could have been found for the sincere lovers of truth and learning than those institutions which sheltered the idle and vicious with almost equal solicitude. The paradox may perhaps be strained too far; but is truly a paradox and it is paradoxically true.

What has been the moving spirit of it all? Amid the real evils and the more or less trivial abuses which flourished under conditions of privilege and patronage, liberty—the liberty of learning, if not always the liberty of opinion—survived. The inquirer of to-day is "faced by the paradox that out of these places of gluttony, where intrigue and ignorance were the normal orders of the day, there arose fine scholars and distinguished men of affairs. He may well remember that arrogance did not prevent the display of scholarship and of almost prophetic reforming zeal on the part of Bentley, and that an inordinate love of the bottle seems to have had little or no deleterious effect on the brilliant work of Porson". But he needs also to bear in mind, as Mr. Mansbridge also reminds us, that almost always at Oxford and Cambridge the love of learning for its own sake was somehow cherished. And this it is which explains the real power that is in them. While we as Americans may not be quite ready to join in the reputed Cambridge toast, "God save the Higher Mathematics and may they never be of use to anybody," yet we should do well to take to heart the truth that no other motive than the love of pure learning is finally safe either for the individual scholar or for the university as such.

"The impression," writes Mr. Mansbridge, "which reflection on the Universities leaves on the mind is that they have been constructed simply as the results of the ordinary everyday needs of English life. There is nothing peculiar about their foundation, or indeed their life; scholars naturally gathered together, just like men of the trades or professions, in places which were chosen deliberately or fortuitously for the better exercise of their vocation." And thus the history of Oxford and Cambridge resembles English history in general. It helps one to understand that history and is at the same time the most fascinating part of it. Perfectly natural motives, with something of a disposition to "muddle through", have resulted in the formation of colleges of a sort that could not by any possibility be ready made. Tradition is not everything, and there is a merit and appropriateness in the American way of planning and

doing things. But tradition needs to be valued and understood. In some of our smaller American colleges practises grow up overnight and are forthwith dignified by the name of "traditions." Would that the American undergraduate could understand the full meaning of the term. But if the undergraduate lacks a background, this is often because his elders also lack it. The lesson of Oxford and Cambridge is in this view also of value. Altogether Mr. Mansbridge's book, a remarkable miscellany of information, does not lack power either in its subject matter or its style.

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAITS. By W. P. Cresson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The diplomatist is peculiarly in a position to see and to appreciate the interaction of personalities with events—a very real phenomenon which some historians practically ignore and to which some writers of memoirs are not unnaturally inclined to give too much importance. Mr. Cresson has not indeed written a history; but he has so interwoven his character sketches with the political history of nineteenth century Europe, that he has given us far more than a series of portraits, however striking. The relative completeness of the picture that he draws, from various points of view, of the European situation, is surprising. The coherence of the whole narrative is greater than might be reasonably expected, and the insight to be drawn from this entertainingly, if not lightly, written discourse is of the sort for which we sometimes seek vainly in pretentiously illuminating works.

After all, there is no understanding the period without some knowledge of that remarkable person, the Tsar-idealist, Alexander I. Mr. Cresson has intimately studied this enigmatic figure; he appears to know him as very few world figures are known to their biographers. In some of his most fascinating pages he tells of the future Tsar's boyhood, of his friends, of the influences which surrounded him. Without pretending to read unreadable and perhaps not very significant riddles of personality, he presents the Tsar as a man of quite natural inconsistencies, a man of generous ideals and selfish fears, illusioned and capable of illusioning others, yet shrewd in his way and autocratic.

How that strange anomaly, the Holy Alliance, came into being, Mr. Cresson tells with singular plausibility. "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." Yet all this collective unwisdom is the resultant of collective small wisdoms, individual ideals, the motives of able men not necessarily insincere. It all comes about naturally enough, and there are probably few geniuses in any one age and still fewer monsters of iniquity! Your true diplomatist is therefore only half cynical. One closes the book with the reflection: Such was Nineteenth Century Diplomacy, such were the motives of the men in power, such was the wisdom that they could evolve among them. Such is human nature. May it not be that we have wormed

our way a little forward in the path of progress? The words are trite, but to reach this conclusion through a legitimate historic route is a sufficient reward for reading any book. Our general conclusion, otherwise empty, has the colour and the reality of the story we have read. The mental journey is itself a part of the destination.

After Alexander has once been introduced to us, we understand him well when he appears, as he repeatedly does, in later chapters. So it is throughout the successive essays. By the time we arrive at Adams and Monroe, we have acquired a great deal of that European diplomatic background which is necessary for the understanding of American diplomacy, and which it is one of the author's principal aims to give.

An extraordinarily close and interesting view is given of what appears to have been the prodigious mistakes of Napoleon's imperialistic (and imperious) diplomacy—a diplomacy influenced by military conceptions. Here again personality enters to enliven our interest and to modify views of history too exclusively mechanistic. Inevitably we are led to attribute the course of events in part to the personality even to the caprice of Napoleon—for in diplomacy little things certainly seem to count, and it cannot be held that diplomacy is a just casting up of accounts, a mere epiphenomenon upon the play of economic forces. At the same time new touches are added to the composite portrait of the little great man.

Talleyrand and that strange adventuress, Madame de Krüdener, who introduced, with the aid of the Tsar, a mystic element into the diplomacy of the period, jostle each other in these pages. But while everything from conscienceless intrigue to mystic exaltation goes into the witches' broth which the international relations of the time seem to have been, one is enabled to discern the real and more or less permanent conceptions that guided the leaders. Thus Talleyrand seems to have been the prince of opportunists and even to have outlived the vogue of opportunism pure and simple. Castlereagh, portrayed with more justice than is sometimes accorded him, was the originator of the diplomacy of reservations. Metternich is fully portrayed in his devious ways as the exponent of stability. Gentz was the genius of European conferences. John Quincy Adams developed the diplomacy of isolation.

To see these ideals at work in the lives of the men who held them and to read the words in which they and their contemporaries described them, helps one to understand what these ideals or conceptions of conduct essentially mean in men's mouths and in their actions. It does more; it even helps us to understand what may be meant by ideals in general.

Mr. Cresson appears never to have lost an opportunity to draw a true and quaint parallel between the situations and sentiments of the past and those of to-day. His book is scholarly enough with all its intimacy of manner, but it is rather of the kind that most scholars read than of the kind which many of them write. An induction into worldly wisdom of the broader and better sort may be one of the results of reading this volume.

JAPANESE POETRY. By Curtis Hidden Page. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

To say that Mr. Page's book will especially appeal to lovers of the exotic is to do it but scant justice. It ought to appeal to every lover of poetry—for there is a love of poetry which is greater than the love of any particular poem or any one type of poetic expression. So well has Mr. Page done his work, so faithful has he been to the spirit of the Japanese writers, and so exact in his translations, that he has accomplished far more than the production of a charming and appreciative series of essays. Through the medium of this scholarly work one may discern truths of much import to poetry and to the art of expression generally.

The magic of language—and especially of poetic language—depends to an extraordinary extent upon suggestion and upon the compactness that the suggestiveness of words makes possible. The paradox which seems to be involved in most valuable truths is here that the compact expression may easily be not only more "effective" (to employ the language of the now popular rhetorics) but actually more *exact* than the fuller form. In wordiness lurks not only the danger of boredom and sentimentality, but also the peril of unfaithfulness to the ultimate fact or feeling. The subtle distinction which useful truth also seems always to require is that between compactness and suggestiveness for their own sake and these same virtues exercised in the service of truth and sincerity. Those who are too much absorbed in technique are not safe, one thinks, from the former error; those who are in love with their subject will with difficulty refrain from over-elaboration.

Nothing could illustrate these literary principles more aptly than some of Mr. Page's literal versions. Consider, for example, the *hokku* about the herons. In a comparatively free version it reads:

> If only noiseless they would go,
> The herons flying across the sky
> Were but a line of snow.

But how many needless words! Literally translated:

> Voice not-if
> White herons see, of snow
> One line.

It is not pretended that English could advantageously imitate the extreme condensation and elision of which the Japanese is capable; and after all there is some utility in rhetorical structure and form. Nevertheless, the fact, dimly appreciable through Mr. Page's excellent skill even to us English speaking readers, that to a Japanese the latter version means probably more than does the former to the American—this fact sets one to thinking.

How much of what we say is mere rhetoric? How much of what passes for poetry is an artificial product? Is it not true that a certain pedantic habit of mind, the result of training in rhetoric and of the painfully acquired art

of giving correct information, has undermined our power of expressing poetic ideas with precision? It is perhaps dangerous to preach the doctrine that expression can be but an index of thought. But if symbols with no real thought back of them are certainly the bane of one kind of English poetry, over-elaboration is certainly the sheer destruction of another.

In enforcing the opinion that Mr. Page has written not merely a charming and quaintly instructive book, but a book that can overcome prejudices and form tastes, one would like to quote a bit of Japanese literary criticism which the author has revealed to us.

When Bashō's disciple saw a red dragon-fly darting by, he composed this clever impromptu:

A darting dragon-fly—but lo!
Pluck off its wings, and so—
A bright red pepper pod!

"No, No!" said Bashō; "that isn't *hokku*—That is the wrong way, not to say it, but to *see* it. This is *hokku*:

"A bright red pepper pod—but lo!
Put on its wings, and so—
A darting dragon-fly."

Everyone with a spark of literary appreciation will agree that the criticism was true and exact. The *reason* is not easy to state and is worth pondering over by those who think that phraseology is the essence of poetry. The more or less mysterious relation between thought and expression seems to be here revealed in a curiously simple form.

THE MONTESPAN. A Drama in Four Acts. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Helena Van Brugh DeKay. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Nothing is more difficult than to pronounce upon the genuineness of dramatic emotions purporting to represent the actual feelings of people who lived a great while ago. And yet it is genuineness that counts. Frigidity, or the suspicion of it, is more quickly fatal to the poetic drama than to any other literary form. M. Rolland assures us in his preface that he has carefully studied historic accuracy; that he has indeed employed in many instances statements credited to the originals of his characters, in the documents of the time of Louis XIV. Certainly there is a realism, a convincing quality, in the play which far exceeds the powers of most poets when they attempt the dramatic mode. Rolland is far from Swinburne, who wrote verse of extraordinary beauty, attributing Swinburnesque emotions to Mary Stuart. There are, however, three different kinds of "reality"—at least! Dramatically M. Rolland is real; his personages plausibly clash—they appear to speak from impulse and out of their own natures. Literally they are real; they are of flesh and blood, they wear the right clothes, and are set in the right surroundings. All the coarseness of the times is suggested by their speeches. Louis, too, is unmistakably the King.

And the actual celebration of a black mass by Montespan and her evil familiar, La Voisin—celebration which luckily takes place behind a barred door, so that the nature of the ceremony has to be read from the reaction of horror upon Marie-Aube, who does see it—even this is far from being a mere melodramatic invention. But the third kind of reality remains to be distinguished. Is the story as a whole truly human? Certainly the "Affair of the Poisons" did not turn out as (M. Rolland himself tells us) precisely as it is represented in the play. But the question remains open for all that. Does M. Rolland write truth when he makes the play end with a sort of qualified repentance on the part of the King's mistress and a highly sentimental scene among the King and the Montespan and their innocent young daughter? Somehow, it seems not. Filial affection is a powerful and sacred emotion, yet its expression here scarcely rings true. This last scene, one may confidently say, is not Shakespearean; it turns from high tragedy to the anticlimax of a domestic misunderstanding (complicated by poison), and appears to speak the somewhat exaggerated sentiment which sophisticated men of the world sometimes lavish upon the innocent young girl. How Shakespeare would have made Marie-Aube stand out!

No, the last scene is not Shakespearean; it is indeed hardly of a piece with the preceding part of M. Rolland's play. One cannot help feeling, too, that a certain fixity of determination to reveal truth in all its horror and to destroy a legend may have led M. Rolland's dramatic sense and his human instinct a little astray. Of course, both drama and poetry can ill abide a crusading spirit, and the least touch of propaganda spoils them.

But these are, after all, invidious criticisms. The fact remains that hardly another play of our time is so compact, so rapid, so intense and so thrilling to read, as is this of M. Romain Rolland.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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PSYCHOLOGY, DISARMAMENT AND PEACE

BY WILLIAM McDOUGALL, F. R. S.

THE truth in theory is obvious and generally admitted, but in practice is almost universally ignored, that, if we would effectively intervene in the affairs of nations in order to bring harmony in place of strife, we must constantly have regard to the facts of human nature, we must think psychologically. In the sphere of the control or management of individuals, this truism is now at last beginning to receive practical recognition. Those who are leading the way in the theory and practice of education are striving to make good use of such psychology as we have. In industry the fact that the workers are not merely hands, but also heads and hearts, is finding practical recognition. In medicine also the truth, that man is not merely a mechanism but also a purposive being, is at least receiving wide and rapidly increasing recognition. But in the sphere of international relations, psychological thinking is still conspicuously lacking. Here the economic interpretation of history is the assumption that, explicitly or implicitly, underlies almost all discussion and practice. It is still assumed that men are governed solely by the desire for economic prosperity; that each man and each nation strives merely to obtain as large as possible a share of the material goods or wealth of the world, and that all that is needed to produce the millennium is maximum production and equitable distribution of such goods. This fallacy of the economists continues to be the fundamental assumption of those who discuss and direct

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the relations of nations, vitiating their interpretation of the past, their discussions of the present, their forecasts of and their prescriptions for the future. Recent history provides but too many illustrations of this truth. I will mention a few only: The prediction of the Cobdenites that the rapid increase of international trade must soon lead to an era of universal peace; Mr. Norman Angell's assumption that nations go to war for economic gain and his anticipation that the demonstration of the economic futility of war is the sure way to prevent it; the confident prophecies in the period before the World War to the effect that European war, if it should break out, could not last more than a few months, by reason of economic exhaustion and financial chaos. The course of history has shown and always will show the falsity of all such purely economic interpretations of national life. In terms of such psychologies, who could have foretold or can now interpret the fact that Prussian fanatics "for the welfare of mankind" would slaughter in cold blood millions of their fellows, send other millions to untimely death by starvation, and bring their country to economic ruin; or the fact that, upon the French occupation of the Ruhr, the German nation would inflict upon itself extreme suffering and plunge itself into bankruptcy; or the fact that, when France proceeded to put economic pressure upon Germany, the British Government, supported by the mass of the people, would steadily oppose itself to the crippling of German industry, the rapid revival of which was threatening to undercut all British export trade and add immensely to the severe economic embarrassments of Great Britain?

Yet, in spite of all such lessons, the practical men of the world, the statesmen, the economists, and the financial experts, continue to talk and act in terms of the false psychology of the "economic man". We hear it repeatedly asserted that reparations, international debts, and disturbed exchanges are the root of all the trouble; that, if and when these economic tangles can be straightened out, all will be well. And the financial and economic experts of the Reparations Commission are set to work on this task, while all the world looks on, believing that now at last the trouble is about to be terminated. And if France refuses to

yield to the blandishments of the business man, turning a deaf ear to his demonstration that the economic restoration of Germany will increase her own material prosperity, the business-man and his worshippers will be filled with naïve astonishment at the failure of their efforts and with scorn and moral indignation at the "militarism" of France.

There is to be heard in the land the voice of another party, whose very different prescriptions are equally well reasoned, equally "rational", and equally futile for the same reason, namely, that they are not based on any sound psychology. This is the voice of the "idealists", which insists that "until the root evils of envy, malice, etc., are eliminated from consciousness, the mainspring of war will be undestroyed. It is true that organization would do much to hold the war spirit in check, but to accomplish results which will be permanent, something more than such human methods is needed." Comment upon platitudes of this sort seems useless; yet, since they appear very frequently in the press and in conversation, I will comment on them by constructing a strictly analogous platitude, as follows: While one sympathizes with the motive which inspires men of science to discover improved methods of agriculture, one cannot regard such efforts as of more than very subsidiary importance. For, until the inherent defects of our food-plants, their weakness in face of noxious weeds, their absolute dependence on sunlight and moisture, are eradicated, the danger of hunger and starvation for the human race will not be eliminated. It is true that improved agriculture may perhaps make some slight defense against famine; but something more is needed. The one platitude ignores the nature of man, the other the nature of plants. But the cultivation of international relations requires to be founded on a sound psychology, on knowledge of human nature, not a whit less than agriculture requires to be practiced with due regard to the laws of botany. It may be said that such "idealism" is too obviously remote from reality to influence international affairs, and therefore should be allowed to pass without comment as the pious and harmless expression of affable natures. Yet the present chaos and suffering in Europe are due very largely to the influence of just such idealism.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, new British Premier, would seem to belong to this school, and, since he presides also over the Foreign Office, it is of peculiar interest to inquire whether he thinks psychologically in any degree. He is reported in the press to have said: "France must understand that its safety cannot in the future depend on armaments or alliances between nations. To unprejudiced minds it would seem that the best guarantee of French safety would be the admission of Germany into the League of Nations, for a league of all nations, or even of the nations of Europe, would be a great obstacle to armed aggression such as Germany could not ignore. But we need courage to disarm; that is the only sacrifice on which permanent peace can be based." It is certain that the answer of the statesmen and of the people of France to this amiable proposal of an "unprejudiced mind", though it may not find official utterance, will be of the following tenor: "We distinguish between courage and foolhardy recklessness. The Covenant of the League provides no guarantee of security for us; and it is not clear that the admission of Germany will in any degree improve the situation in this respect. Since America has refused to join Britain in guaranteeing us against destruction by a restored Germany, and since, in anticipation of that guarantee, we have renounced the territorial adjustments which would have given us some measure of security, our prime duty to France is to maintain and develop our air force and army, especially its African section; and our second duty is to put such pressure on Germany as will prevent her restoration as a great united military power."

A vigorous exponent of this school of thought is Mr. M. S. Ravage, author of *The Malady of Europe*. In reviewing the past, Mr. Ravage is psychologically minded; but, when he turns to prescriptions for the future, he throws psychology to the winds and speaks the language of idealism. As regards the French, his prescription runs: "A straightforward statement to them now, warning them that the present course of their governing class is alienating the respect and affection of the American people, would bring very prompt results." It is as though one should signal from a safe harbour to the crew of a ship on fire in midocean: "Calm yourselves; if you continue to behave in so agitated a

manner you will run the risk of losing our respect and affection." Mr. Ravage recognizes the necessity of providing security for France. And what is his prescription? It is that America should shed the light of her benign countenance upon the German republic, and, by so doing, prevent the restoration of the monarchy. "The only way to help make Germany democratic and pacific, the only way to wake her out of her dream of revenge, is to assure her people of our good will toward them, to convince them by concrete acts that they have everything to lose by a return to their antiquated and discarded system." Here we have a perfect illustration of the ineffectiveness of American idealism. Its exponents persist in believing that the moral exhortation and example of America are all that is required to set the world to rights and to keep it on the path of the virtuous and prosperous economic man for evermore.

Two recently published books have made powerful pleas in the name of justice and humanity for a more lenient treatment of Germany by the victorious Powers. One of these (*Let France Explain*, by F. Bausman) dwells chiefly upon the events and activities that preceded and led up to the war. The other (*The Decadence of Europe*, by F. Nitti) vividly depicts the present disorder of Europe and seeks to display its causes, to assign the blame for it, and to urge, as the only remedy, the economic rehabilitation of Germany by relaxation to the point of abolition of all measures of economic reprisal taken against her.

These two books together thus cover the ground of conditions both before and after the war, and may be taken to present the case for leniency in the most complete and authoritative manner. For Mr. Bausman, an American of high legal standing and qualification, claims that, though of German descent on the one side and of English on the other, he writes with the strict impartiality which is more easily attainable by an American than by any other commentator on the affairs of Europe; and, in all that he says of Great Britain, he displays a generous appreciation of her aims, her actions, and her difficulties.

Signor Nitti, who, as Premier of Italy, has taken an active part in much of the after war negotiations, and who has been a lifelong student of economics, writes with a fulness of knowledge of

European politics and economics that probably is unsurpassed; and he is manifestly actuated by motives of the purest philanthropy.

It is however, the most striking feature of these books by these two eminent authorities that, in all their advocation of a policy of leniency and reconciliation, they utterly fail to take account of the fundamental and determining facts of the present situation in Europe, facts which are purely psychological.

Those fundamental facts are first, the French fear of future aggression by Germany; secondly, the fact that France can be turned from her present policy, to one of reconciliation and of coöperation in European reconstruction, only by guaranteeing her against such aggression, by allaying her fear.

That these are the two fundamental and determining facts of the present disastrous state of affairs in Europe, no instructed person can deny. It follows deductively from the history of European relations and from our knowledge of human nature. It has been repeatedly admitted by many well-informed students of the situation of all nationalities. It is vehemently asserted by Frenchmen of all classes. Yet so commonly are these two fundamental facts ignored or passed lightly over, that it seems necessary to emphasize them. Especially is this ignoring or belittling of the fundamental facts common form among those who denounce recent French policy as militaristic and imperialistic and as aiming at the economic depression or the actual destruction of Germany. It is necessary for the friends of France to admit the truth of these charges. Her defense must be conducted by pointing out that no other policy was open to her statesmen. The first duty of a statesman is to secure his country against destruction. Let each of us admit that, if he were a patriotic far-seeing Frenchman, he would under present conditions be bound to support a policy aiming at such treatment of Germany as will prevent her regaining her former economic ascendancy. For such ascendancy would mean at least potential military ascendancy: and that in turn would be a terrible threat to France. A keen and philanthropic leader in the American business world, Mr. Edward Filene, has lately stated this very frankly; that he should have seized these essential facts, rather than follow the crowd in talking exclusively of debts, reparations

and exchanges, is much to his honour. He writes: "There was never a time when France would have allowed Germany to recuperate industrially. Whenever Germany has seemed on the point of being able to pay according to schedule, new demands, new complications have been put in her way by the French." And he points out how, as inevitable correlates of this policy, France has done much to militarize Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Belgium, has encouraged separatist movements within Germany, occupied the Ruhr, developed her African army, and, it may be added, perfected and enlarged her aerial forces until they have become a nightmare to her neighbors. These are the facts which the accusers of France never weary of throwing up against her. But, unlike most of these accusers of France, Mr. Filene is not content to rail against her. He goes further and admits the inevitableness of this policy under the existing circumstances. "The basis of this French policy," he truly says, "has been the lack of guarantees of her safety. If Germany had been allowed to recuperate, France would have had to keep on increasing her armaments to offset the possibility of a new German military power as represented by her revived industries. This increased military effort would have so increased taxation and hampered production that France would have sunk to a second or third rate Power." He asserts: "No French government could have survived, if it had tried to follow any other policy than that of continued pressure on Germany. *If I were a Frenchman I should have supported Poincaré's foreign policy.*" That is a refreshingly honest statement. He goes on to say:

> This, in brief, is the French Government's programme. The object of its pressure on Germany is to destroy German unity, which it considers a menace to France's security. Until assured of safety, it will maintain the French armies as the strongest in Europe. When Aristide Briand was disposed to listen to Lloyd George's proposals at Cannes for a more lenient treatment of Germany, he was forced to resign. There has been no opposition possible to this programme. All parties, with the exception of the extreme Radicals, have united to support a policy of keeping Germany under. Last summer I spent many hours with the French Opposition leaders in Paris. They are Liberals who have occupied positions up to the Premiership. Naturally they would like to replace M. Poincaré in power. But they all told me that they could do so only if they could obtain guarantees of aid in case of another attack,

guarantees that would satisfy the average voter. From my personal observations I feel warranted in asserting that the French people are not militaristic. Next to being assured safety from Germany, they want to escape from the heavy taxes due to the war debts, the upkeep of the army, and the expenses of restoring the invaded provinces. . . . On the whole, the French are a sensible people. They have no illusions about the reparations a divided Germany can pay, and if they could feel secure against another German attack, they would rather see their neighbour restored and in a position to pay than divided and bankrupt. *The cure for the so-called French militarism must come through an assurance of safety.* . . . No threats from the outside will ever make them give up their army until they feel their safety no longer demands it.

The recognition of these facts as fundamental is the first requisite of all intelligent discussion. Great Britain, through her failure to recognize them, has greatly prolonged the passive resistance of the Germans to French action in the Ruhr, and thereby, although her motive was largely philanthropic, has done much to produce the present suffering in Germany. And all those who, like Messrs. Bausman and Nitti, expose and denounce French policy, without giving due weight to these facts, are merely wasting ink and paper, if they are not also further embittering the French and hardening their resolution.

It may be argued that, if, from the Armistice onward, France had pursued a policy of extreme magnaminity towards the vanquished, if she had claimed no reparations, or but very modest sums, and had done everything possible to conciliate Germany and to secure her friendship, she would have escaped her present dilemma. But that is a matter of opinion; and France, to whom it was a question of life or death, was entitled to her own opinion. France had no guarantee that the imperialist faction in Germany would not, sooner or later, gain the upper hand; and such guarantee is still wholly lacking, except in so far as it is provided by the French army. Can we reasonably assert that France ought to have accepted the risk involved in such a policy? Is it fair to France to assert that she ought to have adopted at once a policy of brotherly love, putting aside all claim for reparations and all desire to punish Germany for the ferocious manner in which she had waged the war? Germany staked all on her policy of ruthlessness. In pursuit of it, she rendered modern warfare more horrible than any civilized imagination had

supposed to be possible; she proclaimed, in words and in actions, that her policy was *Weltherrschaft oder Niedergang*. Can we blame France if, in the interests of her own future existence, she declares that Germany, having failed to achieve *Weltherrschaft*, must accept *Niedergang*?

But all such questions of justification or blame for past policy and action are beside the mark. France, rightly or wrongly, or rather inevitably, has chosen her policy and has acted vigorously. Germany has resisted and suffered. We have to deal with the future that will arise out of the present. Can any reasonable man doubt that, if Germany could be restored to full economic prosperity tomorrow, France would be destroyed the day after tomorrow, unless some means of protecting her could be found? France does not doubt it; and it is useless to call upon her, with Signor Nitti and other well meaning philanthropists, for a change of heart, *until secure protection can be provided for her*. When and only when such protection can be absolutely assured, the change of heart will come. And the change of heart would come the more readily by reason of the fact that now at last Germany has suffered severely. For such suffering was a natural and inevitable demand of those who in their turn had suffered the torments imposed by the ruthless invader. Whatever theory of punishment we may hold, whether the retributive, the reformatory, the preventive, the warning-to-others theory, or whether we hold that all punishment is always in all circumstances wrong or harmful, we must yet recognize that human nature is so constituted that it naturally and inevitably demands that he who has committed great wrongs and wantonly imposed great sufferings for his own selfish ends shall in turn suffer. Let us not, then, reproach the French people with harbouring vengeful feeling; let us recognize that that desire which by their critics is called the spirit of revenge and held up for the reprobation of the world, is a natural and inevitable outcome of the sufferings which have been inflicted on them, a desire which under similar circumstance would inevitably work in the minds of any and every people. Let us further recognize that the sufferings of the German people during the year 1923, largely self-imposed as they were, have in some degree satisfied this natural, this inevitable, desire of the

French and in so far have prepared the way for reconciliation. In other words, the element of anger in the French people's hatred has been partially satisfied, assuaged, and therefore greatly diminished; but the fear remains.

We must apply psychological thinking to the German nation also. When we do that, we shall find a truer view of German responsibility for the war than any of those current. We shall not regard all Germans as natural footpads, forever thirsting for the blood and treasure of other nations; nor shall we entirely dissociate in our minds a mild-mannered peace-loving populace from a dynasty and a ruling aristocracy impelled by insensate and ruthless ambition. We shall accept Mr. Bausman's demonstration that Russia, more than any other one Power, was responsible for the outbreak of the Great War. For we shall sympathetically appreciate the fact that Germany's history and her geographical position combined to render the German people chronically fearful of simultaneous aggression from East and West, and abnormally apprehensive of all European movements and affinities that might be interpreted by their fearful imaginations as tending to hostile encirclement. We shall understand that, owing to these unfortunate historical and geographical circumstances, the German nation was a chronic sufferer from a fear-complex. We shall remember that a man who suffers in a similar way is apt, in his natural endeavour to maintain his self-respect and the respect of others, to compensate for his repressed fear by a boastful aggressive behaviour that makes him appear to be a natural swashbuckler and fire-eater. And we shall understand that Germany, the great bulk of whose people are anything but warlike by nature, has long over-compensated her fear-complex in a similar way. We shall understand that it was this fear-complex, pervading the mass of the people, that made it possible for the German Government to maintain its autocratic régime, to impose upon the mass of the people the burdens of militarism, and made it impossible for even the four millions of Socialists to oppose effectively the aggressive gestures and actions of the Emperor, the Junkers, and the big-business men. At the same time we shall understand that the responsibility of a great nation cannot be dissociated from that of its government; that, if

a people allows its government to drag it into unfortunate and reprehensible undertakings, it must bear the consequences of such national actions. And above all, we shall realize that, no matter how sympathetically we may regret the unfortunate nature of Germany's historical and geographical conditions, those conditions remain, and in fact have been aggravated immensely by the war. On her eastern side is the vast potential military power of Soviet Russia, whose intentions remain obscure but threatening, and a formidable chain of smaller Powers all potentially aggressive. On her western flank is France, embittered by her cruel sufferings and by her failure to obtain the compensations to which she feels justly entitled, a failure which she attributes to the wilful duplicity of Germany and to the bad faith of her allies and of America; France haunted by the spectre of a Germany reëstablished in an economic dominance more irresistible than ever and arming steadily for revenge, for a final annihilation of her ancient enemy, a death-blow to France as a great Power.

Here, then, is a terrible European situation which, when we regard it psychologically, is clearly amenable to one solution only. One measure and one only is capable, if it can be instituted, of bringing even a fair prospect of peaceful development to the suffering nations of Europe. That one indispensable measure for the salvation of the tortured and decaying civilization of Europe is the establishment of some adequate protection of nations against unjustified aggression. For fear of aggression, of military invasion, is the tap-root of all the trouble; that which alone renders possible and inevitable the flourishing of militarism, the maintenance of armaments, and the imminent risk of war, in spite of the strong desire for peace of the vast majority of Europeans of all nations. And this fear, which was the fundamental cause of the Great War, has been magnified a hundred fold by that disaster. Before the War, the nations of Europe looked upon war as a strenuous adventure in which each nation would submit a part of its young manhood to the risk of suffering, death, and mutilation, and would itself run the risk of diminished economic prosperity and political prestige and even of diminished territory. But now each nation knows that war, unless it be

attended by immediate and overwhelming success, means death in hideous forms for great masses of its population and untold sufferings and tortures for those who are not so fortunate as to be killed outright. Hence the old fear works more strongly than ever in the minds of men and nations; the old competition in armaments is renewed with a more feverish energy and a more desperate hope, a more urgent and insistent fear. The new terrors added to warfare by recent inventions, the submarine, the tank, the poison-gas, the long-range gun, the immensely destructive bombs, the airship and the aeroplane, the new ruthlessness in the application of these terrible agencies to civilian populations (which we owe to German logic), these modern developments have magnified the fears of all nations, rendering them more than ever nervous, anxious, defensive, apt to undertake offense as the best mode of defense, and therefore more aggressive. Fortunately, the increased horribleness of war and the exposure of all civilians to its horrors have produced a further effect, namely, they have disposed all peoples to seek some way of preventing war, some way of ensuring nations against aggression, have made this an urgent personal problem for every intelligent European.

Self-preservation is Nature's first law and function for men and animals. In the service of this function, Nature has endowed men and animals alike with the immensely powerful instinct of fear. It is useless to offer the most tempting food to hungry men, if you seat them on a powder-barrel and flourish a torch about it. It is vain to spread a banquet before them, if each one fears that his neighbour will stab him in the back at the first opportunity. They cannot enjoy the viands, still less can they add to them a feast of reason and a flow of soul, if they cannot be assured of security. It is equally futile to suppose that the unrest of Europe can be allayed by any economic or financial adjustments, so long as the first essential of harmonious coöperation is lacking, namely, security.

Idealists, the whole world over, are putting their trust and their hopes for the future in the League of Nations. But we hear the most diverse estimates of its power to remedy the present evils. While many men speak of it as a dismal failure, an abor-

tive effort, a mere gesture of international idealism, others acclaim what it has already accomplished and profess to see in it a surely growing power in which we may justly place all our hopes. Both parties, no doubt, overstate their case. It is, I think, beyond dispute, even by the best friends of the League, that, as at present constituted, it is incapable of guaranteeing the world against disastrous and most terrible wars. It is true that, if America and all the other nations still outside the League shall join it, and if all nations within it shall scrupulously live up to the ideals implied by it, its power for good may become very great. But even so, its power to prevent war, under its existing Covenant, is and must be woefully inadequate; and there is imminent danger that the disaster will break upon the world while the League is still struggling for existence and influence.

Professor Irving Fisher has published an appeal to America for her participation in the League; he has stated the case most persuasively and forcibly, with a full knowledge of the situation. Yet it must be confessed that there is but too much truth in the criticism of a recent reviewer,—Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt, in *The New York Times*,—who, after praising the book, goes on to say:

> But in the realm of the philosophy of the League and of America's relationship to it, Professor Fisher is less happy. He lays down the principle that the world needs regulation and law, and that these are enough to insure order and preserve peace. Apparently he makes no allowance for a "yegg" nation, which, like Germany in 1914, is willing to play the part of a world highwayman. Although he quotes liberally from Theodore Roosevelt's writings to emphasize that any League of Nations, in order to be effective, must have the sanction of force, of the policeman with the club, back of it, he fails sufficiently to stress the truth that lacking such sanction the entire scheme may be shattered by a "yegg" nation. He admits that Article X was meant to provide this force, but it is not clear from his writing that he believes that it will do so.

Articles X and XVI of the Covenant of the League were meant to provide the force needed for the protection of nations. But these articles, as Mr. Roosevelt insists, are not sufficient guarantees of the protection of nations. They entitle the League merely to advise, to recommend to its member-nations, coöperation in military or economic pressure for the prevention of aggression. They do not bind the member-nations to any

effective action on behalf of threatened States. Yet America refuses to participate in the League, just because the bulk of her people are strongly averse from assuming the shadowy obligations imposed by these two Articles, fearing that these might involve her in participation in European war. It is futile for the friends of the League to hope that this objection of the American people may be overcome. The recent publication of the Bok Peace Plan does but make this clearer than ever. The Plan owes its success to the fact that it proposes that America shall join the World Court and shall unofficially coöperate with the League, a coöperation intended to lead up to membership, but only on condition that Articles X and XVI shall be expunged from the Covenant.

If the League, under its present Covenant, obviously and admittedly lacks the sanctions that should secure the observance of its rulings, what hope can we have that, when Articles X and XVI shall have been expunged from its Covenant, nations will look to it for sure protection against aggression, that it will be able to provide that security which alone will allay their fear, the tap-root of all armaments and of all modern war? Even the benign presence of the United States at its council table, ready to join in moral censure of aggression, will leave the League totally unable to induce the nations to disarm, because unable to protect them, and equally powerless to prevent aggressive war.

I have said, and it has often been said by others, that it is the aversion from "entangling alliances", from the risk of becoming involved in European wars, that prevents the entry of America into the League. But, though this is one strong ground of the American refusal to join the League, it is, I feel sure, unjust to the American people to assert that it is the sole ground. There is a vast number of Americans who are not indifferent to Europe's difficulties and who are willing to make sacrifices to help her, but who yet are not advocates of joining the League just because they see that the League has not the power to achieve the prime object which they and its advocates alike have in view, namely, the protection of nations against aggressive war. If this large part of the American people can be invited to coöperate, even at some sacrifice, in an institution which would both avoid obliga-

tion to participate in European wars and would at the same time provide sure protection to unoffending nations, they would warmly accept it and actively support such a plan.

It is, then, wise to advocate the dropping of Articles X and XVI; for experience has shown (as indeed might confidently have been foreseen by those who think psychologically) that they are useless and worse than useless, pretending, as they do, to provide sanctions, and yet providing no effective sanctions. But fortunately there remains a possibility of providing effective sanctions, namely, by a plan which will commit no nation to the use either of armed forces or of trade boycott, a plan which is perfectly practicable and which would provide absolutely sure protection for unoffending nations; a plan which, therefore, would render general voluntary disarmament in the highest degree probable, and would make war a remote contingency with which any nation would need to reckon only if it should persist in offensive expansionism, an offensiveness inspired, not by fear (like most national offensives of modern times) but by greed or lust for power and "glory".

Such a plan I have sketched in my *Ethics and Some Modern World-Problems*. Its essence is the proposal to arm the Court of International Justice with an exclusive and highly efficient Air Force, and at the same time to suppress by international agreement all other aerial navigation. In this way, and, so far as I can see after much reflection, in this way alone, can International Justice be endowed with an effective sanction, the fears of nations be laid to rest, and the era of general disarmament and lasting peace be instituted in all the earth.

WILLIAM MCDOUGALL.

THE STATUS OF RAILROAD PROBLEMS

BY ELIOT JONES

On December 6, 1923, President Coolidge delivered in person his annual message to Congress. It dealt with many matters, including railway transportation, which is now—as so often in the past—a subject of intense popular interest. The discussion of the President with regard to railroads centred upon three major issues: the rule of rate making; consolidation; and labour disputes. It is with these topics, about which so much controversy now rages, that this article deals.

I

The early railroad legislation, notably that enacted in 1887 and 1906, was designed to protect the public against unreasonable and discriminatory rates. This legislation had primary reference to the rates on individual commodities rather than to the general level of rates.

In 1910, by the Mann-Elkins Act, a new principle was introduced. The Interstate Commerce Commission (created by the Act of 1887) was empowered to suspend proposed changes in rates pending a determination of their reasonableness. Prior to 1910 the Commission could not pass upon the reasonableness of railroad rates until they had gone into effect, but by the Act of 1910 it was given authority to suspend the operation of the new rates until their reasonableness could be inquired into. Moreover, the burden of proof was placed upon the railroad, in case of rate increases, to show that the higher rates were just and reasonable. As this Act was passed in the face of general advances in rates filed simultaneously by many railroads throughout the country, it is clear that its purpose was to bring under the control of the Commission the general level of rates as well as the particular rates on individual commodities.

Subsequent to 1910 the railroads filed many applications with the Commission for permission to increase rates. They claimed

that higher rates were necessary to meet the increased costs of operation due to advancing prices and wages. But the Commission, though it sanctioned some increases, generally withheld the desired permission, on the ground that the railroads had not proved the necessity for an advance. Gradually, therefore, the view became widespread that the rate policy of the Commission was not sufficiently generous to enable the railroads to secure the enormous amount of capital that they needed to meet the requirements of a rapidly expanding population and commerce. The result was the incorporation of the rule of rate making in the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920.

This rule provides that the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the exercise of its power to prescribe reasonable rates, shall initiate and establish rates under which the railroads will earn annually an aggregate net railway operating income equal to a fair return upon the aggregate value of the property employed by them in the service of transportation. Net railway operating income is a technical term, but its meaning will become clear if we note that it represents substantially the operating revenues minus (1) operating expenses, (2) taxes, (3) uncollectible railway revenues and (4) net rentals paid for the use of facilities or equipment. The law provides that the operating expenses shall not be padded through the inclusion of unreasonable expenditures for maintenance of the plant and equipment, and it presupposes the enjoyment by the railroad of honest, efficient, and economical management. Subject to these qualifications the Commission is directed to establish rates at a level that will enable the railroads to earn a fair return upon the aggregate value of their property. For example, if the property of the railroads is valued at $20,000,000,000, and if a fair rate of return upon the value is six per cent., the railroads should earn annually $1,200,000,000, which sum would be available for distribution to bondholders and stockholders, or for the upbuilding and improvement of the property. Congress fixed the fair rate of return during the two years ending February 28, 1922, at five and one-half per cent., but authorized the Commission to add thereto a sum not exceeding one-half of one per cent. to cover outlays for improvements, betterments, and equipment, which are properly chargeable to

capital. The Commission allowed the railroads this extra one-half of one per cent., making the fair rate of return six per cent. Congress further provided that after March 1, 1922, the Commission should fix the fair rate of return, without legislative specification of the maximum or minimum; and the Commission in May, 1922, found the fair rate of return to be five and three-fourths per cent.

The railroads favoured the enactment of the rule of rate making, and now favor its retention. Its advantages to them are twofold. In the first place, they are no longer required to prove the necessity of an advance in the general level of rates, when such is necessary, because the Act places upon the Commission the duty of initiating and establishing rates that will give the railroads fair returns. In the second place, the Commission, in determining the fair rate of return, is required to give due consideration to the needs of the country and to the necessity of enlarging the facilities in order to provide the people with adequate transportation. Prior to the passage of the Esch-Cummins Act the railroads had enjoyed the protection of the courts against the establishment of rates that were so low as to be confiscatory. Yet practically there is a considerable difference between rates that are not low enough to be found by the courts confiscatory and rates that are intended to be high enough to attract ample capital to the railroad industry. Whereas formerly the Commission had the duty of protecting the people against excessive rates, it now has the added duty of establishing a level of rates that is adequate. To the railroads this is a decided gain.

Advantageous though the rule of rate making be to the railroads, it is not a guarantee to them individually or collectively, as is so frequently alleged. The reason it does not constitute a guarantee to them individually is that the Commission is merely directed to establish rates that will enable the railroads as a whole (or as a whole in each of such rate groups as the Commission may designate) to earn a fair return upon the aggregate value of their property. The Commission, in fact, divided the country for this purpose into four rate groups, designated, respectively, as Eastern, Southern, Western, and Mountain-Pacific. If the railroads in any territory earn in the aggregate

five and three-fourths per cent. upon the combined value of their property, it is certain that some roads in this territory will earn less than five and three-fourths per cent. and that some will earn more. For example, in 1923 the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad sustained an actual loss, while the New York Central Railroad made a handsome profit. Yet no one made good to the New Haven the difference between a fair rate of return and its net railway operating income. It is clear, therefore, that the rule of rate making is not a guarantee for individual railroads.

Neither does the rule of rate making constitute a guarantee for the railroads as a whole or for the railroads of any rate group. The Commission is directed by Congress to establish rates that will enable the railroads to earn a fair rate of return, but should the Commission fail for any reason to obey the Congressional mandate, the railroads cannot get reimbursement from the Treasury as they did between January 1, 1918, and September 1, 1920. As a matter of fact, during no year since the rule of rate making went into effect have the railroads earned the fair return that the Esch-Cummins Act contemplates. In 1921 they earned only three and three-tenths per cent.; in 1922, only four and one-tenth per cent.; and in 1923, only five and one-tenth per cent. As no one reimbursed them for this deficiency in income, it is evident that there is no guarantee for the railroads as a group.

Notwithstanding this outcome of the rule of rate making there is much opposition to the rule, especially on the part of organized labour, and of certain classes of farmers who have borne more than their share of the burdens of deflation and depression, and who seek relief in reduced freight rates. The expressed intention of these groups is to effect the repeal by the present Congress of the rule of rate making, together with certain other provisions of the Act that are objectionable to them.

The rule of rate making, in our opinion, is a good rule. It may be that rates are now too high, but this, even if true, does not show the unwisdom of the rule. The present rates are the result of an attempt by the Interstate Commerce Commission to carry out the Congressional mandate to give the railroads a fair rate of return upon the value of their property. The Commission has

been engaged for the past ten years on the stupendous task of ascertaining the value of the railroads' property, and its work is not yet completed. In the famous rate case of 1920 the Commission tentatively adopted the figure of $18,900,000,000 as representing the value of the railroads' property. The spokesmen of organized labour (and a number of other interests) contend that this valuation is too high, while the spokesmen of the railroads (and a number of other interests) contend that it is too low. The importance of ascertaining the fair value of the property can hardly be exaggerated, and the difficulties involved in such ascertainment are fully realized. Yet once the fair value has definitely been determined, and assuming its fairness, we do not see what legitimate objection there can be to the retention of a rule that directs the Commission to establish a level of rates that will attract to the railroad industry enough capital to supply the people with adequate transportation.

In criticism of the rule of rate making it is said that under a level of rates that is adequate for the railroads as a whole, some roads will realize returns that are much above the average, and that are therefore excessive. This is true, but such an outcome cannot be avoided, because of the practical requirement that rates be uniform upon competitive traffic. To meet the objection, the Esch-Cummins Act provides that those roads which earn more than six per cent. upon the value of their property shall turn over to the Interstate Commerce Commission one-half of all earnings in excess of six per cent. The reason for taking only half of the excess is that it was thought advisable to give the railroads an incentive to efficiency and economy. The sums thus recovered by the Commission are to be used by it in furtherance of the public interest in railway transportation either (1) by making loans to railroads to enable them to meet capital expenditures or to refund maturing securities, or (2) by purchasing equipment and facilities to be leased to the railroads. The Commission is to make loans or lease facilities only if this is necessary to enable the applicant properly to serve the transportation needs of the public and only if the Commission has reasonable assurance of the ability of the railroad to meet its obligations in connection with the loan or lease.

The constitutionality of the recapture clause, as it is called, was disputed by a number of roads, but was fully sustained by the Supreme Court in the Dayton-Goose Creek Railway case decided in January of this year. The Court held, in a unanimous decision, that the recapture clause is the key provision of the whole plan. Under uniform rates upon competitive traffic some railroads will earn a net income in excess of a fair return. No railroad, however, no matter how strong it may be financially, how economical in its facilities, or how favourably situated as to traffic, is entitled to any more than a fair net income. If, therefore, a railroad earns more than a fair return, the excess may be appropriated by the Government. The appropriation of this excess, said the Court, may not be regarded as an unconstitutional appropriation of the railroad's property, because the excess, though in its possession, was never its property. The railroad, under the statute, is merely a trustee for any excess over a fair return received by it, and the Government can therefore take half (or even all) of it. Since, however, the excess originated through payments for transportation service, it may properly be employed in the creation of a fund to be used to help the weaker roads to discharge more effectively their duties to the public.

The decision of the Supreme Court is to be welcomed, because the recapture clause is an integral part of the rule of rate making. It should be recognized that it is only because of the necessities of the poor roads, and the desire of the people to secure the best possible service from them, that the more fortunate roads are allowed to charge rates that are high enough to produce excess earnings. If the people could not constitutionally appropriate a portion of these excess earnings they would hardly be willing to sanction a level of rates that produces them.

Notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court, some time must elapse before the recapture clause becomes fully effective. This is because it is not possible to know in the case of a particular railroad how much one-half of its earnings over and above six per cent. upon the value of its property amounts to, until the value of its property has been ascertained. There is need, therefore, for the completion of the valuation at the earliest possible date. However, the operation of the recapture clause does not

wait upon the ascertainment of the aggregate value of the railroads' property; for as soon as the value of a particular railroad has been definitely determined, the partial appropriation of its excess earnings, if any, can begin. Moreover, the delay in the completion of the respective valuations does not mean that the railroads can keep for themselves the excess earnings already realized under the rule of rate making; on the contrary, once the value of a particular railroad has been established, the Government can collect its share of the back excess earnings, as well as its share of future excess earnings as these materialize.

II

The Esch-Cummins Act reverses the traditional policy with respect to railroad combinations. Until 1920, railroad pools and combinations of parallel and competing lines had been regarded as menaces to the public welfare. The original Act to Regulate Commerce, of 1887, had forbidden railroads to enter into any agreement or contract for the pooling of freights or the division of earnings; and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 had forbidden every contract or combination in restraint of interstate commerce. There was some doubt whether the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was meant to apply to railroads, but the Supreme Court held (in 1897) that it did; and as a result many railroad combinations were dissolved, notably the Northern Securities Company and the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination. The Esch-Cummins Act, however, embodies a new policy. Pools are now permitted if the Interstate Commerce Commission gives its approval upon a finding that pooling will result in better service to the public or in economy of operation, and will not unduly restrain competition. Combinations by lease, stock ownership or any other arrangement, not involving the consolidation of the railroads concerned into a single system, may also be effected when the Commission approves them as being in the public interest. And consolidations—which may be defined as the union in one corporate body of two or more existing corporations—are positively encouraged; indeed, the Senate proposed to make them compulsory.

The provisions of the Esch-Cummins Act with regard to consolidation may be briefly summarized. The Interstate Com-

merce Commission is directed to prepare, as soon as practicable, a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties into a limited number of systems. In the division of the railways into systems competition is to be preserved as fully as possible. The plan having been prepared, the Commission is to make it public and to hear all persons who care to offer objections thereto. After the hearings have been concluded the Commission is to adopt a plan, and all consolidations thereafter effected are to be in harmony therewith.

The Act then declares it to be lawful for two or more railroads to consolidate their properties into one corporation with the approval of the Commission, providing the capitalization of the consolidated company does not exceed the value of the consolidated properties as determined by the Commission. Consolidations approved by the Commission as being in the public interest may be effected, "the law of any State or the decision or order of any State authority to the contrary notwithstanding." Moreover, the railroads that are parties to the consolidation and any corporation created to effect it are relieved from the operation of the anti-trust laws and of all other prohibitions, State or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable them to do anything authorized or required by the order of the Commission.

For the purpose of carrying out the directions of Congress, the Commission instituted an investigation in May, 1920. It engaged Professor W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard University, a recognized authority in the field of railroad transportation, to make a preliminary study of the problem. Using his proposals as a basis, the Commission in August, 1921, agreed to a tentative plan of consolidation. It recommended the consolidation of the railways of the country into nineteen systems. Under its plan there were to be five trunk lines from New York City to Chicago; one regional monopoly for New England (though the Commission suggested as an alternative the subdivision of the New England railroads among certain of the trunk lines); two soft coal lines from Chesapeake Bay to the Great Lakes; one line in the Lower Michigan Peninsula; three lines in the Southeast; two lines in the Southwest; and five transcontinental lines from Chicago to the Pacific Coast.

The plan suggested was admittedly tentative; it was "put forward in order to elicit a full record upon which the plan to be ultimately adopted can rest". The next step, after allowing time for public consideration of the proposal, was to hold hearings. These were begun in January, 1922, and continued off and on for two years. To date, therefore, nothing definite has been accomplished.

It thus remains to be seen whether the intent of the Esch-Cummins Act will be realized; for the Commission has no power to compel the railroads to consolidate against their will. There are several reasons for thinking that a far-reaching plan of consolidation will not be put into effect by the railroads. In the first place, the owners of the so-called strong roads (those that are well-located, well-managed, and profitable) will hesitate to consolidate with weaker companies, unless they are able to obtain a relatively large proportion of the securities of the consolidated company. In the second place, the owners of the weak roads, relying upon the intent of the act to bring about consolidation, will possibly hold out for more favourable terms than the owners of the strong roads will concede. In the third place, many communities whose welfare is now intimately tied up with a particular local road will oppose the consolidation of this road with a larger system, fearing lest they be cast commercially adrift. Thus the Union Pacific Railroad, terminating at Omaha, Nebraska, doubtless has a greater interest in the upbuilding of Omaha than it would have if by the acquisition of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad its terminus were extended eastward to Chicago. The citizens of those communities that would suffer through consolidation may quite possibly be able to prevent the local road from entering the consolidation. In the fourth place, the officials of the railroads, who naturally conduct the negotiations, may oppose consolidation because they wish to maintain the independence of their road and because they fear the loss of their exalted position in the event of consolidation. The merger of several hundred railroads into nineteen systems would reduce greatly the number of railroad presidents; and many officials would rather be president of a smaller road than vice-president of a bigger one.

The success of the consolidation programme is thus problematical. The recapture clause, to be sure, provides an incentive to consolidation, yet hardly an adequate one, since it has application only to a company that earns more than six per cent. upon the value of its property. The proponents of the consolidation scheme are therefore beginning to advocate compulsion. They are determined to enforce consolidation, not alone because of the economies of operation that they foresee, but because the consolidation plan is regarded as a prerequisite to the successful operation of the rule of rate making. The purpose of the rule of rate making is to assure the railroads adequate earnings in order that the people may be assured of adequate and efficient service. Yet the existence side by side of strong and weak roads raises a serious practical problem: how to establish rates that will be adequate for the weak roads without at the same time being excessive for the strong. The framers of the Esch-Cummins Act endeavoured to solve this problem by the recapture clause and by the consolidation provisions. The former captures for the Government one-half of the excessive earnings realized by the strong roads; the latter aims to eliminate the weak roads by uniting them with the strong. The thought of the legislators was that in course of time there would be created in each territorial group a few large consolidated systems able to earn approximately the same percentage upon the value of their property, and that there would thus disappear the most serious practical difficulty in the administration of the rule of rate making. But suppose the railroads fail to consolidate their properties in accordance with the Commission's plan? The question would then remain whether the people would be willing to support a level of rates under which the strong roads continued to enjoy excessive earnings, in order that the weaker roads might be in a position to give good service. If they proved unwilling, the railroads would suffer. Another alternative would be the appropriation by the Government of a larger proportion of the excess earnings, notwithstanding the reduced incentive to railroad efficiency and economy. In this case, also, many roads would suffer. The wise policy for the railroads, therefore, would appear to be an earnest endeavour to comply with the clearly

expressed intent of the Esch-Cummins Act to promote consolidation. However, it is doubtful whether they will all do so, for the reasons already given.

The future of the rule of rate making and of the consolidation programme is thus in doubt; and inferentially, therefore, the continuance of private ownership and operation. The retention of private ownership is contingent, of course, upon the development of a satisfactory scheme of regulation, and if the regulatory principles now followed fail us it is difficult to see any alternative to Government ownership. Organized labour is already definitely committed to Government ownership; the security owners, if denied adequate returns, will come to welcome it; and the shippers, if unable to secure adequate service, because of insufficient railroad revenues, will not actively oppose it. Momentous issues are therefore involved in the present railroad controversy.

III

It is only during the past generation that controversies between the railroads and their employees have come to be of tremendous concern to the general public. During the nineteenth century there were many such controversies, but as a rule they were limited in scope, applying usually to not more than one railroad. To promote the settlement of these disputes laws were enacted making provision for voluntary arbitration, mediation and conciliation, and investigation. By such means many disputes were settled, and numerous strikes averted.

In 1916, however, these devices proved inadequate. Early in that year the four train service Brotherhoods—engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen—launched, for the first time, a concerted movement against all the railroads of the country. The Brotherhoods demanded an eight-hour day without a reduction in wages, and pay for overtime at the regular hourly rate plus fifty per cent. All attempts to settle the dispute by mediation and arbitration failed, and consequently a strike was called, to begin on Labor Day, September 4. The strike was averted at the last moment through the enactment by Congress of the famous Adamson Act. This measure made eight hours the standard of a day's work for the purpose of reckoning the compensation

of all railroad employees engaged in the operation of trains in interstate commerce, and provided for an investigation by a federal commission into the merits of the proposal of extra pay for overtime. Legislation by Congress under threat of a nation-wide strike did not appeal to the good sense of the American people, and accordingly there was embodied in the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920 a number of provisions designed to effect the peaceful settlement of railroad labour disputes.

The Act declares it to be the duty of all railroads and their employees to exert every reasonable effort and adopt every available means to avoid any interruption to the operation of a railroad growing out of any dispute between the railroad and its employees. All such disputes must be considered, and if possible decided, in conference between representatives of the railroad and of the employees. Any dispute not so decided must be referred by the parties to the board authorized by the Act to hear and decide the dispute.

The Act provides for two types of boards. It authorizes the creation of Railroad Boards of Labor Adjustment, and it requires the creation of a Railroad Labor Board. The former, to consist presumably of representatives only of the railroads and the employees, may be established by agreement between any railroad, group of railroads, or the railroads as a whole, and any employees or organization of employees. Their jurisdiction is limited to disputes involving grievances, rules, and working conditions, but not including disputes involving wages.

The Railroad Labor Board, on the other hand, is to contain representatives of the public as well as of the railroads and their employees. The three representatives of the public are to be appointed by the President; the three representatives of the railroads are to be chosen by the President from a list of six persons nominated by the railroads; and the three representatives of the employees from a list of six persons nominated by the employees. The Board has jurisdiction over disputes involving grievances, rules, and working conditions when an agreement to create an Adjustment Board is not reached, and, if such boards are created, when they fail to decide disputes within a reasonable time; and it has jurisdiction over all disputes with respect to

wages not settled in conference between the railroads and their employees. The decisions of the Labor Board require the concurrence of a majority, and decisions relating to wages the concurrence also of at least one member of the public group. This provision was presumably inserted because, under the rule of rate making, wage increases would probably be borne by the public.

The decisions of the Labor Board with respect to wages, and its decisions, or those of an Adjustment Board, with respect to working conditions, are to establish wages and working conditions that are just and reasonable. In determining the justness and reasonableness of such wages and working conditions the Board is to take into consideration among other relevant circumstances: (1) the scale of wages paid for similar kinds of work in other industries; (2) the cost of living; (3) the hazards of the employment; (4) the training and skill required; (5) the degree of responsibility; and (6) the character and regularity of the employment.

The Labor Board, in case it has reason to believe that its decision or any decision of an Adjustment Board is being violated, may, after due notice and hearing to all persons directly interested, determine whether a violation has occurred, and make public its decision. The Labor Board thus has no authority to enforce its decisions; there are no penalties for a disobedience of its order. The Senate bill in effect forbade railway strikes, but in the Act reliance is placed upon public opinion to compel obedience to the decisions of the labour tribunals.

The Labor Board was deluged at the very beginning of its career with numerous disputes, some of them of far-reaching importance. For some time prior to the confirmation of the Board (April 15, 1920) there had been pending insistent demands of the employees for wage increases adequate to cover the rapidly mounting cost of living, but a postponement of a decision upon these demands had been effected for one reason or another. The Board disposed of this case at the earliest practicable moment, and by awarding a twenty-two per cent. increase in wages (on the average) did a great deal toward conciliating railroad labour. Its docket continued crowded, however, because the

railroads and their employees could not agree upon the form of organization of the Railroad Boards of Labor Adjustment, the creation of which was authorized by the Esch-Cummins Act. The railroad unions demanded national boards with jurisdiction over all the employees of a particular class, irrespective of the road by which they were employed, whereas the majority of the railroad executives insisted upon local boards. For a time, therefore, no adjustment boards were created, and in consequence the disputes that should have been settled by these boards came before the Labor Board. The delay in the settlement of controversies that thus became inevitable naturally led to much dissatisfaction with the work of the Board.

The dissatisfaction of the employees with the Board increased as time passed, because of the trend of its decisions. In June, 1921, the Board rendered an award, effective July 1, taking away about two-thirds of the increase in wages granted the previous year. This decision was justified by the Board on the score of the decline in the cost of living since its earlier award, and would doubtless have been accepted by the employees under protest had not the railroad executives announced their intention, in October of 1921, to ask for further wage reductions, to enable them to earn the fair rate of return contemplated by the Esch-Cummins Act. In the face of this threat the train service Brotherhoods called a nation-wide strike, and similar action was seriously considered by the other railroad unions. At the last moment the Board averted the strike by assuring the train service Brotherhoods that it would make no decision affecting the wages of any class of employees until it had disposed of the controversy over rules and working conditions applicable to that class. As this meant that there could be no wage reductions for some time the strike order was rescinded.

In May and June, 1922, the Labor Board reduced wages still further, especially of shopmen, maintenance-of-way men, and clerks. In general the wage scale in effect prior to the creation of the Board was restored. This reduction did not apply to the train service Brotherhoods, because the railroads, having recently tested the temper of this group, had not asked for a reduction in their wages. As in 1921, the advisability of a strike to prevent

the reduced wage scale from becoming operative was considered by the unions affected, but the only group of importance that struck was the shopmen.

The shopmen went out on July 1, 1922. They had a number of grievances, but probably the chief grievance was the reduction in their wages. The strike of the shopmen was condemned by the Labor Board, which lent its moral support to the employment by the railroads of strike breakers. As the strike progressed it became clear that the shopmen could not hope to win, but, on the contrary, that they would be fortunate if they retained intact their seniority privileges, which assure the best positions to the men longest in service. Finally in September the strike was terminated on a large number of roads, and gradually on most of the rest, though it is still officially in effect on a few. Most of the shopmen in the settlement of the strike were able to retain their seniority privileges, though a number were not. The outcome was clearly a defeat for the strikers.

The maintenance-of-way men, whose wages had been reduced about the same time as those of the shopmen, decided not to strike, but to ask the Board for a rehearing. This was granted, and as a result the wages of maintenance-of-way men were increased somewhat. But in this proceeding the Labor Board disposed of the request of the maintenance-of-way men for "a living wage" with such unnecessary brusqueness that its decision contributed to alienate organized labour still further.

It is clear from this brief outline that the Labor Board has not functioned so satisfactorily as had been anticipated at the time of its creation in 1920. The Board is highly partisan in character, being composed of representatives of the railroads, the employees, and the public in equal proportions. When the Board was created this was considered an advantage, because opportunity was thereby given to the interested parties to register their views, with the balance of power in the hands of representatives of the public. Experience, however, has shown that a board so constituted lacks that disinterested spirit which has made the Interstate Commerce Commission so successful. President Harding gave voice to the current opinion when he said, in his address to Congress of December 8, 1922, that the Board

was "not so constituted as best to serve the public interest". With six partisan members out of a total membership of nine it was inevitable that the partisan viewpoint be maintained throughout the hearings and expressed in the decisions. Indeed the few exceptions to a strictly partisan expression in decisions have been followed, he said, by accusations of a betrayal of the particular interests represented. The President therefore recommended that the partisan membership be abolished, and that there be substituted for the Board an impartial tribunal, preferably a labour division in the Interstate Commerce Commission, made up from its own membership.

The proposal to abolish the partisan membership of the Board, and to appoint as its members only representatives of the public, is deserving of careful consideration. Matters have now reached such a stage that the representatives of the employees, in dissenting opinions, are attacking even the personalities of the representatives of the public; and the latter are retaliating in kind. These constant bickerings cannot fail to lessen confidence in the Board. It would be a distinct gain in many ways if the Board were composed entirely of representatives of the public. It is true that there is some advantage in having on the Board representatives of both the railroads and the employees, because the parties to disputes feel that in this way their interests can be better safeguarded. Yet it is entirely possible for the parties to present their viewpoint before the labour tribunal as the arguments of litigants are now presented before the courts and the Interstate Commerce Commission. If, however, it is deemed advisable to retain the partisan character of the Board, it would be an improvement, we believe, if the public were given a larger representation. Were there five public representatives and only two railroad and two labour representatives, dominance would be given to the paramount public interest, and provision would still be made for representation of the special interests concerned. A board thus constituted should command a greater degree of public confidence.

In our judgment the suggestion of President Harding that the impartial tribunal be constituted a division of the Interstate Commerce Commission, made up from its own membership, is

not well-advised. The argument in favour of conferring on the Commission the power to fix wages is that this authority is needed for the effective exercise of its rate making powers. The Commission is directed to establish rates that will cover operating expenses and a fair return on the railroads' property, yet it has no control over wages, which are responsible for about half of the operating expenses. The opposing argument is that the assumption by the Commission of the task of deciding labour disputes, involving matters highly controversial in character, would embroil the Commission in bitter controversies, and possibly endanger its usefulness in the field that it now occupies with measurable satisfaction. The Commission is already burdened with an immense mass of detail covering practically all phases of regulation, and to add to its duties still further would be calculated to lessen its ability to decide wisely the matters now subject to its jurisdiction. Moreover, it may be argued that the level of just and reasonable wages does not depend on the railroads' earnings, and may therefore be appropriately established by an independent agency.

What will develop out of this situation remains for the future to disclose. The objective of organized railroad labour is the repeal by the present Congress of the obnoxious provisions of the Esch-Cummins Act, and in particular those creating the Railroad Labor Board. The railroad employees feel that the Board has not been fair to them, and they wish to return to the old arrangements for settling disputes. Experience, however, has already demonstrated the inadequacy of these arrangements, and it is not to be anticipated that the people will consent to return to them. It seems wiser, therefore, to retain the present plan, with certain modifications; at any rate until a better opportunity has been had to appraise its merits and demerits under normal conditions.

ELIOT JONES.

WHO ARE THE COAL MINE WORKERS?

BY MARIE L. OBENAUER

Director, Industrial Survey and Research Service, Washington, D. C.

We think of them as 732,000 men in coal-blacked uniforms and coal-dust masks, coming up from far under ground where, beyond the reach of daylight, they pick and rip from the coal seams the fuel for industry's furnaces and for the nation's home fires. The monotone in outward aspect throws a colourless mantle, too, over the diversities in the men behind the masks, obscuring the variety in condition and ambition; the virility of ideals in racial groups that live aloof in remote coal fields; the human motley that results from races newly mingled, from traditions oddly tangled, from manners and customs and speech compounded from many countries beside our own. It dulls from sight the coal mine patches where native born have been crowded by British born and these again by Slavs; where the child of the Slav picks our language from the lips of Welsh and Irish playmates, and where an American born son of a Polish mine worker may be heard speaking English with an Irish brogue.

If only such curiosities and human haphazards were obliterated, there would be no serious loss to current discussions on the frequent industrial and racial disturbances in the coal fields and on the influence of these conditions upon the public's well-being. But the haze that envelops the amusing results of race contact and commingling shrouds also the fundamental differences in the mining population to be found in the several coal-producing States. These differences enter with telling effect into conditions of mine labour and mining life. They reflect conditions which make for labour stability and group solidarity in one mining community as compared with another. They mark, in short, the changing degrees of sympathy with American standards and the range in understanding of American institutions of civil liberty. Without a background of knowledge concerning the extent and nature of these diversities in the make-up of the

coal mine workers, no clear conception can emerge from the controversies over conditions in the nation's coal fields.

Group information concerning the entire body of mine workers for the country as a whole and for the principal coal producing States, is, of course, essential. It is important to know, for example, that about 278,000 of the 732,000 coal mine workers are foreign born; that this proportion of not quite four alien born to more than six native born does not secure that measure of dominance to American standards of life and labour in each of the conspicuous coal mining States, because in Pennsylvania, where there are three hundred thousand coal mine workers, more than half were born overseas. It is important to know that this proportion of more than five foreign born to less than five native born rises in some of Pennsylvania's coal fields—Irwin Gas and Greensberg, for instance—to more than sixty-eight alien born among every hundred men at work in the mines. In Illinois less than four in ten; in Indiana less than one in five, and in Ohio three in ten coal mine workers are from overseas; though these proportions do not hold for the local coal fields, Belmont County's Pittsburgh vein, for example, having six foreign born to four native born men in its coal mines. In West Virginia, where there are about 90,000 men digging coal, one in five is foreign born, whereas in Alabama less than four in a hundred are other than American born. In West Virginia, however, one in five; and in Alabama fifty-three out of every hundred, are coloured men—facts that exert a palpable influence on conditions of mining labour and mining life in those States. But when disturbances occur in the Logan, Tug River or other well defined West Virginia coal fields, it is essential to know that the numbers of foreign born shown for the State's coal mine workers as a whole prevail in substantially the same proportions in the disturbed areas.

These facts call aloud for others concerning diversities in the composition of the coal mining population. When and from what countries did the foreign born coal mine workers come? More than[1]

[1] The United States Coal Commission was able to present these facts concerning nine-tenths of all the coal mine workers in the United States through the public-spirited coöperation of Mr. Wm. M. Steuart, Director of the United States Census Bureau, who, without violating the obligation of concealing identities, made available all pertinent data on the original 1920 Census schedules.

four-fifths are from non-English speaking countries, three-fourths coming from countries described as our sources of recent immigration—principally Italy, Austria, Poland, Hungary and Russia. But by no means are the majority of the alien born mine workers very recent comers, over seventy-seven per cent. of all of them having been in this country ten years or more in 1920, and over nine-tenths of them five years or more. Furthermore, nearly half of them were still alien, which does not mean that the other half were American citizens, for sixteen per cent. had taken out first papers, and the civic status of about four per cent. was unknown, so that less than thirty-one per cent. of all the foreign born coal mine workers were fully naturalized in 1920. But here again discussing the mine workers as a single group conceals illuminating and question-raising variations. In Pennsylvania, where coal mining operations have been under way for a century, sixty per cent. of the 89,000 men in the bituminous coal fields, and forty-four per cent. of those in the anthracite fields were wholly alien in 1920, though ninety-five per cent. of the mine workers in both the hard and soft coal fields of Pennsylvania had been in this country five years or more. Less than eight per cent. are from English speaking countries. In the coal fields of West Virginia, where ninety per cent. of the foreign born had been in this country five years or more, and less than five per cent. were from English speaking countries, seventy-five per cent. were wholly alien in 1920 and only ten per cent. were fully naturalized. In Illinois, on the other hand, where fifteen per cent. were from English speaking countries and ninety per cent. had been here five years or more, forty-two per cent. were full fledged American citizens, and thirty-one per cent. were wholly alien. It is not possible to follow the variations through all the coal States and coal fields. Enough have been cited, however, to reveal the "spread" in racial lines and civic status.

The facts do not argue a high degree of efficiency in our Americanization efforts, and they raise a challenging question as to conditions in some of the conspicuous coal producing States. For the social and political importance of the large numbers of foreign born who are still alien after long years of residence in this country is increased by the fact that nearly sixty-four per

cent. of all the foreign born—as compared with less than sixty per cent. of native white—are maintaining homes in the coal region. In these homes there are young children, most of whom being American born are American citizens in the making, whether the fathers have taken out citizenship papers or not. Without doubt the presence of wife and family, the mingling of children in school, in play, and in work with children of native parentage, create a community interest and make for stability of labour. Unquestionably, these conditions may indicate a real interest in, and sympathy with, American institutions, as much as possession of citizenship papers. But the fact remains that when parents are alien, the American born children get their ideas of citizenship obligations from, and owe obedience to, those who are not citizens. Alien parents can have no part in shaping the community, State and national policies which determine the destinies of their children, nor can the nation count upon aliens as assets in time of peril.

It is more than a simple matter of interest, therefore, that in over a fourth of the homes of the foreign born coal mine workers there are from five to ten or more children; whereas in less than seventeen per cent. of the homes of the native born do the offspring number as many. These large families, when added to the more moderate sized families of one to four children, which are to be found in sixty per cent. of the homes of the foreign born, run into an impressive army of American citizens who are coming from coal mine workers' homes presided over by men who have not entered into a responsible partnership with the American nation.

In passing, it is noteworthy that coal mine workers of the United States, whether foreign or native born, are largely family men having the responsibilities and steadying influences that discourage drifting and create community interest. With the well-being of all the mine workers, also, is bound up, therefore, that of thousands of boys and girls, and wives and mothers, belonging to the mine workers' families. All of these, whether native or foreign born, alien or citizen, are directly affected by the fact that a fourth of the men from non-English speaking countries and more than an eighth of all the 732,000 neither read

nor write in any language. Here again, however, figures for all obscure sharp variations to be found throughout the coal regions, as among all the bituminous mine workers eleven per cent. neither read nor write as compared with nearly sixteen per cent. among all the anthracite workers. The man who can neither read instructions and warnings, nor write a word of caution, increases the hazard of coal mining not only for himself but for his fellow workers, literate and illiterate, native and foreign born, and menaces the welfare of their families as he does that of his own family. But the extent of illiteracy among the foreign born mine workers creates a hazard of wider possibilities. When the illiterates from non-English speaking countries live and labour in "coal mine patches" remote from normal American centres of population, obviously they can get only from those of common tongue the facts—and fiction—concerning the causes of the frequent industrial and social disturbances in which the coal mine workers are involved, for they are not only isolated but impervious to all information not couched in verbal form. In this connection it is important to know that among the bituminous mine workers, where isolation is more frequent, the proportion of illiterates among the foreign born from non-English speaking countries is not quite twenty-three per cent. as compared with thirty-two per cent. in the corresponding group of anthracite mine workers, nine-tenths of whom are in or within easy reach of incorporated towns.

Such are a few of the facts that enter into the fluidal structure of much of the coal mining population of the country. But these and many others equally important—such as the mine workers who are sole family breadwinners in the several coal regions; the number who have children at work, at home or at school; the number who share the home facilities with boarders or lodgers; the number whose wives are gainfully employed inside or outside of the home; the number who own in part or in whole the houses in which they live—all these facts must be picked out of the veritable smother of data collected by the late United States Coal Commission, if there is to be an interpretative background for public discussion. Furthermore, the facts must be sought not alone for the coal mine workers in the country as a whole, but for

the particular coal fields that may be in a state of industrial and social eruption, for only so can the lines of human flow be traced and the causes and lasting consequences of eruption be found.

Though the facts set down here are few, they are enough to show that the civic status of the coal mine workers, especially in some of the States, and the degree of illiteracy, are matters of grave concern. But whose concern are they? Of course, the nation is chiefly concerned and in the main responsible. But does the coal industry owe to the nation an accounting of something in the nature of a stewardship of the foreign born in its employ? Before the enactment of the Contract Labor Law the coal industry, as all other leading industries, made open and successful efforts to get labour from overseas. While we no longer permit firms or individuals to bargain for, or "to induce", labour from abroad, the big industries still exert a telling influence on our immigration policies—in the opposition offered to further contraction of the volume of immigration, in exemptions and in the selection of the basis for fixing the quota law. These are all rightful activities if they are within the limits of the nation's well-being and industry's real needs. The activities, however, warrant a close questioning of the several industries as to how the foreign born from identical countries of origin have fared in each line of employment after given periods of residence in the United States.

While the United States Coal Commission answered fully the question as to who the coal mine workers are and where the foreign born among them are in the scale of American citizenry, there is as yet no corresponding data concerning the foreign born wage-earners in other industries. Therefore, there is no basis for saying that the coal industry has made the nation a better or a poorer accounting than other industries or one that levels with an average record. Equally important for native as well as for foreign born is the fact that the standards of living as reflected in the constituency and organization of the families of coal mine workers of the same nativity cannot be illumined by prevailing wage scales without corresponding data to reflect the standards of living maintained by men of like origin in other industries.

The President, in his message to Congress, suggested the civic status of the several races represented among our foreign born as

a factor to be taken into consideration in fixing the immigration quotas. When information, such as is now available concerning the foreign born among the coal mine workers, is brought into view concerning the alien at work in the other industries,—and it is in a fair way to be,—a directing light will be thrown on the conditions which influence this factor and a new basis may be found for dealing wisely with the claims brought to Congress for an adjustment of our immigration laws in the interest of this or that important industry.

MARIE L. OBENAUER.

THE PAPER AND PULPWOOD SITUATION

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

THE day of the cheap newspaper has gone forever, and there are indications that before long the present cost of our daily information may have a further increase. The situation has been brought about by the constantly increasing demand for newsprint paper, and the thoughtless destruction of forest wealth which has taken place throughout the United States and in some sections of the Dominion of Canada.

The big problem of the future for the paper-making industry on the continent is the growing scarcity of pulpwood in accessible locations. From the beginning of the industry in North America to the present over 100,000,000 cords of pulpwood have been used in the United States, of which some 20,000,000 cords came from Canada. The Dominion in the same period consumed about 30,000,000 cords, making a total of over 130,000,000 cords used by the two countries. Some 47,000,000 cords of wood in the form of pulp have been used by paper manufacturers in the States, of which about 15,000,000 cords came from the Dominion. As a result of conditions and impending Canadian legislation, American paper manufacturers are much alarmed as to their future supply of raw materials.

The tremendous development of the pulpwood and paper-making industry in Canada has been one of the most remarkable industrial achievements during the last decade. So great has been the growth of the industry that at present over eighty per cent. of Canada's newsprint is marketed in the United States, and many publishers are dependent upon the Dominion for their newsprint supplies. Among the principal reasons for the rapid upbuilding of the industry in Canada have been her far-reaching forest reserves, her wonderful water-power systems, and close proximity to the American market. These natural facilities,

together with the fact that newsprint is admitted to the States without tariff duties, have laid a strong foundation for the Canadian industry.

Year by year consumers of newsprint in the United States are becoming more dependent upon the forest wealth of the Dominion. Figures recently compiled indicate that more newsprint paper is used in North America than in the rest of the world. The consumption of newsprint per capita in the United States during 1923 was estimated at fifty pounds. The figure is based on an estimated Sunday newspaper circulation of 20,000,000 copies, with a total daily circulation estimated at 30,000,000 copies. The figures have special significance to the publishers and readers of American newspapers when it is realized that four-fifths of the newsprint paper produced in Canada is being consumed in the United States.

The total production of newsprint in the Dominion during 1923 reached a record-breaking total of 1,261,951 tons, or 181,000 more than in 1922. The total represents an average daily output of 4,084 tons compared with the average for 1922 of 3,508 tons, showing an increase of 576 tons for every working day of the year. The following table shows the production of the Canadian newsprint mills for 1923:

	No. of Mills	*Total Production*	*Average Per Day*
1923—January	19	99,342	3,821
February	20	91,686	3,820
March	20	107,227	3,971
April	20	101,654	4,066
May	19	111,486	4,129
June	19	108,514	4,174
July	19	104,932	4,197
August	20	113,584	4,207
September	20	102,486	4,270
October	20	114,475	4,240
November	20	110,839	4,263
December	20	95,726	3,829
12 months		1,261,951	4,084
1922—12 months		1,080,333	3,508
1921—12 months		805,134	

Out of the total for 1923, 1,251,236 tons were sold and shipped out of the Dominion—within 10,000 tons of the total manufactured throughout the year. And at the end of the year an official survey of the stocks on hand at all the Canadian mills amounted to only 15,123 tons—which represents less than four days' production.

According to the Newsprint Service Bureau of New York the total production of American mills during the last year was 1,485,000 tons, or 37,000 tons more than 1922. The total showed a dropping off, compared with 1920, when the record was established of 1,512,000 tons. During 1920, however, a number of mills changed over to newsprint to take advantage of the very high prices prevailing at that time. The point I wish to emphasize is that the total Canadian production—1,261,951 tons—represents an increase of 181,000 tons over 1922, which is about five times as great as that made by mills in the United States.

In addition to the production of newsprint in Canada and the United States, 64,000 tons were produced in Newfoundland, and 12,000 tons in Mexico, where one mill operates, making a total production of 2,822,000 tons for the continent of North America, or two-thirds of the total production of newsprint in the world. Over eighty per cent. of Canada's newsprint was marketed last year in the United States, and in addition about 200,000 tons were imported by American publishers from Scandinavian, Finnish, and German mills. The European imports in 1922 totalled 133,000 tons. Altogether, the consumption of newsprint in the United States showed an increase of fifteen per cent. over 1922, and twenty-six per cent. over 1920. So great has been the Canadian production of newsprint that at the end of 1922 it reached a figure which represented eighty-five per cent. of the production from American mills. This percentage was further increased during 1923, and within the next two years, should this rate be maintained, the production of both countries will be at a parity.

The production of wood pulp in 1923 was immediately affected by the increased output of newsprint, and this caused corresponding increases in the production of mechanical and news-grade sulphite pulps. Taking the twelve months ending

December 31, Canada's pulp exports increased from $41,037,849 to $47,027,496, while her bond, writing, and book paper also showed a considerable increase.

The following table gives a comparison of values for the various grades of paper and raw materials during 1922 and 1923:

Paper	*Value 1922*	*Value 1923*
Newsprint	$68,362,817	$85,611,258
Bond paper	225,710	365,956
Wrapping	2,780,386	3,170,429
Bond and Writing	132,980	240,535
All Other	3,324,000	4,382,779
Total	$74,825,893	$93,770,957
Pulp		
Mechanical	$9,410,083	$11,599,323
Sulphite, bleached	11,993,202	13,574,220
" unbleached	10,477,746	12,406,095
Sulphate	9,166,818	9,453,758
Total	$41,047,849	$47,033,396

During the twelve months ending December 31, 1,384,230 cords of pulpwood were shipped from the Dominion. By far the greater portion of this exportation was to paper mills in the United States, many of which are daily becoming more dependent upon Canada for their pulpwood. So great has been the demand for pulpwood from the Dominion that action is being taken to keep the pulpwood in Canada until it is manufactured and then export the finished product. In fact, the question of the future wood supply has caused considerable discussion in the Dominion during the last year, and as a result the Government at Ottawa has appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the resources of the Dominion forests and make a comprehensive report on the whole pulpwood situation. The advisability of declaring an embargo on exports of pulpwood is also to be included in the report of the Commission.

The increase in domestic consumption, and the large quantities of exported pulpwood, have been a heavy drain on the forest resources of the Dominion. According to reports made to the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, there were scattered

throughout Canada in 1923 some 580,000,000 cords of merchantable spruce and balsam, from which pulpwood is derived. But pulpwood consumption, together with destruction by forest fires, the bud-worm ravage, and unscientific logging, has been so great in recent years that the Federal and Provincial Governments are considering means and methods for further protecting and conserving the standing forest wealth of the Dominion.

In addition to protecting the forest wealth by fire ranging, tree planting, and trenching operations, there is a strong sentiment in favor of placing an embargo on export pulpwood. At present all the pulpwood-owning provinces prohibit the exportation from Canada of pulpwood in an unmanufactured state, when cut from Crown lands. The license clause prohibiting the export of unmanufactured wood does not prevent the export of wood cut from privately owned lands, and the demand for such wood has, in the last few years, become extremely urgent in the United States.

Out of nearly 6,000,000 cords of wood used annually by American paper manufacturers, over 1,000,000 cords have been drawn from Canada annually for the past fifteen years. In spite of the limited sources from which exportable wood can now be secured, the amount is increasing rapidly. The rate of export for most months last year approximated close to one and one-half million cords, which is more than a quarter of the total net cut of the Dominion. This, it is contended by Canadian authorities, is depleting the forests of Canada at a rate which threatens to produce a pulpwood famine within the next generation.

OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY.

"THE PROHIBITION TANGLE": A REPLY

BY ALBERT LÉVITT

CHILDREN have a game which is called "cat's cradle". To play it you take a piece of string and tie the two ends together in a small knot. Then you loop the string over your hands and manipulate it until it stretches between your fingers in various tangled criss-cross lines. You now invite your playmate to transfer the string to his hands by making a worse tangle than you have made, or by reducing your tangle without destroying it altogether. If he succeeds in making the transfer, it is your turn to transfer the string to your hands again. Your object is to arrange the strings into the form of a "cat's cradle" (whence the name of the game) and your playmate's object is to hinder you and make a "dead man in his coffin" before you make the "cat's cradle". When the string is so tangled that nothing further can be done with it, or when the manipulation of one's fingers disentangles the string altogether, which often happens, the game is ended and you start all over again.

Professor Erskine, in an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, invites us to play "cat's cradle" with the Prohibition Amendment. He presents us with the tangling of the string, and just as we are about to make "the dead man in his coffin" he says: "Let's quit. Tiddle-de-winks is more interesting; and anyway, football is *the* game for red-blooded youth." But we are not so easily beguiled. "Cat's cradle" is too interesting, even though we have played football and still enjoy tiddle-de-winks.

Professor Erskine opposes Prohibition on four grounds. He dislikes the Eighteenth Amendment; he disapproves the methods used in enforcing it; he believes that Temperance is a virtue but that Prohibition is anti-American; and he is persuaded that Prohibition fails to improve our relations with the younger generation.

I

Professor Erskine declares that "the Amendment is vague". This is amusing. It would be inexplicable if one did not know him. But, knowing him, one can read, understand and smile. He is a Poet. He is a Poet-Philosopher. Poetry is to him an expression of life, of ideas, of metaphysics and philosophical systems. A poem is not only what is expressed but also what is implied, connoted, suggested. He has an uncanny knack of getting into the mind of a writer and of laying that mind bare. And what is more marvellous and important, he is convincing to his students. His teaching makes each student into an Oliver Twist with a literary porridge bowl. Things are not what they seem to Professor Erskine. He is always seeing "behind the veil". This, paradoxical as it may sound, is the reason why he says that the Eighteenth Amendment is vague. He is hunting for something that does not exist. There is nothing esoteric about the Amendment. It is cold, bald prose. It has no over-tones, no nuances, no mysteries, no shadowy metaphysics. It means nothing but what it says. Vague? Read it!

> Section 1.—After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby forbidden.

Where is the vagueness? Is it not absolutely clear that the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is forbidden? Surely a teacher of literature who can analyze Sidney's *Arcadia* and simplify Lily's *Euphues* ought not to be mystified or puzzled by straightforward, simple English.

Professor Erskine avows that the Amendment is class legislation. "It is a serious knot in the whole tangle, therefore, that the present law *made it easy* for the rich man to supply himself legally with liquor, and *very hard for* the poor man,"[1] he says. Since when has it become the function of a law to protect "those who lacked the money or the foresight" to do that which that law was designed to prevent? Equality under the laws means equality to live according to law, and not equal rights to flout a

[1] Italics are the writer's.

Constitutional provision. Prior to the time when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, which was one year after it was ratified, rich and poor alike could lay in a private cellar without violating the law. It was the poor man's poverty and not the Amendment which kept the poor man from emulating the rich man. After the Amendment went into effect neither the rich man nor the poor man could legally lay in a private stock. The Amendment does forbid the buying of intoxicating liquor. There can be no sale without a purchaser. No one can sell unless there is someone ready and willing to buy. Professor Erskine admits that such would be the interpretation placed upon the Amendment by the courts if they got a chance to decide the question. But he claims that drinking is not forbidden. He seems to have overlooked the phrase "for beverage purposes". A "beverage" is a drink; isn't it? "Beverage purposes" means drinking purposes; doesn't it? If you are forbidden to sell, make, carry about, import and export intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes, surely you are forbidden to drink intoxicating liquors.

I have a genuine affection for Professor Erskine, and the glamour he possessed for me in my student days is not yet gone. Because of this, it saddens me to have him use, even if only by way of illustration, the, to me, sacrilegious argument based upon "how honourable a part wine plays in the Bible, in the Jewish Passover and in the Christian Eucharist". Before the passage of the Amendment, did the brewers and the distillers conduct their business *ad majorem gloriam Dei?* Did they? That wine plays an honourable part in the Eucharist is true. That the Eucharist should be debased to play a dishonourable part in a fallacious argument is pitiable.

II

The inadequate enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment seems to be the burden of Professor Erskine's second argument. There are blunders in enforcing the law; the "Prohibitionists should have done their best to secure honest enforcement"; human nature is weak, and so some of the enforcing agents are corrupt; there is a tiresome "shifting of blame between Federal

and State authorities", he says. But all this is as small dust in the balance. "The indelible blot on the Prohibition record is the attitude toward Civil Service." The "blot" consists of a compromise by reason of which all the field places in the enforcement bureau were excepted from the classified Civil Service. Because of this, says Prof. Erskine,

> . . . the Prohibitionists won a phantom victory at the price of political spoils; and to keep up the pretence of victory Prohibition must continue to pay the disgraceful price. An obvious remedy, even now, would be to start over again and put the agents under the Civil Service, and this is what both Mr. Foulke and Mr. Wheeler urge. But will the Prohibitionists take this obvious way out? Indeed, can they, after their previous compromises?

I hold no brief for the Anti-Saloon League. In days before the Eighteenth Amendment I fought the League. I was opposed to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. But the Amendment is here. Whether it is here to stay or not is immaterial. As long as it is here, it should be enforced. Professor Erskine agrees that it should be enforced. He indicates correctly wherein the enforcement agencies are inadequate and fail. He points out an obvious remedy. What difference does it make whether the Prohibitionists take that obvious way out or not? What difference does it make whether they can or not? There is a remedy. It should be adopted. It is our duty to see that it is adopted. The Volstead Act should be amended so as to place all enforcement officers and field agents under Civil Service rules, and to compel them all to take proper examinations. The obvious intent of the Eighteenth Amendment, as the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, is to take intoxicating liquors out of the category of commercial commodities and to prevent their use for beverage purposes. Law enforcement means securing the spirit of a statute as well as the letter. When Professor Erskine draws a line between the pre-Amendment legally acquired liquor and post-Amendment illegally acquired liquor, and discusses the relation of each to the Amendment and its enforcement, it is very like making a distinction between tweedledee and tweedledum. And I venture to suggest that, as Professor Erskine has taught us what to do, he "be one of the twelve to follow his own teaching" and, by the power of his voice and

pen, aid in amending the Volstead Act so that it embodies his own plan. Nor need he be downcast by the action of the Pacifist Prohibitionists and their desire to have and use an army and navy to enforce prohibition on foreign ships. A thief may recite the Ten Commandments and then filch his neighbour's purse. The Kaiser may praise the Sermon on the Mount and then make a shambles of Europe. There were those, in the recent war, who loudly cheered our soldiers, but who hastened to claim exemption for themselves. Yet the actions of the thief and the Kaiser did not invalidate the Decalogue and the teachings of Christ. Nor did the cowards destroy patriotism. Foreign nations are under no duty to compel their subjects to respect and obey our laws. If they do not control their subjects, and those subjects violate our statutes, we must, in self-defense, exert our power to protect our laws. If the enforcement of our laws "offends proud nations with longer traditions of the sea than ours", it would seem that they did not deserve their "record for law and order which we have not begun to equal". He who takes offense at the enforcement of law and order is not truly a lover of law and order. And if we obey our laws, I do not believe that we can give an "impression of bumptious pride, of disregard for the views of our neighbours, of conceit in our own virtue". Besides —is it the good opinion of foreign nations that enforces our laws and maintains our Constitution?

III

Professor Erskine believes that Temperance is a panacea which will protect us from the evils of liquor and much else beside, and that Prohibition is anti-American. He claims that the Prohibitionists have not merely adapted the Constitution to changing conditions, but that they have been the first "to reverse the meaning of the document, to turn from the ideal of constitutional liberty to the ideal of benevolent paternalism."

No one who sat under Professor Erskine as a student can ever forget with what earnestness and eloquence he was led to see the beauty of the Book of Temperance in Spenser's *Faery Queene*. And he will always remember with increasing pleasure with

what "sweetness and light" Professor Erskine urged the validity of Aristotle's aphorism, "Nothing in excess," in dealing with modern social and political problems. But even ten years ago there were some of us who could not believe that Temperance would work in all things. The passing of the years has confirmed my feeling that it will not. Apply it to murder. Can one kill a person now and then? Or can one be moderate in stealing? Can one be temperate in the White Slave traffic? in adulterating food? in swindling? in chicanery? in faithlessness to public trust? In the light of our knowledge of drug-addicts, can one say that Temperance has a place in the use of heroin, cocaine, opium and morphine? Certain types of activities cannot be permitted at all, if society is to exist in peace and security. Temperance will not do. It is total abstinence that is required. The first step toward total abstinence is Prohibition. Prohibition may be self-imposed or other-imposed. Those who can not impose it upon themselves must have it imposed upon them. Those who can impose it upon themselves are not at all disturbed by the existence of a law which imposes it upon others. The truly temperate have no quarrel with prohibition. The intemperate nearly always oppose it.

I may be accused of having begged the question. It may be urged that intoxicating liquors are not like murder, rape, opium or cocaine. I submit, however, that that question is no longer open to sensible, rational discussion. No one can be wiser than the experience of the human race. Throughout the ages priests, prophets, lawyers, doctors and economists have inveighed against the evils of intoxicating liquors. In our day the law-makers have put the force of organized society behind our common knowledge. The Eighteenth Amendment is the experience of mankind crystallized in positive law. That experience cannot be ignored. To put it into law is sensible.

But, however sensible it may be, Professor Erskine says it is anti-American and perverts the purposes of the Constitution. Passing by the point that it is difficult to see how anything in the Constitution can be un-Constitutional, I venture to believe that Professor Erskine has misread his history and forgotten the nature of the Common Law. It is not true that, as he states it, "the great experiment of this democracy was by way of protest

against paternalism even for our good." The Preamble to the Constitution expressly declares that one reason for its adoption was "to promote the general welfare". That the general welfare is paramount to the "rights," interests, desires, of any individual or group of individuals, is proved by the entire history of the Common Law upon which our legal system is founded.

The police power is based upon the ideas that the general welfare is paramount, that individual rights must yield to the general good, that the individual may be forced to be good even against his own wishes and inclinations. Professor Erskine is untrue to the facts and misstates the law when he says "Those matters in which individual rights can not be delegated—food, drink, clothing, religion—were to remain outside the scope of Government". Pure food laws are constitutional. Pure drug acts are within the "police power". You can not eat or drink poisons, for those acts would be construed as attempts to commit suicide, which is against the law: There are laws preventing the Ku Klux Klan and other secret societies from parading in regalia. These laws are constitutional. You can not appear in public with no clothing. It is an offense against decency, subject to fine and imprisonment. Religion is not outside the scope of government. The sacred dances of the Indians have been abolished. Polygamy has been prohibited among the Mormons who practiced it as a part of their religious belief. Professor Erskine's felicity of phrase and smoothness of style should not prevent us from seeing the fallacy of his reasoning and the inaccuracy of his statements.

Mr. Justice Story is a safer and truer guide. This is what *he* said:

> The Constitution unavoidably deals in general language. It did not suit the purposes of the people, in framing this great charter of our liberties, to provide for minute specifications of its powers or to declare the means by which those powers should be carried into execution. It was foreseen that this would be a perilous and difficult, if not an impracticable, task. The instrument was not intended to provide merely for the exigencies of a few years but was to endure through a long lapse of ages, the events of which were locked up in the inscrutable purposes of Providence. It could not be foreseen what new changes and modifications of power might be indispensable to effectuate the general objects of the charter, and restrictions and specifications

which at the present might seem salutary might in the end prove the overthrow of the system itself. *Hence its powers are expressed in general terms, leaving to the legislature from time to time to adopt its own means to effectuate legitimate objects and to mold and model the exercise of its powers as its own wisdom and the public interest should require.* (Italics supplied. Cited from the case of *Martin v. Hunter*, 1 Wheat. 326.)

IV

The most appealing part of Professor Erskine's discussion is that in which he deals with the relation of the younger to the older generation and the effect of Prohibition upon it. He declares that the young people see nothing in Prohibition but an illustration "of the asininity of the elder generation". He believes that "on the whole" (mark the phrase) they are disposed "to back up a genuine and self-respecting programme of Temperance", and that "nothing could be easier than to enlist them in warfare against drunkenness". To prove it he cites the statement by one of his students, that the only thing needed to have the young people give up drinking is to have somebody ask them to do so!

Professor Erskine has mislaid his sense of humour. Otherwise he could not play the part of a Temperance Malvolio. For over seventy years the Women's Christian Temperance Union has been asking the young people (and the old people) to stop drinking. For over two hundred years the Total Abstinence societies have been pleading with our people to stop drinking. For nearly two thousand years the Christian Church has made "signing the pledge" a special virtue. And the young people have grown old; and the old people have grown senile; and both continued to drink. Asking didn't do any good. Sometimes it doesn't. There are times when "on the whole" will not do. There are activities which can not be sanctioned in part. You have to prevent them altogether. You must destroy them root, stock and branch. Drinking and drunkenness are such activities. You can not be temperately drunk. And you can get drunk from temperate drinking.

The puzzlement of the younger college generations, of which Professor Erskine speaks so earnestly (when he says that the

"Prohibition régime leaves them cold, a little amused, at heart I think profoundly puzzled, for they know enough of history to recognize that the Prohibitionist is trying to do what from the experience of earlier men would seem impossible"), is caused not by what the Prohibitionists are doing but by what the anti-Prohibitionists are doing. The latter seem to be so blind to what history has proved to be an inevitable law of progress. Every reform has its inception in the mind of a dreamer, a prophet, a visionary. At first the society of which he is a part sees no harm in him. He is ignored and tolerated. But in time he gains a few adherents. They are different from the rest of the community. Because they are different the community begins to think they are dangerous. Then persecutions begin. In self-defense the few become militant. Fighting, they become conscious of their strength. Singleness of purpose gives them a solidarity which makes their strength irresistible. As all the world loves a fighting organization, they attract more adherents. They finally achieve their objective. At first their hold is precarious. Then they become firmly intrenched. Then the battle against them ceases. That which was an iconoclastic reform becomes the accepted, traditional dogma. Those who fought the reform most bitterly, loudly boast that they brought it on. Burning zeal becomes glacial inertia, so that a new reform is called for. When it comes, it finds that the old reform is its bitterest enemy.

The history of Christianity proves this thesis in religion. The Copernican theory and the theory of Evolution demonstrate it in the field of science. The winning of woman suffrage by the militant National Woman's Party illustrates it beautifully in political life. Prohibition has just won its big victory. It is rapidly and strongly intrenching itself. Counter-attacks are being launched against it. They strike, they break, they recede; they are futile.

The younger generations know that this is so. It puzzles them to see their Elders fighting the inevitable. They realize that you can not sink a battleship with a pop-gun nor level a mountain by swearing at it. They see that the Anti-Prohibitionists are trying to do both. So they wonder—and smile. The Eighteenth Amendment is a fighting statute. In enforcing it

there is no room for the airs of a dancing master nor the graces of a drawing-room.

Temperance is indeed a virtue, but it is not the only virtue. Nor is it the paramount one. Obedience to law is also a virtue; so is enforcing the law. The Eighteenth Amendment is a stirring demand to control our desires for intoxicating liquors for the sake of the generations to come. American citizenship imposes upon each of us the duty to obey the Constitution in spirit as well as in letter, and calls upon us to aid in its enforcement. The greater the desire for drink, the harder the struggle will be, the more genuine the self-sacrifice, the sweeter the victory that is won. To Professor Erskine "Prohibition suggests nothing better than defensive prudence, a dread that something may happen to us, umbrella and rubbers." Well, doubtless we must always have with us those who sneer at the ideals of others. For my part I rather think that umbrellas and rubbers are quite useful when the days are "wet".

ALBERT LÉVITT.

THE CASE FOR IMMORTALITY

BY HERBERT D. MILES

A POSSIBLE communication with what we like to imagine to be the "spiritual world" has been of interest to humanity as far back into history as we may go. In the resurgence of that interest to a high pitch since the World War, there have appeared distinguished prophets of this hoped-for communication; not only among our own race, but among the more subtle Latin races as well. But none have been so persistent as our own Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; both eminent, and worthy of all respect for their broad attainments and genius. The purpose behind the efforts of these and other experimenters of good repute, is undoubtedly an elevated, even a noble one. They desire to discover Truth, and to inspirit the afflicted and sorrowful—in which company they include themselves.

As a factor in our case for immortality the work of such men, if convincing, would be overwhelmingly important. But we demand to "be shown", quite unashamed of our doubting, although most of us have every sympathy with their hopes and purposes. In preference to our being satisfied to believe in intellectual processes merely,—even those of a Sir Oliver,—we find ourselves asking for an ocular or an audible demonstration of such communication. The crude in us is strong, through all the pride of intellect.

What have they given us? Intellectual evidence, and "manifestations". In the manifestations of mediums, good or bad, there has not been, nor can there well be, evidence worthy of serious examination, until we can be shown that a confessedly bodiless, muscleless spirit can use muscular force or its equivalent, for the demonstrations of knocking, writing, or talking. Or, if these physical acts are avowed the acts of the medium, that the medium does more at best than deceive himself. And in reviewing more intellectual evidence, perhaps what we call common

sense tells us that the strongest, truest, most exalted of minds can deceive itself; can be ruled, as we all are to some extent, by a dominating sub-consciousness.

I confess that I can find nothing in Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir Conan Doyle convincing even as to their own entire conviction of their claims. But they have without doubt succeeded in giving consolation and strength to many suffering souls, and to that extent at least have done good in their own generation—if little for the succeeding.

Miss Kirkland, in her thoughtful volume *The New Death*, has afforded a certain inspiration of value to many a stricken one needing sorely what of solace might be given. She makes the interesting and I believe well-considered assertion, that "the intuitions of immortality forbid us to believe that physical dissolution has any finality". And death, she suspects, "is simply the exchange of the post-physical for the physical development of the soul." That is good, comforting doctrine. But the keynote of it is intuition. Its foundation is hope and faith—those fine old values of which our much-discussed Bible is fuller, probably, than any other book. But surely, whether provocative of intellectual solace merely, or concerned with manifestations, there still remains a want of what we are seeking here—a definite, purposeful endeavor to construct, by a broader analysis, the real case for immortality. Up to this point, we have failed to construct it. We have failed with the law; and now, upon such proofs as have been offered from any side, of a spiritual or a physical communion with another sphere of existence—or the want of such—we must conclude that man's efforts in that alluring field still leave our case for immortality not proven.

It must be of deepest concern to us in our search, if we can conclude that a closer examination of the very things that we have been analyzing—and upon which we apparently have been losing our case—develops a directly opposing inference. We have found that the coördination of physical parts must be, manifestly, the final requisite for mere life,—for any form of life, —and the finding might lead naturally to a conclusion that immortality is as impossible to one as to another. As human beings, we have always yearned to be satisfied of our immortality;

savages or Christians, ancient or modern, it has always been so. Can we then find, and follow, in these very things, the Law, and our innate desire for spirit communication, some threads to lead us, unbewildered, out of an ages-old maze?

Life, as life, it seems clear, does not possess nor deserve immortality. Life exists small almost beyond belief, yet baffling as to its creation. But what a difference after its creation! Life in its true sense does not belong to our automobile, nor our steamship; their minor powers can exist only in the actual presence and by the hand of their creator, man. Yet how marvellous in a sense and how powerful they are; of more intricate coördination, and certainly of more present meaning to the world, than, for example, the oyster. In the case of higher animal creatures lesser than man intelligence stirs, but by them nothing is created beyond what instinct offers for shelter and food. To man then, and to him alone, is added that chiefest attribute of divinity as divinity has revealed itself to us—the great attribute of "creation".

Without the evidences of creation all about him, man would never have conceived of a Creator, a God; with them, almost every savage has had that conception. And though the greatest of man's creations are secondary to the least of God's, and are merely interpretations of God's laws, yet in this outstanding power, instinctive even in early man, may we not conclude that we hold our first thread leading out of the maze, in our search for our case for immortality? Here is something, this God-given and God-like creative faculty, independent of the lightning and of dissolution; in a sense triumphant over both!

And now, out of our dream of communication with the spirit world, may we likewise gather something for our case? We say that our God is Love and Wisdom. Most truly then, He never has to greater advantage shown it and proved it, I venture to believe, than in establishing an apparently dense, black, impenetrable wall between man and all communication with his dead. What would become of us, could we pierce it? The mere contemplation of such a success is frightful. For if we could have beyond all shadow of doubt, and offered daily, open proof that

those who have died in the body live at once in a spirit world; that they are following our every movement at will, with concern and affection or otherwise—what would result? Confusion beyond conception! Some of us would be for ending this more or less unsatisfactory and toilsome life, immediately. Why not? In the certainty of little or no penalty for the act, and of an immediate and satisfactory resurrection! No longer would our hands be stayed by cowardice or conscience. Suicide would be at a decided premium. Initiative would largely die out. The sense of responsibility would dwindle, as would our interest in the progress of the arts and sciences. Some of us would go through life ever glancing uneasily over our shoulders, like the small boy in the graveyard. How feared and dreaded would be the criticisms expected from the other shore, whether tolerant, or as they might easily be, pointed, impatient, even intolerant!

Nevertheless, we conclude, the skill and the ingenuity of man, in his audacious efforts to pierce that wall; his elevated imagination, his faith and fanaticism in the work through countless generations, should fairly prove to be our second thread. There is a touch of divinity, in our daring in such a field; in our vision, our impatience; in the very finding that the merciful wall is there.

Our last thread has been with us,—and has bravely supported many millions of us too,—throughout the generations for nearly two thousand years. Nothing more should be required—perhaps nothing more is required—to those Christians, especially of official place in the established churches, who direct the teachings or influence the beliefs of laity and clergy, for their conviction as to our case for immortality, than the sayings of Jesus. It is only human, perhaps, that proof otherwise—through reason, or even better through a piercing of the wall—would be welcomed eagerly by such men. But the assertions of the Master are indeed valuable in making up our case. Except, to him who will not mix faith with his reason at all. He spoke ever with an authority such as no other man has dared, and that authority has been established through its influence upon the human spirit, throughout the centuries that have elapsed since He spoke. He

was repeatedly asked, during His ministry, by persons quite as curious as ourselves, to describe the Kingdom of Heaven. As repeatedly, He ever likened it, in parable, to all sorts of humble things. There was no piercing of the wall! And it is important to note what may be the keynote to His reticence: To the ruler and Pharisee, Nicodemus, He spoke plain words: "If I have told you of earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?" Clearly, He knew the limitations of the human mind—and very probably too, His Father's reasons for the inscrutable wall. We must be content that with His refusal of elaboration was a very unqualified definiteness. Both as to a resurrection and as to a paradise, He could hardly have been more definite. Assuredly, this is our third thread.

Summing up our case, we may agree first that ancient man saw that Creation required a Creator. He saw around him a marvellous law and order. He saw the sunrise and the sunset, the rain and the dew; the grass, the trees, and the good fruits of the earth. Whether God was revealed, or was evolved out of man's consciousness of a Creator, we know that He was early conceived and worshipped, and by a being that likewise "created"; even though that being did not at once become monotheistic. It is doubtful if any man ever worshipped an idol save as representing the unseen. Man early believed in himself, in his powers, in his being the "child of God". He asserted his kinship by successful efforts at creation, little as he then understood the more intricate laws that are being disclosed by our modern effort.

The things that man is now creating, at this period in which we live, are of course legion; and some of them very wonderful even judged by the standards of life-creation, especially certain instruments used in the sciences. The idea of a share in the immortality of a nebulous God would be much more difficult of conception than that of a God of personality and Fatherhood; and as to the latter, Jesus is authority. Of God's immortality, we have no need to seek proof. The conclusion, then, from the consideration of our powers in sharing God's chiefest attribute, "creation," is that we may share, perhaps in a minor way, His immortality.

In man's attempted spirit-communication, it is fair to say that our case is not weakened through his failure, but is strengthened by the striking evidence of vision and daring and imagination that it presents. It may, of course, be too soon to dogmatize as to the effort being either folly or futility. But if the wall that God has presumably set—very considerately, as it seems to me—as a just and merciful barrier between us and our immortality, is never to be pierced, at least there is a near-divinity in our very effort. This, added to our attribute of creation, may afford a reasonable ground for conviction that we are children of the Creator, and as such heirs to His kingdom. So much, for reason.

Finally, whether we prefer our conclusions pointed by intellectual processes rather than faith, or not, we should, in considering our last thread, be happy in its positiveness. We may nurture a lifelong regret, that Jesus could not have been more explicit in His picture of Paradise; and feel in our souls that He might have gratified our very natural and harmless desire for detail, as to our resurrection. We may feel some resentment that He did not in some way—which we could so readily suggest—provide for a perfectly direct transmission of His message, instead of its coming to us in very human documents, filtered through very human minds, not always accurate, and not as inspired as the Master. But, the soul of wisdom, it is notable that all of His recorded sayings are strictly down to our level rather than up to our curiosity. And who, more than He, should be aware of all of the dangers inherent in any help He might give us toward the piercing of that wall? The point is, that He promised us an after-life, and that He was quite unequivocal about it.

As to at what period, in his ascent through evolution, man may have earned a share in God's immortality, such as that share may be, it would be idle to speculate. We might trouble ourselves with considerations as to "relative immortality", knowing as we do that we differ in intelligence and in our powers of creation. We might speculate as to whether savage races of men who still create little, are differently placed. But there is more in this than reason. That is where our last thread grows rather strong.

For a man might be a very Edison in creation, and a very Emerson in reason, and yet be a quite undesirable citizen, not to be compared as to morals with some decent savage. So far as we know, the Son of Man made no distinctions as to relative civilizations in His promises of an after-life or of salvation in it. It is interesting to recall that while savages there were a-plenty, in both Asia and Africa, not far from Him, His ministry throughout was, if not in the center of the highest culture existing in his time, at least in close touch with the Greek and Roman and Corinthian cultures.

It is through these engaging threads, I think, that our anxious souls, more or less entangled in doubt, or, even worse, lost in a maze of scepticism and despair, may work out into the light. From our standpoint of reason, we have twisted some threads to a conclusion that we probably all desire earnestly. We like reasoning; it appeals to our pride; faith is both harder and easier. Our third thread is chiefly faith. But perhaps, after all, in the matter of our immortality, reason is but the moon of logic, and the gospel and assurances of Jesus, the sun.

HERBERT D. MILES.

SEA POEMS

BY JEAN GRIGSBY

THE INLAND SEA

Strange that a thing so wild, so free
As we conceive the tossing sea to be,
Should thus be land-locked and imprisoned.

How these confining shores must chafe
And fret thee sore, as ceaselessly
Thy bosom heaves tumultuously.

A fettered slave, a cagéd bird,
Thy accents are forever heard
Bewailing thy sad fate.

Freedom to thee, as to the wind, belongs,
What was thy sin, O Sea,
That thus the Gods have punished thee?

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

At dawn
I watched them going out to sea,
Their canvas spread to catch the breeze,
(For they woo the wind who follow the seas)
And my love he smiled at me.

All night
I prayed in agony,
(For the sea was foam and the night was black
And the fishing fleet had not come back)
And my love was dear to me.

Morning was gray,
As all the mornings now to come will be,
(The screaming gulls flew overhead
And on the beach my man lay dead)
And my love is gone from me.

RETURN

BY M. E. CROCKER

But then, I knew myself at one with them
As lovers know—and do all lovers know
This fading and this death?
For I knew then
The green woods mine; I loved the moss beneath
The meadow boulders, long, fine fairy stems,
Making a deep-piled velvet for my head;
Cool groves of trees to the small fairy world,
Their forest exquisite and lovely, hid
Beneath the shadows of the rocks.
And so
Was I at one with moss worlds; and at one
With the tall, plumy purple grass of fall;
With the frail stems of cloudy white Queen's lace;
One with great oaks, and with the beech whose life
Flames into pure gold, when the red gum burns
Undaunted crimson. Then the air and I
Were but the self-same song, one breath of life
Beating up through the clear blue space to float
To an undoubted heaven that made both
Swing to the universal rhythm of its heart.

Now, O where is that song gone, and where is loveliness!
Here the pavements bury all soft meadow mosses deep;
Here the city smoke lies dead upon the heavy air,
And the breath of life is clouded, drugged and pale in sleep.

Here I am no more the lark's heart hidden in the mountain,
I am not the wind's breath blowing from the hill;
Shut away from golden trees, barred from sunset meadows,
Dark walls have shadowed loveliness, the song is very still.

POEMS

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

CHIAROSCURO

If I'd been angry once, and struck your mouth
To leave the mark there,—if I'd said the name
To make your face go crimson, and the drouth
Of your dry spirit ember into flame,—
If once I'd kindled you, and seen you burn
Scarlet to white to the clean acrid coal
And brittle shell of hatred,—I could learn,
Now you are dead, to love you for your soul.

But we were lies and never did confess
The true thing in us. When I should have raged
And killed you with a bloody sword, I'd press
Your hand and smile; and when your malice waged
Most bitterly with mine, you kissed me most.
I cannot even see your face, poor ghost.

TAKE ARMS OF IRONY

Drive your soft fingers down the blade,
And seize with bleeding hands the haft.
You cannot arm yourself by craft,
Nor all your beauty can persuade
The spear to turn that was not made
But to be wielded by the shaft.
When you have brandished it and laughed
There will be time to be afraid.

There will be time enough for fears
When you have driven fear before;
Time, time enough, full time for tears
When grief lies murdered at your door;
There will be time, aye all your years,
For love when you can love no more.

WILLA CATHER

BY LLOYD MORRIS

I

It is not surprising that the novels of Willa Cather have been widely admired. She writes of the West; and to all Americans who do not inhabit it, the West is more truly a mood of the imagination and a romantic nostalgia than a geographical fact. Although Miss Cather's West is without defence against the incursions of drab reality, it compensates our traditional expectations by being favourable to those virtues of character which a long literary discipline has taught us to believe most desirable. Writing in an age marked by the disappearance of the pioneer from the American scene, Miss Cather celebrates his legend and seeks his successor.

Her preoccupation with the pioneer brings Miss Cather's work within the main trend of American literature during the past century. At its best, as in the work of Emerson and Whitman, the literature of this main trend gave philosophical as well as emotional direction to the national life. It established the cult of the individual; it distinguished between individualism and egotism by formulating the democratic ideal; it taught the pioneer virtues of independence, self-reliance and perseverance; it substituted for the repudiated discipline of the past an epic vision of the national future. In these ways the literature of our main trend spoke with authority for its time. It responded to the immediate situation confronting us by furnishing an ideal compatible with the task of subduing a continent to the future needs of the race. For nearly a century the pioneer ideal expressed a vital necessity in our national life, and the energies of the country were largely absorbed by the enterprise of extending human control over the conditions of material existence. The impulse to that enterprise is reflected in the literature of the time.

Reading it, we may learn that the frontier was to be conquered that a national destiny might be inaugurated; the task of subduing a continent was undertaken that, once subdued, it might yield a richer harvest of life and greater freedom for nobler uses.

Such was the account given by our earlier writers of the national spirit and the national life. Their account was remarkable for its vision of the future, for its confident attitude toward what that future might hold forth, for its emphasis upon the prospect of a national destiny. The epic attitude to them was congenial and natural; it was, so to speak, the only adequate expression of the American life which they knew. If our literature had continued its direct contact with the current of our national life, we might reasonably expect to discover in Miss Cather's novels a renewal of the epic vision of our earlier writers and a new dedication of the spirit. For Miss Cather, writing chiefly of the close of that century of pioneering, chronicles the material fulfillment of its earliest aspirations. The conquest of physical environment has been accomplished, a complex and efficient organization of material life has been perfected throughout the land, and the national dream of the past has partly become the reality of the present.

But Miss Cather, writing of the close of an epoch in our national history and the beginning of a new one, discerns no fresh direction given to American life and therefore asserts no convinced vision of its future. When she reflects upon the immediate present, as she did in the first half of *One of Ours*, she conceives it to be chiefly engaged in securing the perpetuation of the mechanical organization of material existence which it inherited from the conquests of the pioneers. Her farmers of today continue a struggle for mere existence which has largely been made unnecessary by their comprehensive mechanical control of environment. They continue to struggle in spite of vast success, apparently because they perceive no other significance or purpose in life. Miss Cather's artists—a second favourite type—transfer this competitive attitude, knowing no other, to the channels of creative expression. They are pioneers who happen to be instinctive artists rather than artists who happen to be instinctive pioneers. This distinction, obvious to Miss

Cather's readers, suggests why she celebrates the traditional pioneer virtues of character when, to judge from her own account of it, our contemporary life offers so few objectives which can appropriately enlist them, instead of interpreting our contemporary life as perhaps demanding other virtues.

The explanation of Miss Cather's attitude probably lies in the fact that, like many of her literary contemporaries, she is unable to discover in American life at the moment either the grounds for a national faith or the prospect of a national destiny. Another writer might have summoned us, as pioneers, to a new task; that of subduing the material organization of our life to human uses and the service of the race, as our predecessors once subdued the continent. But she has been content occasionally to point out that, as our life now stands, it is the race that is subdued to the exigencies of material organization. Having, like many of her contemporaries among our writers, done so much she has, quite unlike most of them, sought refuge in the past. She seldom indulges in that indictment of dulness, conformity, standardization and mechanism which engages Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Dreiser, to name but a few. She does not, like Mr. Hergesheimer, retire to the worship of a merely decorative loveliness, or like Mr. Cabell, blend beauty with irony in purely imaginative forms. Her dissatisfaction with contemporary America is chiefly expressed in a revival of more heroic days when the competitive attitude, the instinct of self-preservation and the traits of the pioneer were consecrated to the necessary ideals of the race. "Whatever we had missed, we possessed together the precious, the incommunicable past." These words, which conclude *My Antonia*, supply an epigraph to Miss Cather's work to date. It is our past, rather than our present or our future, that she invites us to contemplate.

II

To praise Miss Cather, as she often has been praised by appreciative critics, for the fidelity of her novels to the actual circumstances of life in Nebraska or Colorado a generation ago, is to do her rather less than justice. If Miss Cather were but the

novelist of Nebraska and Colorado and the recorder of the twilight of pioneering, the documentary, historical importance of her work might well be considerable even though its value as literature would probably be negligible. To the writer whose aim is the literature of art rather than the literature of information, the details of environment, scene and manners, however unusual, are necessarily nothing but instruments to talk with. We need but recall Thomas Hardy to be reminded that, as an English critic has said, on a half-acre plot we can reach the center of everything provided we go deep enough. It is precisely because Miss Cather has resolutely avoided an easy traffic with compromise that, in her best work, she has in some measure achieved art. Dealing with a highly localized scene at the very moment when an old order of life was giving way to a new, in her best work Miss Cather has employed the local and momentary actuality to express a permanent aspect of human experience.

From *Alexander's Bridge* to *A Lost Lady* Miss Cather's books reveal her explicit concentration upon a single theme. That theme is the effort of the individual to overcome the obstacles offered by circumstance and to control or dominate environment. She has been chiefly concerned with pioneers and with artists who, as she conceives them, bring to this effort similar propensities toward action and similar attitudes toward life. Both types, as Miss Cather has portrayed them, are driven forward by a spontaneous energy which they exercise without clearly understanding; they are passionate rather than intelligent, feeling life deeply, though seldom reflecting upon it profoundly; they are superbly self-confident though spiritually isolated; their abundant vitality nourishes the stubborn will which secures for them the prizes of intelligence in the absence of its possession. In a group of her novels, Miss Cather has dealt with the effort of the individual to subdue his physical environment to his own uses, revealing the warping contest between primitive human nature and the defiant soil of the frontier. Out of them arises her now considerable gallery of portraits of pioneers; the characters of *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia*, the elder generation of *One of Ours*, Captain Forrester and several of his lightly sketched associates in *A Lost Lady*. These are figures in the sunset of an

epoch, and almost before the final accomplishment of their purposes they become picturesque survivors in a new order. The recalcitrant soil is finally tamed, the empty spaces of the frontier fill up, the era of rapid communication and mechanical agriculture sets in, and there are no frontiers left to conquer. There are none, at least, on the land.

The new frontier, Miss Cather suggests, occurs within the imagination. In the arts there are always unbroken lands open for settlement, and her pioneers of yesterday become the artists of today, turning from the conquest of the land to a fresh contest with an equally obdurate spiritual environment. In default, perhaps, of any ideal sufficiently comprehensive to claim an undivided loyalty, the undisciplined and unemployed spiritual energy of the race is pushing forward its discoveries in the creative life of the arts. Perceiving this, Miss Cather has chronicled the inception of a new age of pioneering in her portraits of artists; the figures who move through her stories in *Youth and the Bright Medusa*, Thea Kronborg in *The Song of the Lark*, the violinist in *One of Ours*.

Although Miss Cather responds vigorously to the heroism called forth by these two aspects of individual experience and indispensable to success in either, there is seldom absent from her work a recognition of its accompanying pathos. She reveals the beauty of wide horizons and open spaces and untamed solitude, but she does not fail to indicate that her prairies are more propitious to the ripening of wheat than to that of the human spirit. A group of characters intervenes between her pioneers and her artists, those who, unable to dominate their environment, have succumbed to it and are thereby defeated. Of that group are old Shimerda and Professor Wunsch, and the little old lady of Miss Cather's finest short story, *A Wagner Concert*. Of that group also is Marian Forrester, who dallies with cheap excitements to escape complete frustration. Of that group, though not of the prairies, is Bartley Alexander. And as the principal exponent there is Claude Wheeler, who illustrates the two kinds of character and experience that have mainly engaged Miss Cather's attention. Claude has the physical vitality and courage of the pioneer, and the instinctive idealism, the imagina-

tive restlessness and the sharpened emotional capacities of the artist. The intensity of Claude's aspirations is neutralized by their incoherence, and the force of his energy is deflected by his inability to conceive an end upon which to direct it. The immediate conditions of material existence have already been conquered, and the conquest has made life on the Wheeler farm a monotonous, routine subserviency of man to mechanism. In Claude's environment there offers no incentive adequate to absorb his life; there is material well-being without spiritual significance, contentment without beauty, leisure without either capacity or purpose for its employment.

Critics were rightly troubled that Miss Cather solved Claude's problems and brought her novel to a conclusion by the simple expedient of having him killed in the war. Yet none of them, apparently, remarked the irony of this conclusion. It is only when Claude arrives in France that his capacities for loyalty find an appropriate object. He perceives that the French have cultivated the spirit as intensively as they have cultivated the soil, that to them intelligence and beauty and the opportunity to lead a humane life are immediately important. He discovers that they have subdued not only the soil, but the material organization of life also, to the needs of the spirit. And he dies not for the life that he knew in America, but for the life that he has discovered in France. The total absence from Miss Cather's work of an epic outlook upon American life is nowhere more strikingly revealed than in the concluding section of *One of Ours*. It is perhaps not without significance that Miss Cather, who is among the most thoughtful of our contemporary novelists, has failed to isolate in our national life any ideal faith or noble purpose deserving the allegiance that awaits its discovery. So remote is she from that discovery that she intimates the futility of the quest.

III

In reflecting upon Miss Cather's novels, we are apt to find that our abiding impressions derive from character rather than from story or from theme. It is notable that, on the whole, she has been conspicuously successful in the portraiture of women

and considerably less successful in the portraiture of men. Had she not written *A Lost Lady*, it might have been possible to assume a deliberate restriction of her interest, even in women, to the pioneer-type of which she fixed three aspects in Alexandra Bergson, Thea Kronborg and Antonia Shimerda. But the bright radiance of Marian Forrester makes this assumption wholly inadequate. It is not, however, difficult to perceive a tangible relationship between Marian and her predecessors, though this relationship is grounded in the essential conditions of character rather than in the circumstances that elicit it. Character, as it finds expression in Miss Cather's heroines, is a product of delicately adjusted and unconscious instincts developed by the long past experience of the race. This conception, excluding so much that is casual and transient and accidental, indicates why it is that Miss Cather's heroines lend themselves, as she says of Antonia Shimerda, to "immemorial human attitudes which we recognize as universal and true". It likewise explains why her heroines, although firmly rooted in their immediate environment and time, seem like legendary figures to have accumulated within themselves a large wisdom and permanent significance.

The instincts which mould the characters of Alexandra and Thea and Antonia and Marian are, like many simple and primitive things, profound and enduring. Alexandra Bergson, unimaginative, prosaic and somewhat dull, struggles to establish a family and home, and her insistent thrift seems only that unconscious acquisitiveness which establishes a solid foundation for life without ever suspecting that life may offer other goals than its own perpetuation. Thea Kronborg, equally simple and unintelligent, exercises an instinctive impulse to self-preservation that she may resist the claims of an uncongenial environment. At first unconscious of her genius and never completely dominating it, she is urged on to revolt by an ambition which she never fully comprehends. So incapable is she of intellectual processes that only the rich fund of her feelings preserves her integrity uncorrupted. This same fund of feeling ultimately makes her a great singer and enables her to solve the problems of her art by means of sheer emotional energy rather than by the exercise

of intelligence. With Antonia, perhaps the loveliest and most memorable of Miss Cather's heroines, instinctive passion assumes its noblest form. "A rich mine of life, like the founders of early races," Antonia is predestined to motherhood. The springs of action in her flow through deep channels of goodness. She spends herself in the service of others, wearing out the April of her beauty in labour, and rounding out her career as the overburdened mother of a dozen children. Yet there is in Antonia, as there is not in Miss Cather's other heroines, a consciousness of fulfillment and of destiny accomplished, and an heroic quality which lifts the common experience of her days above the humble, quiet level of its actual occurrence.

If Antonia is the loveliest of Miss Cather's heroines, Marian Forrester is the most provocative, and they are subtly alike though superficially different. Despite her sophistication and the strange nurture upon which her brightness thrives, Marian is formed by identically the instinct that dominates Antonia. Passion in Antonia is exclusively instrumental; it serves the purposes of an instinctive maternity. Passion, in Marian, serves no end but its own; it is immediate and gratuitous, an unquenchable force which, when threatened with frustration by lack of a stimulating object, spends itself recklessly upon any available recipient. Generosity, courage and comprehension are qualities not lacking to Marian, who is of all Miss Cather's heroines the most intelligent. But it is not impossible to perceive that her weakness is ultimately her strength, an incorruptible probity of instinct which submits to neither the denial of circumstance nor the restrictions of a discriminating taste. In Antonia Miss Cather has illustrated the workings of passion in the eternal Penelope; in Marian she has revealed the flowering of passion in the eternal Helen.

Having given us two characters as finely conceived, and in a measure as unique in our fiction as Antonia and Marian, it is perhaps ungracious to wonder why Miss Cather has only once achieved the creation of a masculine character in any sense comparable to them. The single exception among the men who people her stories is Captain Forrester, in whom she has drawn a sensitive and illuminating portrait made memorable by the old

Captain's rugged honesty, unfailing courtesy and superb faith. But the other men in Miss Cather's stories are achievements on a distinctly inferior level. The artists of her stories are occasionally authentic and vital, but scarcely memorable. At her best, when dealing with artists, she achieves the reality of a Harsanyi. At her worst she descends to the flaccid jelly of a Frederick Ottenburg, a Missouri millionaire masquerading as Lohengrin. But she has wrought more adequately in the creation of artists than in that of a second group of characters which, individually considered, are modifications of a single type. That type is the impressionable and sentimental youth who, in various guises, enters many of Miss Cather's stories as a contributor to the action or as its narrator, and whose principal characteristics are chivalrous aspirations and impregnable romantic illusions. Such a young man is Alexandra's boy companion in *O Pioneers!* He reappears as Claude Wheeler in *One of Ours;* as Neil Herbert in *A Lost Lady;* as Jim Burden, the narrator of *My Antonia;* and in mature middle age as Dr. Howard Archie in *The Song of the Lark.* He is most serviceable to Miss Cather and least disturbing to her readers when he is the lens through which we see the characters actually involved in the action. When he enters the action directly or becomes its protagonist, his troubled sensibilities and incipient priggishness usually prove a source of irritation to the reader. At such times he is as thin to the imagination as a village Sir Galahad conceived in terms of *Sandford and Merton.* In Captain Forrester Miss Cather has demonstrated her ability to create a masculine character whose essential nobility wins our admiration. The difficulty with her sentimental youths is that they are incapable of maturing into men like the old Captain. They are impressionable, but not impressive.

IV

The matter of Miss Cather's successes and her failures in the creation of character involves the larger issue of her craftsmanship and her capacities as an artist. Over what may be termed the fundamental conditions of craftsmanship—a knowledge of the resources and limitations of her chosen medium of expression

and a knowledge of the psychology of her audience—she has constantly extended her control. The increasing firmness of her grasp upon these conditions is apparent in her progress from the tentative uncertainties of *Alexander's Bridge* to the deliberate assurance of *A Lost Lady*. In the course of that progress she has acquired command over certain technical elements of her art, she has eliminated a number of encumbrances to adequate expression, and she has demonstrated a growing capacity to solve the problems raised by her material.

It is now somewhat difficult to realize that Miss Cather began her career as a disciple of Henry James, that her earliest concern was beauty of form, to which, in *Alexander's Bridge*, she devoted her undivided attention. Convinced, apparently by James, that the speculative analysis of consciousness is equivalent to the creation of character, she delicately took to pieces the mind of Bartley Alexander and left the pieces for her readers to reassemble and create into a character. What she produced in this first technical experiment is a slight story almost flawless in form but wholly deficient in the sustaining illusion of reality. Subsequently Miss Cather learned that in life the perception of character is determined by the observation of behaviour or conduct, and that fiction, to produce the illusion of reality, must afford an opportunity for precisely this observation. Having learned this, she began to portray the behaviour and experiences of men and women, allowing us to formulate from the data of their conduct our conclusions about their characters. She also learned to portray character by revealing through conduct only its universal relation to the particular experience in which it is involved. That is, she eliminated from her stories all minute dissection of the motives, impulses and instincts from which conduct arises. She has given us no analysis of the consciousness of either Antonia Shimerda or Marian Forrester. She has merely revealed what life itself might reveal to us about them, their conduct and its effect upon others and consequence for themselves, and in so doing she has created memorable characters.

The books intervening between *Alexander's Bridge* and *A Lost Lady* testify to a diminishing preoccupation with form and exhibit a consequent decrease in structural strength and clear-

ness of outline. *O Pioneers!* contains two stories never firmly welded together. *The Song of the Lark* is hampered by divagations which obscure the principal theme and therefore fails to sustain a unified and progressive interest. *My Antonia* suffers from an introduction which is structurally superfluous and involved only because Miss Cather had not yet achieved command over the indirect method of presentation. Yet although these books are defective in construction and lacking in the beauty of form, design and proportion, they are penetrated by a strong sense of reality and they are marked by an advancing capacity for imaginative recasting of its elements. To this advance it is possible that Miss Cather's experiments in the short story, later brought together in *Youth and the Bright Medusa*, contributed in no small measure. That her art suffered a relapse in *One of Ours* is hardly to be denied, yet the opening portion of that novel is in itself a far more perfect example of harmony in content and form than any offered by Miss Cather's previous work.

It is only in *A Lost Lady*, however, that Miss Cather seems to have achieved a balanced control over both content and structure. That book stands, from the point of view of art, as her most notable performance up to the present. It is all but faultless in structure; it possesses evident beauty of design and proportion, and the form of the story seems only an inevitable expression of its content. Miss Cather's use of the indirect method of presentation, perhaps the last vestige of the influence once exercised upon her by Henry James, has sometimes been challenged. It has been asserted that she suffers from a disability akin to that of James, a limitation of imaginative scope which prevents her from recording action and emotion except at second hand. But her use of the indirect method is amply justified by *A Lost Lady*, in which the channel of presentation is inextricably implicated in the action presented.

It was consummate tact which led Miss Cather to permit us to see Marian only through the eyes of others, a device, incidentally, which John Galsworthy employed to similar advantage under somewhat similar circumstances in presenting Irene Forsyte. Niel Herbert in *A Lost Lady* is not only the lens through which

we view Marian's career, but the focus of our emotions whose response to the action predetermines our own. It is only when we view Marian directly, as in the episode of the midnight conversation between Ellinger and Marian, that the mood of the story is broken by a discordant note. Yet at the moments of greatest significance the method is responsive to Miss Cather's resolute direction. The scene of Niel's first disillusion, upon which the whole fabric of the story is supported, is an admirable illustration. Miss Cather suggests the episode of physical passion without representing it; we hear Marian's laugh and Ellinger's lazy yawn, and find ourselves with Niel at the bottom of the hill. To have opened wide the doors which separated Niel from the lovers, to have insisted upon the details, as less competent artists might have done, would have been to destroy the intended effect and with it, the story. Restraint, economy and an ability to recast reality in forms of beauty give this novel an accent of distinction.

At a time when many American writers of fiction seem content to record a merely faithful transcription of what they see before them, Miss Cather is reasserting the ancient distinction between nature and art and expressing the artist's old confidence that art is artistic precisely because it is not natural. Not content with mere naturalism, she has begun to subject what she has seen in the world around her to an imaginative reconstruction that is gradually gaining in depth of conception, beauty of design and emotional power. At her best she has created characters of distinction and significance and represented experience in some of its permanent aspects. At her best, therefore, she has achieved art by interpreting comprehensively what her somewhat narrow world has offered for her contemplation. It still remains to be seen whether Miss Cather can recover from the American past which she has celebrated, its own generous attitude. If she succeeds in doing so, she may yet dedicate the complicated organization of our contemporary life to some great ends. She will then take her place among the few contemporary American writers who are using contemporary American life to talk with to some significant purpose.

LLOYD MORRIS.

SHAKESPEARE AND A YORKSHIRE QUARREL

BY VIOLET A. WILSON

At the beginning of 1602 Londoners had the opportunity of seeing a new play by William Shakespeare, for on February 2 John Manningham, a student in the Middle Temple, noted in his diary:

> At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth-Night, or What you Will*, much like the *Commedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the Steward believe his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him believe they tooke him to be mad.

Various sources have been suggested for the main plot of the play, but none for the scenes between the jovial, hard-drinking fox-hunters and the Puritan steward, Malvolio. It is very probable, however, that Shakespeare got the idea from a contemporary quarrel which was tried in London shortly before the production of the play.

While doing research work for a book on *Society Women of Shakespeare's Time*, I was trying to trace the life of Margaret Dakins, a much sought after, three times married, Yorkshire heiress. Her most persistent suitor appeared to have been Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby, younger son of the Puritan Lady Russell, who organized the petition which prevented Shakespeare and his associates from occupying the Blackfriars Theatre. Thomas Posthumus, so called from his having been born after his father's death, was a puny, undersized youth, so small that he had been "reputed a child" and entirely dependent on his mother. Margaret refused him after her first husband's death, and again during her second widowhood, only accepting her unfortunate suitor when she found her inheritance threatened by

a law suit, and wanted to have Hoby's powerful uncle, Lord Treasurer Burghley, on her side.

Thomas Posthumus was a Londoner, and when he went to live at his heiress-bride's estate, Hackness, in Yorkshire, the part of a country gentleman fitted him very ill. To begin with, he was a Puritan, one of those cold-blooded men who would sing "psalms and horn-pipes", and wanted to put down the "sweet and comfortable" sport of bear baiting, not because it gave great pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. The country gentlemen who, in rare moments of reflection, would say, "I would that I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear baiting," were highly indignant at the very suggestion. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" asked the sport-loving squires, aroused to wrath by the name of Puritan. One convivial party of boon companions, who came to Hackness uninvited after a day's sport, were so greatly incensed at the lack of hospitality and drink offered them that they revenged themselves upon Sir Thomas Posthumus in no uncertain manner.

Shakespeare and Ben Jonson "did gather humours of men dayly where ever they came", frequenting the fashionable meeting place of St. Paul's Cathedral where men of all classes congregated daily to hear the latest gossip and intelligence. "How do you? What's the news?" was the accustomed salutation in a time when there were no newspapers, and current topics of the day circulated by word of mouth. News from Court, news from the city, news from great houses, news from abroad, news from the law courts; true news, false news.

When they had collected their news, the Elizabethan dramatists made good use of it, well knowing that their audience delighted in topical allusions and personalities. In 1601 the Privy Council requested the Middlesex magistrates to examine all plays before production, in order to prevent the abuse levelled at people of "good desert and quality", who were being caricatured on the stage.

Obviously the playwrights had to make certain modifications to avoid being called to legal account by their victims, but con-

trived none the less to retain sufficient characteristics to enable playgoers to fit the cap themselves. In *Twelfth Night*, though the action of the play takes place in Illyria, according to the playbill, the reference to two London churches, St. Anne's and St. Bennet's, would enable a London audience to locate the position in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, where lived Lady Russell and her Puritan friends. The Hobys, who had no town house of their own, either stayed with Lady Russell or rented a house for the time being.

It was Lady Russell's son, Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby, who brought the lawsuit which set all London talking in the winter of 1601–2. Sir Thomas, a townsman and a Puritan, had nothing in common with the Yorkshire Squires, who for their part returned his dislike with interest. Sir Richard Cholmley, mentioning various "cross accidents" of life, says: "A chief one was a troublesome, vexatious neighbour, one Sir Thomas Hobby, who having married a widow, the inheritor of Hackness lordship, having a full purse, no children, delighted to spend his money and time in suits. . . ."

On August 26 Sir Richard Cholmley, William Eure and other sportsmen were out hunting in the neighbourhood of Hackness, and sent word to Sir Thomas that they desired to stay the night with him. Sir Thomas showed no cordiality at the prospect; he accused his guests of drunkenness; they accused him of lack of hospitality; and the visit resulted in a lawsuit.

In Yorkshire, Sir Thomas Posthumus would get scant sympathy, but, like his mother, Lady Russell, he counted on the influence of his powerful relative, Sir Robert Cecil. The defendants, too, tried to gain Cecil's ear, so that both sides of the quarrel are found among the *Hatfield State Papers*, though, unfortunately, the Star Chamber verdict has not been found. From the *Hatfield State Papers*, Vol. X:

Sir T. Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

Impute my presumption to my urgent cause, which for justice' sake I cannot swallow. There has been some dryness in the Lord Eure (whose tenants are my next neighbours) almost ever since I was employed as a commissioner in these parts; which, if it has been for my partiality, or injustice, I desire on proof thereof to be punished; if it be for want of partiality

(as I shall rather prove) I hope my wrongs will appear in time which I have sustained. On 26 August last, his son and brother came to my house at Hackness, whose visit I have related in the enclosed complaint to the Council, which I beseech you to read and to have delivered to the Council. I assure you it is not otherwise for me to remain in these parts, nor for any other but their own followers, that will fashion justice to their greatness. If the matter may come to judicial hearing, I shall prove all my complaint, and shall lay open the partial customs of these frozen parts. I crave your pardon for appealing from the Council here, which I did in respect of my Lord President's absence, to whom I have sent a copy of the misdemeanour; and in respect that our vice-President (the Lord Eure) is father, brother, and cousin to the offenders, and who has showed natural affection already in the cause. My house at Lynton, 5 Sept. 1600.

The Same to the Privy Council

1600, *Sept.* 5.—I beg leave to inform you of a great misdemeanour offered me in mine own house at Hackness by Mr. William Eure, son of the L. Eure, Sir William, his brother, and others whose names and facts are expressed in this enclosed. My suit is that the parties be bound before the Council at York to appear before your Lordships to answer my complaint, for it is not for me to serve any process upon them in these parts, in respect of my L. Eure's greatness, who is vice-President, and hath summoned me to appear at York, to exhibit my complaint, though he is father, brother, and cousin, to the offenders. If you shall please to send commission to the Bishop of Lymryke, Mr. Heskett, and Dr. Bennett to examine my witnesses, your Lordships shall find somewhat more than I can deliver at this instant. I shall easily derive this outrage against me conceived from envy and malice for want of partiality in me in the executing of my place and calling. From my house at Lynton in the East Riding of Yorkshire, 5 Sept. 1600.

The Enclosure.

The manner of the riotous assault on Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby, Knight, at his house at Hackness in the N. Riding of Yorkshire, by William Eure, Sir William Eure, Richard Cholmley, William Dawny, William Hylliarde the younger, Stephen Hutchenson, and ——Smyth, yeoman falkner to the L. Eure.

On Tuesday, Sir Thomas Hoby was standing in his hall at Hackness, when there came in Sir W. Eure's footboy and said that his master and sundry other gentlemen would come that night. Sir Thomas answered that he was sorry, his wife was ill and he not so well provided for them as he wished, and desiring the footboy to tell his master as much, he answered that his master was hunting in the forest of Pyckering Lythe, so he knew not where to find him. About two hours after, the above-named, Mr. Dawny excepted, came to Hackness with sundry other servants and boys, and Sir Thomas hearing they were come into his dining-room went to them and told them they were

welcome. Presently after this Sir William Eure's footboy took forth cards and laid them on the table, wherewith some of the gentlemen exercised until supper. In the beginning of supper, Mr. Eure pretending he had come to hunt, Sir Thomas sent for his servant that had charge of his deer, who dwelt three miles from him, to come the next morning, and so continued with them all the time at supper, which was spent by the gentlemen partly in discoursing of horses and dogs, sports whereunto Sir Thomas never applied himself, partly with lascivious talk where every sentence was begun or ended with a great oath, and partly in inordinate drinking unto healths, abuses never practised by Sir Thomas. In supper-time came in a footboy whom they had sent for Mr. Dawny, and brought word he would come in the morning. After supper Sir Thomas willed to have their chambers made ready, and came himself to bring them to their lodgings, but they being at dice told him they would play awhile, so he did leave them and went down and set his household to prayers as they were accustomed. When Sir Thomas and his family had begun to sing a psalm, the company above made an extraordinary noise with their feet, and some of them stood upon the stairs at a window opening into the hall, and laughed all the time of prayers. The next morning they went to breakfast in the dining-room, and Sir Thomas hearing them call for more wine, sent for the key of the cellar and told them they should come by no more wine from him. Presently Sir Thomas sent to Mr. Eure to know how he would bestow that day, and told him if he would leave disquieting him with carding, diceing, and excessive drinking, and fall to other sports, they should be very welcome. After this message Mr. Eure sent to Sir Thomas's wife that he would see her and begone, whereunto she answered she was in bed and when she was ready she would send him word. At his coming she prayed him to depart the house in quietness, and going to the rest of the company, he called a servant of Sir Thomas, and said, "Tell thy master he hath sent me scurvy messages, and the next time I meet him I will tell him so, if he be upon the bench, and will pull his beard." Coming to the uttermost court Mr. Eure said he would go to the top of the hill and fling down mill-stones and would play young Devereux, at the same time throwing stones at the windows and breaking four quarrels of glass.

Proceedings were taken before Lord Eure, the Vice-President, Sir William Mallory (whose eldest son married Lord Eure's sister), Messrs. Heskett, Stanhope, Bevercoats, D. Bennett, and Fearne. Hoby was charged with wronging certain gentlemen, unnamed, by charging them to the Council with bearing murderous minds, committing atheistical contempts, and to have exceeded in drink. A pacification was arrived at, which resulted in the gentlemen protesting their innocence, and that they never meant anything in disgrace of Hoby's wife.

The following passage occurs:

Sir T. Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

The Lord Eure told me a long tale of Duello, and that your Honour, whom he knew to be my most honourable friend, would but make the matter a jest to be sport at: for that you made sport with his son Will Eure about the last unkindness between us, that fell forth the last year, about his son's bringing cards into my house: in which matter he told me before all the Council that your Honour did make his son imitate my preacher, by using such gestures as my preacher did use in his evening exercises, and that your Honour did laugh very heartily at it.—York, 26 September 1600.

Ralph, Lord Eure, to Sir Robert Cecil

[1600–1], *Jan.* 16.—You know how Sir Thomas Hobbye is renewing before the Star Chamber, the complaint which he made before the Council at York, against my son and other gentlemen, for having misconducted themselves in his house. Be pleased to read the truth, which my son, the bearer, did affirm before this Council.—Inglebye, this 16th January.

The Enclosure.

Statement by William Eure of such things as passed in Sir Thomas Hobie's house in August last, whereupon myself and divers other gentlemen then in my company are drawn in question in the Star Chamber.

Being myself accompanied with six other gentlemen hunting at that time near to Sir Thomas Hobie's house in Yorkshire, and purposing to lodge with him in kindness, I sent beforehand my footman to signify so much unto him, and some three hours after we followed. Finding none of his servants ready to receive us, we sent our horses into the town, and went into the house ourselves. First, into the hall where we found nobody. Then into the great chamber, where we stayed some quarter of an hour or more before Sir Thomas came to us, which seemed to us strange and not answerable to our northern entertainments. Coming at last he bade us coldly welcome, and accompanied us till after supper, when he retired to his chamber. We fell to cards to beguile the time and continued to play the longer for that none of his servants came to show us any lodgings. At last, being sleepy, and understanding that his servants had been at prayer in the hall under the great chamber where we were, and were gone to bed, we were forced to seek out lodgings, which we found prepared, and so we rested that night. The next day we rose early to hunt, and word was brought by one of his servants that breakfast was ready. Whereupon I willed one of his men to entreat Sir Thomas' company, who returning answered that Sir Thomas was not yet stirring; so to breakfast we went. Which being done, we fell again to play, expecting Sir Thomas' coming forth. Shortly after one of his servants came and told me peremptorily our play was offensive to his lady, and therefore

willed us to depart the house. I told him our stay was only to take leave, and he repeating the former words, I said the message was a scurvy message, and willed the servant to tell Sir Thomas I would gladly speak with him before I went. I wished to understand whether the message had proceeded from him, or that the fellow of himself had abused us. Whereupon the servant departed, and presently returning told me my lady was willing to speak with me, and guided us into an inner room next adjoining to her chamber. I going into my Lady, the others withdrew themselves into the great chamber again. Sir Thomas Hobie had shut himself into the study, being unwilling to be spoken with, but watching there, as now I may conjecture, to take advantage if I should use any unseemly speeches. I expostulated a little with my Lady about the message and entertainment, whereupon she, with some show of dislike of her husband's strange fashions, entreated me with patience to depart. Which accordingly we did, and going out of the court in some discontent, I took up a little stone and cast it towards the house, not touching any windows, and so I took horse. His suggesting of tearing any commission is merely untrue, neither was any man's heels tript up, as he incerted.

Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

1600–1, *Feb.* 10.—Understanding that Richard Cholmly, son and heir apparent of Henry Cholmly, Esq., one of the outrageous defendants to my bill in the Star Chamber, is apprehended as one of the rebellious Earl's assistants, and hearing that his friends would have it thought that he was there by chance, and that he was a man of no power, I thought it my duty to certify your Honour my knowledge of him.

For himself, he is able, within the liberty whereof his father is bailiff by inheritance, to raise 500 men, if they should show themselves as traitorous as they do already show themselves disobedient unto her Majesty's laws. He is able to raise some of his confining neighbours where his living, named Groman Abbey (a place famous for priests), doth lie. For his estate, his father hath some 1000 marks by year entailed upon him and his heirs males. All which lieth in the most dangerous parts of Yorkshire for hollow hearts, for popery. The most part thereof with his chief house, lieth along the sea coast, very apt to entertain bad intelligenced strangers. All this estate is part in his possession upon his marriage, and part is to come to him in reversion after his father, which his father cannot otherwise dispose of, and this young man hath issue.

The reason that moved him to assist the rebellious earls were, I think, his father's desperate estate, who doth owe more than he can pay, his backwardness in religion and to embrace civil government, and his alliance and love to the Earl of Rutland.—This 10 of Feb. 1600.

P.S.—Henry Cholmly, father to this Richard, doth claim to have the mustering of her Majesty's subjects within the liberty of Whikby Strand, and hath taken my warrants which I have sent forth for her Majesty's service, I

being the commissioner for musters, and did send forth warrants in his own name by virtue of his bailiwick, when he was not commissioner.

Ralph Lord Eure to Sir Robert Cecil

1601, *Oct.* 19.—Give me leave, by the presenting of this and this messenger, to recommend all in one, my promise of faith, my service in my son, and the remembrance of all thankfulness for your favours to my dear brother, Sir William Eure.—Mantor, xix. October 1601.

Sir T. Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

1601, *Oct.* 29.—I have presumed (in a cause whereon my poor credit doth wholly rely) to fly unto you for assistance and redress. And because you shall see my cause is honest and my wrongs sustained too injurious to be smothered, I send here enclosed a short brief of my whole complaint, according unto my proofs already published. And although I might have been not a little discouraged by some reports published in the country by Mr. William Dawny, Mr. Richard Cholmly (two of the defendants), and their friends, how far you were satisfied by them in the cause; yet resting very assured of your just inclination, I assure myself you ill afford me your favourable countenance, according to the uprightness of my honest cause, how far soever the same hath been formerly extenuated by any.—29 October 1601.

Proofs made by Sir Tho. Posthumus Hoby, Knight, plaintiff, against William Eure, esquire, and others, defendants.

[1601].—Plaintiff is a commissioner of peace in the North and East Ridings of Yorks; of oyer and terminer; for ecclesiastical causes; for musters; and thrice a commissioner for subsidy. On August 26, 1600, defendants came to his house at Hackness, Yorks, and were well entertained by him, notwithstanding which, they committed many foul misdemeanours and outrages: namely, in making rude and strange noises in the nature of "a black santes" as it is termed, when the plaintiff's family were at prayers: in bringing cards and dice: in excessive carousing and charging the plaintiff to drink healths, contrary to his disposition: in sending word that they would set horns at his gate, and pull him by the beard: saying that they would keep his house by force: throwing his servants forth: calling the plaintiff "scurvy urchin," and "spindle-shanked ape": and divers other reproachful names, in the presence of his wife: breaking glass windows; threatening to fire the town and pull down the parish church: breaking the common stocks, &c. These outrages were grounded upon unkindness formerly conceived by Lord Eure against the plaintiff, and for malice for service done by the plaintiff by virtue of his several commissions.

Ralph Lord Eure to Sir Robert Cecil

[1601–2], *Jan.* 16.—Our house will be ever bounden to you for your favours to myself and my son. As to the slanderous bill which Sir Thomas Posthumus

Hobby is preferring against us before you and the honourable Council in the Star Chamber, I entreat you to suspend your judgment till the first of this term, when the cause is to be opened, and I shall be pressed in defence of my honour to present the true state of the cause to the open view of the world, which hitherto I have forborne to do in regard of yourself and some other of his friends. If it might stand with your liking to vouchsafe your presence then, I should be happy of so honourable trial.—Birdsall, the 16th of January.

Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

1601–2, *Jan.* 26.—Requesting Cecil's presence in the Star Chamber on the morrow, when the rude and savage wrongs and injuries inflicted on Sir Thomas by Lord Eure's family are to be considered.

Sir Thomas Posthumus Hoby to Sir Robert Cecil

1602, *April* 13.—I have been so ever bound to your Honour that I have presumed to present my duty and service, etc.

Reading through the different accounts of this quarrel contained in the *Hatfield State Papers*, I was struck by the resemblance to certain passages in *Twelfth Night*, and taking up a volume of Shakespeare I read the play anew. Suddenly it flashed on me that here was no chance similarity, but that I had come accidentally on the source whence Shakespeare drew inspiration for the scene between Sir Toby and his fox-hunting companions, and the Puritan steward, Malvolio.

VIOLET A. WILSON.

SAINTS AND CREAM AND DEVON THINGS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

North Devon was very lucky in its saints. Its coast was well within reach of the ships of the Irish holy men; so its spiritual weal was assured from the first. And what Brandan and the other longbeards with hearts of children and flowers for tongues could not do, when the weather was inclement and the waves ran high, the saints of Cornwall next door did. So there came in from sea, along with other shining things, white birds blown on the long winds and tropic fragrances and sunny legends of Atlantis and far, fair lands to the South, the Cross that wears the Aureole, the sign of the Celtic Christians. There is no one chief saint whom all Devonians may thank for this early beauty of holiness. Song-birds do not organize as do the crows and rooks. These saints were Irish or Cornishmen; of course they would not agree; church boards and canons and rules were Original Sin to them; they came hither to escape these very things. No, they were free lances in sanctitude; simple souls taking their holiness in their own way, tending their nets and building their churches between the herring schools and the coming of the whitings. Each picked out the little haven of his heart's desire and kept to it. Each kept his peace on his own hearthstone and had his own sweet blue patch of ocean between his own cliffs. And there was to be plenty of mead such as only an Irish saint could brew. Souls there were to save, of course; but in no roughshod harrowing of men's hearts night and day, year out, year in. There were bees to train in the way of turning the golden gorse flower into golden honey, little pigs to be brought up, big blue-eyed men to help at laying over the furrows, children to guide where the apples hung reddest, boats to mend; and now and then, at decent intervals, a miracle or so to do, poor, hungry nets to be filled to bursting with salmon for a king, a widow's loaf to be blessed with offspring of fragrant, miraculous loaves of a whole year's baking. The holy

men knew that too much church-a-day business grows a burden and that too many miracles spoil the broths of wonder and faith. But when a cottage thatch caught afire, the local saint knew just the prayers to say to put out the flames; when household fairies got unruly and tore the bed linen or kept the butter from coming, he could always put the mischief straight and win the fairies back to their kindly helpfulness.

That was the beauty of the Celtic saint. He knew how to make friends of the fairies. He never dreamt of using bell, book, and candle to drive them out of the land of the living; he put haloes around them, put *Saint* in front of the names, if they insisted on his going so far, made the wells where they cured blindness and the trees where they snared young lovers in nets of magic shrines and holy places. If some fairy made it his speciality to make old and wrinkled people youths again, the saint let him keep his trade and listed him among the saints of Eastertide. He kept the fairies for neighbors. Now the Devon fairies, like their cousins the Irish, are quite the pleasantest in the world. And, thanks to the saints, North Devon is still green with them. So North Devon people have never got very far away from the souls of roses and of all green, growing things, or from the soul of the sea; keeping neighbors to the fairies, they have kept close to peace.

Saint Peiran, now, he was a proper man to make Christians of Devon folk. He came to Cornwall from Ireland when the church there had got to be too much of a going business establishment to suit him. One fine morning when some sharp legate, an archangel of efficiency given to correcting the grammar of country saints, came to visit Peiran, he found his bird had flown off over the sea. In his new land Peiran became a thorough Cornishman. After he had built his church hard by the sea that had so befriended him on the morning of his need, and that now brought him his breakfasts of herring already kippered for his table or smelts holding their own baked tails in their mouths, after the usual miracles were over and done with, he settled down to enjoy himself among his new converts. Food there was aplenty, and he asked but little in the way of luxuries. The days were all the one long, blue, serenity a good saint loves. Peiran, I am afraid, like the rest of his parish, did get rather too firmly into the habit of

following the sun about his cottage. The services in the church got to be rather desultory, too, just the Easter and the Christmas ones and a christening whenever a Cornish wife got her energies together enough to add to the brood about her board, which wasn't often.

But the old demon of efficiency found Peiran out at last. Quiller-Couch, who is the fountain of all wisdom that is Cornish, could tell you much better than I the story of the Saint's new affliction and how he put the intruders upon his holy laziness to rout. But it seems that the report came one day that Saint Peter, no less, and as many as two archangels, not to mention lesser luminaries, were approaching Peiran's parish bent upon a stern visitation. Here was a fine kettle of fish! The Saint gathered his flock, and they hurried to the church to set it in order. But lo, when they came to the place, no church was to be seen; the shifting Cornish sands had buried it completely. They fetched shovels, and they shovelled from cockcrow to cricketsong; but they had succeeded in unearthing only the tip of the steeple. The stars came out upon them still digging at the sand. At crack of day Saint Peter and his lieutenants came into a deserted village; not a chimney pot wore smoke; the chickens were unfed. They looked in vain for the church. At last, when they were getting somewhat red about the face, as even archangels will, they heard a sound, a faint sound as of singing. It came almost from underfoot. They cast about, and found the tip of the steeple of Peiran's church. Peter threw open the little window at the top of the spire and looked down. Peiran and all his people were on their knees singing and praying by turns with never a break. The Custodian of the Key of Heaven called sternly down to the Cornishman to give an account of such goings-on. At the sound of Peter's voice, Peiran cast aloft his eyes, and fell on his face in thanksgiving. When Peter thundered to know why Peiran's church was buried thus in the sand, the man of Cornwall replied, between ejaculations of praise, that he had heard that the Devil and all his fiends were descending upon his parish, and that he and his congregation had prayed unceasingly all the night for protection and concealment, and lo, the very sands of the sea had spread wings over their holy house and hidden it. . . . It is

said that Peter was not seen in Cornwall or Devon again for many and many a year. Yet Peiran did bestir himself rather more thereafter; and he even journeyed across the Tamar and brought the light to some Devon villages.

It is a poor village in Devon that cannot muster a Peiran or two in its history. And they are all Irishmen or Cornish. They are as thick as the larks over the coast. Let's see: There is Saint Yeo, who taught Devonshire men how to catch salmon by means of lanthorns and some praying; Saint Edy, who showed them the way to fetch down rain, and Saint Udy, the way to lift it again; Saint Iva—a lady saint—who first showed a lamp at window to guide the fishing boats in by night and so invented lighthouses; Saint Pancras, who created the dreamless slumber of Devon that falls on one with the dews and the first big stars of evening; Saint Morwen, who first traced the zigzag outlines of the waves, which are never far away from Devon lives, upon church arches and walls—one could never catalogue them all. It would mean the writing of whole new volumes of *The Golden Legend.*

But Brannock would deserve a volume by himself. He came to the Devon coast like a great shining light on a midnight sea, in a boat whose sails were white flames. It was a night of great storm, yet the breakers smoothed into quiet pools for his keel. The desolate sands where he landed, the shifting bars and dunes of Saunton, are witness of the "*Sainct tun*" which he founded. Out of the wastes sprang Saint Brannock's hamlet, springs welled up, roses and trees grown overnight invited parishioners to his place. Brannock's first care was to build his church. In a dream he was told to build where he should find a sow with her litter; and he went forth at dawn and found these holy, humble wardens of sanctitude so dear to North Devon folk ever after. Wild stags came and offered their necks to the harness; with them the holy man hauled great timbers from those forests which Devon men swear you may see to this day, when the tides run very low, standing petrified under the wastes of water far out into the sea. Devon men will add, too, that on a clear night you may see lights shining down there among the tree trunks; who knows but this comes because heaven could never leave in darkness those places where shining Brannock walked of yore? He had a

staff that shed a radiance in the dark, a well that gave him who drank the gift of sweetest song, a servant Abel who drew the fish in shoals to such shores as he walked, and an oak tree growing up through his church that remained green through all the summers and winters. But the marvel of all Brannock's possessions was the dun cow that followed him always, even to the pulpit and altar; this cow had the magic and welcome power of serving her master in time of famine with her flesh, to be restored again from bare bones at the bidding of the Saint. You can see all these marvels, as well as the Saint himself, the pig and her family of blessed omen, the staff, and the cow, carven in Braunton church. The saints of the first water are not too much above our common earthiness, pigs and kine, wells and trees; these are the jewels of very beatitude.

Nor can the Irishman, Saint Suibine, be passed over in silence; for he was shipwrecked in Woolacombe Bay, and he settled there, forever after guiding ships past his melancholy and lonely shores, full of the treachery of reefs and quicksands, by the sound of his great harp as he played the sweetest songs of a world at its morning, the songs of the Irish fairies. Saint Aubyn, who sat so long with his holy thoughts that his legs became forever crossed, as his statue can prove, holds the hamlet of Georgeham; Saint Lawrence, that prince of idlers, rivals Aubyn in his record for undisturbed meditation, for he gives his name to the balmy and lazy hot summer weather. Saint Nectan names Welcombe by the wellspring of sweet water he struck from the rock while on one of his long walking trips in Devon; he knew the language of the bees and told them how to store up honey; he was the first of a never-ending line of walkers who have blessed Devon roads ever since; he invented inns and, I think from the sound of his name, Devon cream. At any rate, he made walking in Devon one of the holiest ceremonies of life, one of the arts, one of the short-cuts to happiness.

Saint Nectan, I say, may have invented Devon cream. If *he* did not do this, then some other saint as sweet in name and nature as he most surely did. For the best things of Devon—and here is the best of them all—have something of the flavor and the savoriness of great religion about them. If the simplest and

loveliest things in this world go in aureoles, Devon is full of saintliness to this very day. The peace of bees humming, the miracles of daily food provided by hens and cows, eggs that hold a morning's beatitude, cream that is a foretaste of Beulah Land. The wholesomeness of that old Ionian Christianity has never gone out of this shire. Men still tend and mend their nets with old faith in their hearts. They come home to haven as often as the early saints singing songs under the stars. So, of course, their food and their wives taste the best on earth. . . . I shall never be able to describe Devon cream, after all, though I had had hopes, and have been trying to steal up softly upon the subject. No one has yet described it, nor can I. But I learned how it is made from a daughter of Devon; and, having tried to make it since in another land and in other pans than the Devon crocks, I know now that it is all the work of the Devon saints and the Devon fairies. The cream will not rise into that thick foam of sheer delight in an alien place. Perhaps the virtue lies partly in the homemade crockery of Devon clay; but more certainly it is the witching marriage of the sweet savors of the sea with the matchless tang of thyme and odor of Devon orchards and meadows that makes the food of the angels going by the name of clotted cream. And to such things as these the fairies attend. Whoever has not heard of the Devon saints, or at least felt his religion to be something like appleblossoms or first humble bluets of a young year, full of the grace of simplicity—he has yet to find a real religion. The man who has never eaten his June strawberries with clotted cream has never known the taste of strawberries at all, has never found how closely Eden borders on our earth.

To see North Devon opening up like a hilly field of wild bluebells, blue on blue and haze on deeper haze, as your ship goes up the Bristol Channel, is to know at once that here is a coast which saints would love forevermore and would dwell in, though all the rest of the shores and lands of the earth turned into wastes of machinery and slag heaps of an industrial cataclysm. A land of old sunshine, though all the rest of the world darkened under the twilight of the gods our fathers loved. Fairies would always have a home here. The dew would be on things forever, and the powdery bloom of June's first roses. Cottage bowls would wear

haloes of an evening; there would be a great and secret radiance about all things like that about a single candle flame. And the great breasts of nature, where we were cradled once and worshipped all, would be still let down to men's lips in the hour of the folding of the sheep and the homecoming of the kine, in the hour of lamps and the fires on the hearth. Earth's old blue and green loveliness keeping forever wild and spotless, like the stars, like the primroses, like children's eyes.

And when your feet are once on the high turnpikes of North Devon that wind like ribbons along the cliffs, behold it is all true. The fairies are here, and the saints. It doesn't matter in the least that they live like very humble folk in cottages washed very white and keeping out of the wind under the hills: it doesn't matter that they are digging away on their tiltup cabbage fields and showing mainly the seats of their patched corduroys as they bend to their steep gardening. But whether they hoe at garden plots where potatoes are crowded by primroses, or whether it is in their tiny harbors you find them, calking their fat boats or running the nets clear of seaweed, their eyes have that twinkle which gives them away. They themselves will confess they know more of the fairies than children's books can tell:

There's piskies up to Dartymoor,
An' tidden gude yew zay there bain't.

. . . . . .

An' what med do so brave a thing
As thic' white spells to tak an' weave,
But li'l piskies' vitty hands,
Or God Himself as give 'em leave?

If a man six-foot-three in his stocking feet with an amber beard that has shaken out its glory to all the four winds of the Atlantic tells you there are more shining creatures than glow worms on the moors at night, what is there to do but believe? As for the saintlihood, you need go no farther than the first cottage you find to see how Brannock and Peiran keep their immortality. The winsome light pouring out at low casements through jasmine and honeysuckle gives these cottages away as abiding places of saintly men of old. If you go inside, as you surely will once you come within reach of a good Devon voice that is balmy with the

winds of the Azores and as soft, you will find their voices tokening these cottagers for saints, their thick golden bread crusts, their eyes so blue for turning often to the open sea, their honey jars, and their open, hearty ways. These people have learned their holiness, not in books or lonely ecstasies, but in living it through sunny afternoons among sheep or ships.

No one but a saint deserves to live beside a Devon lane. The air above it is flowing honey; the largest and bluest of this world's violets fringe it; wild daffodils come truanting through broken walls out of fields that perpetually lift up one's eyes and heart as they slope steeply to meet the clouds. These slopes are as sweet as Scripture hills of healing and comfort. No March is too cold to show the butterpats of primroses the old fairies churn up from Devon sward. All winds above them are full of larks, seen and unseen, blending their quenchless joy with the sound of far away waves; such incense of song goes up forever from Devon lanes, the thanksgiving of green soil to the great gods of sun and rain. And the gods send down benediction in waves of pure gold where the gorse that is blended wine and rose and musk cascades into every valley. To come upon an April cherry thicket set far below one's feet in some twilit sanctuary deep in the folded hills, is to see a host of angels waiting for one, winnowing their fragrant wings at the turn of one's road. These lanes are like no others in creation. Grass and pebbles underfoot, walls neither wholly of stone nor of hawthorn, but a rare communion of both, every green grace of ferns and tangled vines, of lichened rock and windy blossom. And always these lanes seek out places as they dip into hazel depths or lean up against the sky to give you the sudden glory of the sea, vistas of sheer blue peace. They follow beauty to the tops of all the highest hills; they go down into every lovely valley. For the saints first trod them out, when their white feet were beautiful on the high downs of Devon. The paths take care that you have always against the clouds a plowman or two going up to glory and leaning their fine manhood against the winds, or a church tower right under your feet in a place of amber sunshine and bees.

Nor are the combes of Devon to be matched among the valleys of the world. Deep into the solitude of high moors and down-

land, out of all reach of the loneliness and the gales that stalk the upland, run narrow valleys full of trees, patchworked with rich fields and gardens, shining with white villages, and ribboned with living waterbrooks. They keep their Summer the twelve months around; when other shires are lying under snow and counting the days to the cuckoo's return, sunshine and blowing roses are here. And since the combes are tucked away so snugly, they have held fast to their fairies and their bluebells, their old happiness for men. Old and quaint things last here; folk of the combes go up even now of a May Day morning upon the hills to see the sun dance in the sky and skip like a young kid on the threshold of the new Spring. The old pagan spell of the bonfire lit to warm the dying year is in the hearts of Devon boys; November days are wreathed with their smoke runes, and other, brighter fires bloom in the blue distances beside the last flames of the gorse. Wisewomen are said to live here still, who gather herbs by moonlight to make their magic simples; and I believe it, for every Devon cottage is hung with herbs drying among the rafters, and to smell their fragrances is to be healed and whole, body and soul. White magic surely must be woven into the old quilted petticoats of the women and the jerkins of the men, for they outlast a lifetime and descend to the generations. The seasons are more than bare names to the people; the Autumn is a wistful farewell and the Spring the welcoming of a returned neighbor. Every stock and stone, hedgerow and tree, every cup and plate and humble thing is a bosom friend, a friend to keep for life. The little mysterious presences that watch over a household's felicity and keep the cream and butter right have never taken their departure. No Devon hearth has ever a speck of dirt upon it, the linen is driven snow, everything sings within from cat to teakettle. Tall men come home from the shearing or the seining to a place that is like a shrine. Surely the Lares preserve such loveliness.

The very crockery of Devon is a matter of the old earth fairies. It is earthen magic. Men fashion it of Devon clay, bake it in its birthplace, and shape it at home in the cottages on such homely wheels as those of ancient Egypt and Crete. It has all the unevenness that human hands can give it; the weal of happy fingers has worked itself into its substance. The aroma of cottage

cooking and the songs of home are glazed into it. And it is painted by these Devon artists of living with cocks and hens, with ships, with the primrose and the rose, the things they have loved best and known best, the designs that have been worked into their lives.

And what can one say of the sea that holds Devon in its arms, the frame of the beauty of this high shire? It is another Mediterranean in its blue, yet softer, with mornings when it looks like forget-me-nots. Under hills eleven hundred feet high it turns to darkest emerald. It is mystery and romance unaging. It is the sea of Tristram and the white Iseult. It is whitened by all great and swift sea things of wings, mews and coromants and gulls. It brings to Devon doorsteps the loneliness men need and the solitude that is the salt and savor of strong lives. The lighthouses along it on a cloudless dawn shine like dewdrops of eternity, sparks of Kingdom Come. How could men be other than straight and true, thew and soul, when they have had these beacons in their homing eyes, year in, year out, through all the days? How might fishermen return to white havens of Devon otherwise than singing, when between the gray banks of fog the high cliffs have shone jasper and golden in the setting sun? No Devon boy but has felt a lift of the heart at the sight of the sea. No man could be other than true blue to the core in this place of blue beauty, hills and sea. The great winds alone could keep men clean. Here are fit eyries for the Devon Drakes and Raleighs and Grenvilles, yesterday's and tomorrow's. The straight ways of the sea are bred into the bone. Manhood blows red in such a place.

So it comes that Devon folk are the best Devon things of all. The men are tall men with hands like unyielding anchors, problems to their wives in the business of keeping them well breeched, big men and men full of juice and kindliness. They wear their beards in these years when the world has lost its patriarchs, and behind their beards their eyes are like those of boys with an October day before them. They have not lost the art of whittling; the boats they fashion between tides make them crowned kings for a boy to know. They have the lift of heavy seas in their shoulders; and yet they will lift their eyes to follow a rising

lark, and they will gather their primroses for their wives to put in bowls. Devon menfolk are famous for their heartiness, whether at laughing or dining. Good things to eat and sing they know more about than most; and because they love such, Devon cookery and Devon songs are things of fame. They are ruddy as poppies in cheeks and hearts; the wind and the sea have seen to that. They take their churchgoing, their food and drink, and the babies that climb their knees with a splendid zest. For all their iron and bronze in backs and shoulders, their speech is the softest and easiest in the world. And their womenfolks are cut from the same cloth. Devon folks make the heart glow; they mind one of the blossoming of the Spring cherry.

The Devon churches are like the folk, honest and simple, strong to face the wind. They are built high, of Devon gray stone; yet when the sunlight touches them they are things very fair and golden, like dreams, almost, in their wistful loveliness. Inside they are rough-hewn, with homely carvings of the things of men's everyday callings, sheep and scythes, ships and sheaves of grain. Yet somehow there is a radiance within them one does not get in the tallest cathedrals; and their rough stone walls fill the eyes very full. Always on their high towers are the four Gothic pinnacles; and when the sunshine comes over the sea very low under the heaped-up clouds it does not take a poet to see in these pinnacles something standing firm in the wind like the four Apostles of Devon prayer, Matthew and Mark, Luke and John. The four great Warders of the Gospels would be proud to watch over such a land, they and the other holy men who loved the sea and seamen. Sometimes, too, when the stars are thick over a quiet sea, it is easy to imagine some magnificent ship forever sailing along the dim horizon to keep the things that hurt men's holiness away, a ship with spars that go up to the very pole of night, hung with the lanterns of all the stars.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

THE MONTH OF MARY

BY BELLE SKINNER

MADEMOISELLE DE GUÈRE, triumphant, flung open the shutters of her bedroom window. All the day long in the darkened chamber, shut away from the mocking world of Hattonchâtel, she had kept anxious vigil; fearing, hoping, trembling, waiting while the leaden hours dragged on. The candles on the heavy oak bureau, lighted before the statue of the Virgin, had burned almost to their sockets, the roses laid at her feet had faded and died, and still to Mademoiselle de Guère the hands of the tall clock in the far corner seemed scarcely to move.

Since early morning like a bird in a cage she had fluttered from one part of the room to another, arranging and disarranging and rearranging the keepsakes she loved so well. Tenderly had she taken from its ivory casket a bundle of letters yellow with age, and one by one had read them slowly over and yet the day lingered.

With timid hands she had fingered the shroud made long years ago and this day laid out for her burial, and kneeling on the bare floor, the rosary pressed to her lips, had mumbled again the old familiar prayers, until at last when Time seemed to have stopped, when she felt she could no longer bear the weariness of waiting, into the stillness of her loneliness and despair came the blessed sound of the Angelus. She stood erect to listen. Yes, the dread day was over at last.

Prayer and fasting ended, fatigue and anxiety changed instantly into an habitual liveliness of interest in the affairs of her neighbours, and Mademoiselle de Guère, looking like the Conqueror of Fate, leaned from the window to see if Père Bonin across the way had returned from his trip to town.

It was the twilight of a warm May day, the twelfth to be exact.

A group of women gossiping at the village pump caught sight of her, looked at each other and smiled. Coming home from the

day's work, toiling up the steep hill, the men joked among themselves, "*Eh, bien, Camille, le douze Mai est passé. Est-ce-qu' on va trouver la vieille morte?*" "*Ma foi, non.* I'll wager we'll find her in the doorway as usual, scolding poor Geneviève"—which shows that there were some in the village who had little sympathy with the superstitious fear of "*la vieille demoiselle*". For, be it said at once, Mademoiselle de Guère awaited nothing less than the knocking of Death at her door each springtime on the twelfth of May.

At her mother's knee she had learned the story, the tale of love and hate and intrigue out of which had grown the tradition that the House of de Guère would end on the twelfth day of the lovely month dedicated to the Virgin. In vain Monsieur le Curé preached the folly of superstition. Would Monsieur le Curé himself sit in a room where there were three lighted lamps? she asked naïvely. Besides Mademoiselle de Guère was old, alone in the world, the last of her race, and in Hattonchâtel tradition is as strong almost as death itself.

So year after year on the appointed day this woman of the Twentieth Century set her house in order and, dressed in a gown of stiff brown brocade worn only on that occasion, in a dimly lighted bedroom formally awaited the dread summons. And year after year, the long day ended, she came out of her seclusion, happily unconscious of the amusement she had caused, and still wearing her ceremonial robes, went straight to the widow Collignon's to catch up on the news of the day, then home by the farmyard, always a victim of tradition, to see that her chickens were properly housed for the night.

But this evening as she leaned from the window, her black eyes shone with a peculiar brightness. Life seemed particularly dear and sweet. The pretty phrases in the old love letters, insincere as she knew them to be, were fresh in her mind, and a neighbor's casual "*bon jour, Mademoiselle, ça va?*" struck a responsive chord and made her feel her nearness to the things of her little world. She hurried out of the house.

Mademoiselle de Guère did not look her seventy-six years. Tall, alert, vivacious, her sparkling eyes and skin still fresh and pink created an impression almost of youth, although she kept

the tightly corseted figure which is still affected by the old aristocracy of France. For Mademoiselle de Guère was a Royalist, staunch and true. A picture of Louis XVI hung in the place of honour in her salon and she never wearied of telling how during an uprising of the people the Crown Jewels were for a night hidden in her grandfather's house.

Her imagination was always at play transforming even the ordinary events of village life into tales of romantic adventure. Out of the mists of ignorance and superstition which enveloped her but one thing shone clearly—her faith in the Roman Church. Its teachings were her rule of life and to be at Mass for her was joy.

True, Père Bonin, the Free Thinker of the Community, loudly insisted that Mademoiselle de Guère's religious zeal had its strong social side, since it was after Mass, while the worshippers were together in the Cloisters that the village news could be most quickly gleaned. Be this as it may, no Saint could be more passionately devoted to her Church than was Mademoiselle de Guère—during the month of May, when by gifts and promises she acknowledged her gratitude to the Power that had once again preserved her safe on the accursed day.

Indeed it was coming from Vespers one evening toward the end of the month, where according to her custom she had joined the young girls in singing canticles to the Virgin, that Mademoiselle de Guère called at my home to tell me a bit of gossip and remained on for dinner.

Unlike her fellow townsmen, who for the most part exemplify the motto of Lorraine, *plus penser que dire*, Mademoiselle de Guère talked rapidly and much, and that evening along with the wing of a chicken she dissected the soul of Père Bonin until nothing was left of either. It was not until dinner was ended, though, and we were taking our coffee on the wide terrace, that Mademoiselle de Guère began to recite in her picturesque language some of the legends of old Hattonchâtel.

It was a lovely starlight night, beautifully serene. In the distance we could hear the cuckoo calling to his mate. Close by a nightingale sang rapturously. Somehow it made me think of a night in Cashmere, and the fragrance of roses and lilacs floated up to us from the garden below. At our feet, only half revealed

under the starlit space, was spread out the immense valley of the Woëvre, stretching from Toul away to the Belgian border, silent and unlighted. In all the vast expanse of endless fields and busy villages, by day filled with movement and gay with the voices of the toilers, there was no sound of life. It seemed a country enchanted, so mute it was and still. Only the nightingale sang on and the murmur of Mademoiselle de Guère's soft voice as story after story fell from her lips.

The hour grew late. Conversation had drifted to the witchery of other days, and Mademoiselle de Guère was telling me that once in the moonlight her mother beheld the pale face of the "*Fée de la Meuse*" looking in her bedroom window, when gradually, as she talked, we became conscious of a light in the courtyard, swaying gently as a lantern might swing in one's hand.

Thinking that the gardener had returned—even at such an unusual hour—to perform some forgotten duty, I called out, "Pierre, is it you?" There was no reply. I repeated the question, and still to our astonishment no answering voice came back. What did it mean? Could the man not hear me? And why had the nightingale ceased his song? How still it was! Could it be that some magic carpet had really transported us to that country of silence of which Mademoiselle de Guère had told me? Again I called, this time in loud tones, "Pierre, Pierre, answer me, please!" Always the same unbroken silence. Would the man never speak? Yet while we looked the light staggered towards us a little, as though it were carried by someone drunk or half asleep. Frightened, Mademoiselle de Guère and I stood up, and peering fearfully into the darkness we realized at the same moment that it was not a lantern in the courtyard, that there was no person there, that the light was moving about alone, a spirit of the night.

We scarcely breathed. In a twinkling all the beauty of the evening vanished. The air grew thin and cold around us, the world seemed frozen in silence. Instinctively our hands clasped and as we gazed, motionless, at the weird thing now zigzagging its retreat towards the entrance gate, Mademoiselle de Guère, shivering, whispered hoarsely, "*le feu follet*, it is the *feu follet*," and fell on her knees.

At once, as though it had heard her words, the spectre slipped between the bars of the iron gate and went on its ghostly way. Pale and irresolute, an unhappy soul haunting the place where it had lived and sinned, it crept through the sleeping village. Between the rows of darkened houses it glided, past the school, past the church, hesitating, uncertain, like a soul without a pilot, across the Square where stands the Monument to the soldier dead, on past the *Calvaire*, shadowy, indefinite, on, on to the graveyard whence it came and where it entered in.

Then the evening came to life again and the nightingale took up his song.

Mademoiselle de Guère did not speak or try to explain the vision, but intermingled with her prayers I caught the words, "*la mort, la mort.*" She was bewildered. The twelfth of May had passed without incident, therefore she had the right to expect another year of life, yet within a fortnight's time the *feu follet* had cast its black shadow across her path.

Crushed by the world of superstition in which she lived, she fought in vain against this new presentiment of evil, and when I left her a little later in her bedroom, I saw how she was changed. All semblance of youth had passed. She was an old woman now, bent and haggard and listless, already dead to the interests that had been to her so vital. Words were not needed as we parted; it was easy to read in her eyes that she had heard the call of the "wandering fire".

Mademoiselle de Guère never left her bed again. Under her window near the great lilac bush the neighbours talked in low tones of the *feu follet* in Hattonchâtel, and shook their heads knowingly. Père Bonin alone thought it strange that she who year after year had prepared with so much ceremony to meet Death as a Distinguished Visitor should have quailed before his Messenger, but Père Bonin has never seen the *feu follet*. The others understood.

So the weary days dragged on—one, two, three. Mademoiselle de Guère, formerly so voluble, spoke only once and that at the very last. With eyes fixed on the image of the Virgin, she roused herself to say, "Holy Mother—", but the rest of the sentence was lost and her soul went out as the day died.

It could not have been a dark valley into which she passed, frightened and alone, for all the Western sky was a shining sea of gold. The radiance touched the home she had just left and its windows sparkled like topaz; it fell on the shattered villages in the plain below, and they lifted up their heads in hope; across the blackened battlefields, over the countless graves of unknown soldiers, it flung the promise of the Resurrection Morn.

On the living and on the dead the glory rested.

Père Bonin, standing in Mademoiselle de Guère's garden amid the jasmine and the lilies, questioned the existence of a God, and at the moment there unfolded like a scroll across the amber sky a flash of flaming fire, as though Jehovah through the sunset rebuked the vanity of man.

Then the brightness paled into amethyst and the light faded from the sky.

The Angelus was ringing. Soon the young girls would sing songs in honour of the Queen of Heaven and the altar would be freshly fragrant with the white flowers of May, for in her own month all Nature pays homage to Mary, and prayers would be said for the repose of Mademoiselle de Guère's soul.

A dreamlike peace descended on the village. In ecstasy the nightingale began his evensong.

As we turned away from the familiar chamber, Monsieur le Curé said thoughtfully, "*La superstition? On la croit morte, alors qu' elle n' est qu' endormie.*"

A little later, walking homeward in the quiet, he looked back at Mademoiselle de Guère's old home, alive now with the bustle and confusion of mourning, and added, "but Death has set her free."

BELLE SKINNER.

DAUGHTER OF DONNE

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE dissociation of intellect and emotionalism in poetry is easy enough up to a certain point, but when creative efforts in which these two qualities are inextricably joined are considered, the unwary critic is apt to lose himself in an impenetrable forest of inconsistencies. It is comparatively simple to note the preponderance of intellect over emotion in Alexander Pope, for instance, just as it is an ordinary matter to affirm that Swinburne's work contains immeasurably more emotion than intellect. The reader intuitively senses the critic's intention, although he may be quite unable to define the precise meaning of either intellect or emotion. But the critic must show more care when he considers Shakespeare, to pick an obvious example. The very words "intellect" and "emotion" must convey more to the reader; they must cease to be labels or generalizations; they must become specific instances. It is therefore necessary for me to set down what I mean by intellectual poetry and emotional poetry before I enlarge upon the subject of this essay, whose work, to my mind, contains the elements of both classifications. Emotional poetry, to define it hastily and crudely, expresses the poet's reactions and responses to the visible world and the world of ideas. Intellectual poetry expresses the poet's explorations and discoveries in the visible world and the world of ideas. These definitions are wretchedly inadequate and, perhaps, a mere shift, but they seem to serve my purpose. They are at best generalizations, and they leave much unanswered that might be answered in several ways. However, they are sufficiently exact for my present objective.

There are various planes of intellect in poetry, of which the lowest is didacticism. The highest plane, I am convinced, is occupied by sheer æsthetic poetry. For the most part, it is yet to be written, for there has never been a time in man's mental

progress when the pure æsthetic idea in itself has been regarded as sufficiently complete to carry a masterpiece. Indeed, many critics (most of them with their eyes in the backs of their heads) have regarded this state of affairs as proof that a great poem must carry a message to a large number of half-wits and semi-educated people. Intellect in poetry presupposes a concentration of cerebral ardour that generally results in lapidary methods. The meticulous shaping of thought and the resistless exploration of its ramifications are its natural corollaries. Elinor Wylie has been termed a lapidary of poetry, but by writers who vaguely understood their own meaning. A coldness and lack of emotion has been ascribed to her by those pundits possessing minds like loose-leaf note-books, who were disturbed by her precision. The nearer an art is to perfection the more troublous it becomes, because it draws the line so much more clearly between the imperfection of a concrete humanity and the bodiless perfection of art. Muddy thinkers fear it, and ingrained sentimentalists avoid it or seek to drag it down to their level.

The apparent coldness in Elinor Wylie's work has been misunderstood by readers who were looking for the ruddy stupefactions of sentimentalism. Here is neither a case of cold nor warmth, but rather one of rhythms, and by rhythms I mean the curious capacity of thought for circumscribing static points of passion with melodic and luminous nuances. This is partially an *amor intellectualis*, but because it burns with a steady lambency and a concentrated fierceness, instead of flaring into ragged flames, there is no reason to doubt its intensity. Mrs. Wylie's best poems are jeweled instances in the fluctuating toils of Time. They are abstractions given a body and a shape and accoutred in armour.

The cool glitter of these poems possesses a mistaken frostiness. Although the verbal designs are similar to the enchanted imbroglios in starry crystals on window-panes, there is no truth in the superficial assumption that if the design be scraped away there will be nothing left but the darkness and nothingness of the night without. It is a hasty judgment that destroys itself with such suicidal notions. A dark emotionalism is implicit in these poems by Mrs. Wylie, which I may safely assert are only secondarily

experiments in design. It is true that she fashions these complicated crystal patterns at times for the sheer æsthetic satisfaction of the balanced result, perhaps for the mental exhilaration that such achievements indubitably arouse. But her best work indifferently represses an emotionalism that has somehow been filtered through the mind and yet retains its disturbing substance. It is secretive, this emotionalism, but nevertheless profound. It is demonstrably true that an instinctive gesture of self-concealment has retained it in shadow, and I should ascribe this reticence to a congenital horror of vulgar ostentation, as well as to an uneasy feeling of subtle frustration. Inasmuch as she has gagged and stunned her emotional reactions to and acceptances of certain aspects of life, just in such measure must she be regarded as antagonistic to certain aspects of life.

Now this must be made plain, for any misconception on the reader's part is apt to nullify the matter which follows. Mrs. Wylie's emotional processes might be described as cerebral if it were not that emotionalism and cerebralism have come to stand for two differing aspects, and if the latter word had not been worked to death by quacks of criticism who are lamentably foggy as to the word's precise meaning. Mrs. Wylie is not cerebral in the sense that she may claim relationship with Euclid. I should say that she is cerebral in the sense that Dr. John Donne was cerebral. More than any woman of this generation she may claim to be a spiritual daughter of Donne. Through an intellectual chemical process, she crystallizes her emotions and yet retains their vitality. She reacts toward life in an emotional sense, but at the same time she explores, delving deeply into the subterranean strata below surface consciousness. And because I see this in her best work, I am convinced that she works both great veins of poetry. She is perfectly aware of the crystalline elements in her nature, as witness the testimony of the sonnet called *Self Portrait* which begins on a cerebral note and ends in unmistakable emotionalism:

> A lens of crystal whose transparence calms
> Queer stars to clarity, and disentangles
> Fox-fires to form austere refracted angles:
> A texture polished on the horny palms

Of vast equivocal creatures, beast or human:
A flint, a substance finer-grained than snow,
Graved with the Graces in intaglio
To set sarcastic sigil on the woman.

This for the mind, and for the little rest
A hollow scooped to blackness in the breast,
The simulacrum of a cloud, a feather:
Instead of stone, instead of sculptured strength,
This soul, this vanity, blown hither and thither
By trivial breath, over the whole world's length.

Here, too, is that aspect of frustration, the soul blown hither and thither. It is a frustration that seeks to emancipate itself through an intellectual pride, an avoidance of the shattered conceits and hollow gestures on the great central plateau of mankind. There is an æsthete apparent here as, indeed, there is in practically all of Mrs. Wylie's work. But it is not so much the æstheticism of mere gratification in beauty as beauty as it is the hurried grasp of beauty as a palliation, a many-coloured garment for a deplorably insufficient world. At times she suggests the Blue Stocking of the eighteenth century vexed by beautiful music. Of course, there is no reason why beautiful music should vex a Blue Stocking, but Mrs. Wylie's peculiar brand of quaint erudition is tinged with unmistakable signs of Puritanism. It would be insufficient to call it a spiritual prudery. It is rather a suspicion of the coloured subterfuges that make so much easier the ingress of vulgarity. This is implicit in her almost subconscious attitude toward material beauty. In the last sonnet of the series called *Wild Peaches* she exclaims:

Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
There's something in this richness that I hate.
I love the look, austere, immaculate,
Of landscapes drawn in pearly monotones.
There's something in my very blood that owns
Bare hills, cold silver on a sky of slate,
A thread of water, churned to milky spate
Streaming through slanted pastures fenced with stones.

I love those skies, thin blue or snowy grey,
Those fields sparse-planted, rendering meagre sheaves;

That spring, briefer than apple-blossom's breath,
Summer, so much too beautiful to stay,
Swift autumn, like a bonfire of leaves,
And sleepy winter, like the sleep of death.

There is more than Puritanism in this. It is touched, too, with the sheer exultation of the mind, of an extreme sensitivity that would divest Time of all its subterfuges. There is less distrust of beauty here than there is a nostalgia for the quickening uplands of the mind. For her, the beautiful body of thought transcends mere bodily beauty, and because this is so one finds throughout her work a delicate sexlessness that is less the result of Puritanism than of an intellect so refined in other directions that bodily impulses are but the detached insufficiencies of weaker minds. Implications of this attitude manifest themselves in *Full Moon:*

My bands of silk and miniver
Momently grew heavier;
The black gauze was beggarly thin;
The ermine muffled mouth and chin;
I could not suck the moonlight in.

Harlequin in lozenges
Of love and hate, I walked in these
Striped and ragged rigmaroles;
Along the pavement my footsoles
Trod warily on living coals.

Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,
In their corrupt disguises clothed,
Mortality I could not tear
From my ribs, to leave them bare
Ivory in silver air.

There I walked and there I raged;
The spiritual savage caged
Within my skeleton, raged afresh
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,
The clean bones crying in the flesh.

Mrs. Wylie is essentially a creature of bodiless passions, and this is one reason why a lack of emotionalism has been ascribed to

her. Her critics have yet to learn that the desires and emotions and lusts of the brain are as intense and durable as those of the body. It is from this stuff that the martyrs were made, and not from the fanatic animal-like emotionalists that tradition has made out of some of them. It is the putting off of the corruptions of the body that lifts the soul to the perilous heights. There is a touch of the martyr in Mrs. Wylie, and this is a most natural result of an absolute indwelling on self. Together with this intensity is the power to disengage her mind from her existence. To gaze upon herself, to sit in judgment on her days and ways, is part of the rare prerogative which her controlled intellect gives her. In one of her most beautiful lyrics she writes:

> Now let no charitable hope
> Confuse my mind with images
> Of eagle and of antelope:
> I am in nature none of these.
>
> I was, being human, born alone;
> I am, being woman, hard beset;
> I live by squeezing from a stone
> The little nourishment I get.
>
> In masks outrageous and austere
> The years go by in single file;
> But none has merited my fear,
> And none has quite escaped my smile.

So much insistence on the mind must not cloud the reader's comprehension of Mrs. Wylie's strange qualities. Her nets to catch the wind are not wholly woven of the semi-sombre threads of the mind; they are shot through with the burning threads of emotion as well. I should say that her work comes closer to Walter Pater's dictum, "to burn with this hard, gem-like flame," than that of any other writer of this generation.

All this may be affirmed with the implication that her position is at best tentative, that she is yet to develop her peculiar vein of work to an actual achievement before she unquestionably consolidates her position. In spite of the many laudatory encomiums which her novel, *Jennifer Lorn*, has aroused, I consider

it less a development and emphatic progression than a strangely complete reiteration of a unique mentality, a decoration and embroidery in fantastic and semi-barbaric colours of that astonishing individuality that has been for long suspect in her work. It is less concentrated than her poems, because it is less personal, but it furnishes her readers a definitive proof of her clear mentality, her unmuddied thinking, her meticulous craftsmanship. Instead of carrying her on it has but completed and furnished the solitary tower wherein she exists. Here is a case of décor, an amplification, the judicious distribution of colour upon a clear outline. There is nothing in *Jennifer Lorn* that is better than her best poems, and *Jennifer Lorn* as a whole can take no higher place than *Black Armour*. I do not mean unduly to minimize *Jennifer Lorn*, but to point out that its value to Mrs. Wylie and her public is mainly because it makes it so much easier to gauge the artist. From an unknown writer the book would have been a great achievement; from Mrs. Wylie it is but an expected strengthening of her position. However, she has yet to solve the mystery of her existence. The book, with its cool colour, its restrained treatment of oriental motifs, its calm handling of frantic impulses, its minute architectonics, and its steady jewel-like flare, as though one opened a chest of precious stones, proves many things. It is evidence that she can build better than any American woman of her generation, that she can carry through to a deft ironic conclusion an extended effort, that she can command an apparently effortless consistency, that in technique and instinctive feeling and intellect she might circumscribe a great theme.

In her poetry Mrs. Wylie has practically always been herself. Even in *Peregrine* I have the impression that this is what she would have been if she had been a man. Certain characteristics stand out as among those human attributes that appeal to her most strongly. In *Jennifer Lorn* she was, of course, under the necessity of creating a gallery of characters, of distinct personifications. It would be interesting to go into these personages and point out how their individuality is asserted through their construction on individual facets of Mrs. Wylie's poetry, how Gerald Poynyard is the exemplification of that unemotional, coolly satiric, self-sufficient blend of manhood which gave birth to

Peregrine, how the naïve childlike qualities that shape themselves into Jennifer may be found in some of the lyrics, how even the boyish sexless passion of Mirza Abbas is subtly prefigured in *Nets to Catch the Wind* and *Black Armour*. These creatures are all splintered diamond-facets from the crystalline mind of Mrs. Wylie. They are different, and yet they are natural evocations from a single intellect. Mrs. Wylie is as much the childlike Jennifer as she is the cold and disturbingly consistent Gerald.

It is because I believe that here is a profound and unaffected intelligence, cruelly hammered into a glittering weapon by the enormous madnesses of life, fully able to cope with the intensities, febrilities and disorganized divagations of existence, that I make my comment so bold. I know of no other writer in America, excepting Edwin Arlington Robinson, who is better able to stand intense questioning and unpalliated criticism. This mind can pierce like a sword and then suddenly assume the impregnability of a bull-hide shield. It is less curious than quick at comprehension, and yet it is unresting in its intellectual explorations and discoveries. She is no more than a woman, and yet she is as much as a woman and therefore a phœnix of mysterious plumage. She has her failures, her moments of futile play in rhyme, but her rigorous technique renders them less obvious than in other writers. If the thought escapes the structure, one may always admire the structure, much as one may admire an Etruscan bracelet even though the white arm that once wore it is long since dust. But it is seldom that this is necessary. For the most part this unresting mind that probes and explores and is so self-sufficient halts and charms the reader. It makes her nearest rival, Miss Millay, appear like a pseudo-sophisticated child obsessed by the pet egoism of a blasé naïveté, if such a contradiction is possible. Miss Millay may not be able to hold her world close enough, but Mrs. Wylie can hold her world in the palm of her slender hand.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH-AMERICAN POETRY

BY MUNA LEE

> Pegasus is content, leaping and playing,
> For Pegasus through fields of the Inca is straying.
> —*Darío.*

CONTEMPORARY poetry in Spanish America is essentially lyric poetry; and its multi-coloured profusion has led to the comment —true enough, so far as my own knowledge goes—that there is no Latin-American who has not written at least one good lyric. Poetry, however, is far from being confined to the written page. As in Spain, where the folk-poetry, the anonymous voice of the pueblo, is perhaps the most interesting phase of contemporary poetic activity, one hears from the lips of *payo* in Mexico or *jíbaro* in Porto Rico a spontaneous love-song:

> Oh, mother, I went to the market,
> To the booth where love was sold—
> I bought but a trinket, mother,
> And it cost me dearer than gold!

or caustic political comment equally spontaneous:

> Now that the sapling has fallen
> Where the peacock slept the night through,
> On the hard ground he must slumber
> As other animals do!

In Spain the leading modern poets have long recognized and turned to their own uses the popular method; and in South America, too, the anthologies begin to be enriched with the charming pattern of the *cantares*—four-line songs, two unrhymed lines alternating with two in assonance or rhyme:

> Ah, the hard stones of the highway
> Keep the print of my footsteps;
> But of all my suffering
> Not a trace on your heart is left!

Naturally, the poet born into such an environment is assured of his audience; and it is not strange that the Latin American finds in poetry even a means of professional and political advancement; with poet-presidents as the rule rather than the exception. The result of this emotional debauch—as the Spanish Intellectuals who oppose the phenomenon like to call it—is undoubtedly to exaggerate the more romantic and fantastic traits of the Latin temperament, and to postpone the general acceptance of the scientific attitude toward life: but that some very fine poetry is also the result is easily demonstrable.

Take the two following sonnets, for instance, by authors practically unknown even in their own small countries; sonnets which are not better than a dozen others to be encountered in a month's casual reading, and yet which, once met with, one does not care to let quite slip from the memory. The first is by a San Dominican, Armando Alvarez Piñeiro:

In my hammock indolently reclined
After the rough toil of the day I lie,
While in the soft transparency of the sky
Likeness to my brunette's warm eyes I find.

The stars their quiet brilliance display;
The atmosphere its warmth and calmness yields.
I breathe the pleasant odor of the fields
And, "Life is good!" half-dreamily I say.

In this settled peace that Fate bestowed,
The Strange and the Withheld are past my knowing;
Far-off the dog barks and the wind is blowing:
While the light breeze to my ears is bringing
The rough voice of a farmhand who is singing
A folk-song, in the moonlight, down the road.

And the other, as I discover with some difficulty, is by O. Cerna Sandoval, of San Salvador:

You make me desperate: what forces shall I bring
To bear that you at last may come to see
That your soul will have everything in me—
Torment and joy, life, love, and suffering!

How would you be loved? Name your desire!
With a sweetness as of Christian light on all,

Or with the delectable bitterness of gall,
Or with a vanished pagan grace and fire?

Of all love's stairs the ascent I divine;
And for your love, if yours shall equal mine,
My every energy to the one end bending,
How easily shall I do your behest:
Baring my talons, or my wings extending,
To love you as a dove or a wild beast!

One finds, then, poetry everywhere in the Southern republics. What of the voices that sound most clearly above the chorus? What is their method, and what its results? These are questions that it is fascinating to attempt to answer.

A poet may express his environment in either of opposite ways: by an interpretation of it or by a reaction against it. Certainly the best contemporary example of the former method is José Santos Chocano; of the latter, Rubén Darío. Darío, born into the tropical luxuriance of volcano-dominated Nicaragua, in the old Spanish city where the *Cristus* of dark wood stands among the silken-robed saints of the great cathedral, within sight and sound of the tropical forest vibrant with "wind and axes and birds and wild bulls in chorus", longed passionately for the ordered and formal elegance of the eighteenth century. His dreams were of marquises and abbés at Versailles; of the prim beauty of gardens; and of marbles through a dusk of cypresses. He was as surely formed by Nicaragua as Ezra Pound by Iowa; but Darío had the advantage of being a great poet. This nostalgia for a vanished period resulted in some very beautiful poems—in the greater part of *Azul*, the book that made his reputation, as well as in *Prosas Profanas*, and in the revelatory lyric that opens *Cantos de Vida y Esperanza;* though it is quite true that, once in Paris, he discovered Nicaragua, and found inspiration for some of his noblest work in the sombre and gorgeous complexity of the tropics. In spite of his early prejudices, his range was wide; and if toward the last—he died in 1916—his poetry narrowed somewhat, as is natural with a maturing poet, it deepened as well. He himself said of this later phase:

Poor tree that I am, the light wind's caresses
In youth made a vague, sweet sound through the bough.

Now the time of the youthful smile has passed over—
Leave it to the hurricane to move me now!

Darío's first book was the formal challenge to Romanticism, which in Spain had early hardened into a spiritual mould into which were almost invariably wrought Byronic despair and contempt for life. Metrical versatility had been lost, though old Spanish is metrically very rich; and poets, in a welter of apostrophe, were painfully concerned as to "poetic" and "non-poetic" words. Latin America, for all the patriotic feeling engendered by her various revolutions, had accepted the poetic formulas thus developed with little protest until Darío sounded in *Azul* the tocsin to which the youth of a dozen countries eagerly responded. His succeeding volumes were a rising series of triumphs; and he lived to see his doctrines of absolute freedom in theme and diction, of individual and personal beauty, themselves harden into dogma among his disciples and become the object of attack by his rebellious juniors. To a turn for unexpected phrase and an unusual—almost a unique—gift of music, Darío united passionate vitality and a fine discrimination: there is tropical luxuriance in his poetry, but rarely a fault of taste; although, strictly in accordance with his theories, he does not hesitate to interrupt the organ-music of *The Litany for Our Lord Don Quixote* with jeers at poet's prizes (which he was continually winning), doctor's prescriptions, and the Spanish Academy:

King of all cavaliers, lord of the sorrowing,
From warfare your sustenance, from dream your cloak borrowing,
  Crowned with illusion's golden crest:
Of whom none has ever beat down the daring,
As the shield on your arm, all vision bearing,
  And all heart, as your lance in rest;

Noble pilgrim, all pilgrims surpassing,
Who sanctify all roads by your passing,
  With tread heroic, august, uncouth;
Against certainties and against consciences,
Against the laws and against the sciences,
  Against falsehood, against truth. . . .

Pray for us, generous, pious, and most proud one;
Pray for us, chaste, pure, heavenly, unbowed one,

Pray for the worthless, intercede for our sod!
Since we are now without vigor or glory,
Without soul, without light, without life, without Quixote,
Without foot nor wing, without Sancho nor God! . . .

From so many sorrows, from griefs heart-wringing,
From supermen of Nietzsche, from aphonic singing,
From the prescriptions that doctors give to us,
From epidemies of horrible blasphemies
Of the Academies,
Good Lord, deliver us! . . .

Darío's followers have been many, and they have produced shining and honied things: yet perhaps the most interesting of the poets he aided in developing is his talented and vigorous opponent, the poet who attacked his theories of beauty with the energy of rebellious youth, Enríque González Martínez, of Mexico, who cried out against Darío's favorite poetic emblem:

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered swan
That lends a white note to the fountain's blue!
Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it cannot say much to you!

The idea of poetry as a decoration—an idea undoubtedly held by many of Darío's followers—infuriates the Mexican poet. His own work is thoughtful, terse, vivid, whether in a brief lyric,

The tree was a dome above the miniature garden,
An emerald heaven over a little world,

or in one of the solemn odes wherein—

the strange eternal voices
over desert vastness speak.

Alfonso Guillén Zelaya, in Honduras, is another poet whose work presents at its sincerest and best the revolt against Modernism; though it is in his case rather a resolute and tranquil turning away from what is extravagant and transient in the movement. With a simplicity at times approaching naïveté, he writes quietly of quiet lives, observing to the letter Fantasio's advice to "write in a low voice". The flavour of this poet's temperament pervades even his briefest love-lyric:

Impossible now that frivolous thought return:
The Universe has caught me into its rhythm now anew.
There is kindness in thorns, fresh water in the sea,
And the tree has blossomed to shed fragrance on my verse.

Meanwhile, in Guatemala the perturbed spirit of Arévalo Martínez walks by night, launching its indictment against the age in which "Sancho Panza criticizes, Sancho Panza writes verses".

José Santos Chocano, of Peru, was born to glorify his environment, as Darío to transcend it. That the traditions, topography, and potential future of Latin-America constitute excellent subject matter for poetry was, perhaps, discovered by Andrade; it was certainly brought before the world in bold relief by Chocano, who lost little time in announcing, "Walt Whitman has the North, but I have the South". The implication is misleading: he is more like Vachel Lindsay in method than Whitman. His widespread popularity is due to his splendid rhythms, gorgeous splashes of local color, and insistence upon the twin splendours of the Aztec and the Castilian heritage. At his sonorous best, he is not far from being what he declares himself to be,

the primitive spirit,
the primitive spirit of the forests and the Andes.

He indicates his own scope and limitations in *Blazon:*

I am America's singer, autochthonous and wild:
My lyre has a soul, an ideal my singing.
My verse does not rock with the motion mild
Of a tropic hammock from low boughs swinging.

When I feel Inca, the Lord Sun invoking,
Into my hands his royal powers spring;
When I feel Spanish, the Conquest evoking,
My strophes then like crystal trumpets ring.

My imagination comes from the Moor.
The Andes are of silver, but gold the Lion glows,
And the two I mingle with an epic sound.
Spanish is the blood that to an Inca measure flows:
Were I not poet, I might have been renowned
As a white Adventurer or an Indian Emperor.

Chocano suggests, though he does not resemble, the handful

of poets who in countries so far apart as Colombia and Uruguay attempt to picture the familiar details of homely life; those whose intention, shall we say, most nearly approximates that of Robert Frost—though the vision of a Latin Frost does, I admit, seem rather richly humorous. Best known of these is Luis C. López, a Colombian, the distinctive characteristic of whose work—apart from its very singing quality—is the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the repulsive. He delights to shock the reader; a youthful trait he may outgrow. He is at his best in picturing night in a tropical village, when—

> the breeze
> Wafts down the street what an odor
> Of yucca-bread and chocolate, of camphor and cheese!—

almost permitting one to forget the revolting metaphor that follows. Less celebrated than López, more even in workmanship, and promising a considerable performance, is his young compatriot, Jorge Mateus, who says of himself:

> I learned song among the paths
> By which the white sheep browse;
>
> I learned song upon the hill-top
> Where go the country girls with startled eyes;
>
> And my verses know—oh, poor child-songs!—
> About red carnations pinned to the blouse.

Still another Colombian, Cornelio Hispano, has succeeded admirably in rendering the village life of the Cauca. In Porto Rico, Virgilio Dávila, a middle-aged Porto Rican farmer, has given in *A Village of Yesterday* a sonnet series picturing with sympathy and unfailing good humour small town types not so very different from our own; and the most melodious and popular living Porto Rican poet, Luis Llorens Torres, has written a charming series of Creole sketches dealing with life on the haciendas; while a young Uruguayan, Pedro Leandro Ipuche, published last year his first book, a vivid interpretation of the Uruguayan cattlemen—poems with more than a passing resemblance to our own cowboy songs.

These poets are reporters, not primarily critics, of manners;

but the spirit of criticism is not lacking. The Colombian, Guillermo Valencia, one of the most widely read of contemporaries, has written in *Anarchs* a powerful poem of social protest, developing his theme by a series of images sometimes brutal, sometimes very delicate, but always striking:

> Dogs, miners, artists,
> The arid enclosures that shut you in
> Consume your livid flesh;
> And in the world's dusty Sahara
> You find the water—of tears only!

The poetry of protest seems to belong inherently, however, to Chile, which ranks with Argentina as the most progressive and material of the republics. In Samuel A. Lillo, in Manuel Magellanes Moure, even in Gabriela Mistral, who is more often concerned with the invisible than with the visible world, we find the awakened social consciousness that reaches its most flaming expression in *The New Marseillaise* of Victor Domingo Silva:

> The egoistic poet who keeps silent before
> Earth's pain and her infamy is a knave—and no more!
> In supreme epochs the harp-strings should teem
> With impassioned notes of an anger supreme.
> The great poet his standard must unfurl,
> And across the trenches his strophes hurl! . . .
> And in the same storm, the same madness come
> As his brothers, to triumph or martyrdom!

There is, too, the poetry of the revolutionists—poetry written in exile or in prison against a specific tyranny; the poetry that Díaz Miròn, "the old Mexican lion", wrote in his youth, and that Blanco Fombona (Venezuela) is writing now; the vigor of which compensates for what it frequently lacks in finish:

> There is yet something good despots cannot imprison
> Nor load irons upon!

In justice to the poets just mentioned, it should be stated that each of them has produced some very finely-finished lyrics as well; a fact not to surprise us when we remember the kind of song uttered in time of peace by that grizzled warrior, Ben Jonson. What Darío said of Fombona is true of the three of

them: "In the mouth of this lion you will often find the Biblical honeycomb".

And there is the poetry that escapes the world entirely, and finds the compensations so often and so nobly celebrated in Spanish—by Santa Teresa; by St. John of the Cross; by Fray Luis de León; by that lovely and dauntless and irresistible seventeenth-century Mexican nun, Sister Juana Inez of the Cross; by her biographer, Amado Nervo, just five years dead; and at the present moment in Chile, by the mystic who prefers to be known as Gabriela Mistral, whose sonnets ran across a continent like wild-fire upon publication two or three years ago. Her poems for children are also very lovely, and they are unique in Spanish literature, which has often sung of childhood, but never before with the convincing simplicity achieved by Gabriela Mistral in her *Song for a Children's Round:*

The sky of December is pure,
  Holy nectars the spring's basin fill,
And the shivering grass started up
  To dance a round on the hill.

The mothers gaze from the valley
  And past the tall grasses, until
They see a great white daisy
  Which is our round on the hill.

They see a great white daisy
  That lifts and bends and is still,
That falls apart, comes together,
  And is our round on the hill.

Today there blossoms a rosebud,
  Wild pinks their fragrance distil,
A lamb was born in the valley,
  And we danced a round on the hill.

"Whoever wishes to have something by which to distinguish Uruguay from its many sister republics," said James Bryce in his book on South America, "may remember that it is the smallest of the South American States, and that it has neither mountains, nor deserts, nor antiquities, nor aboriginal Indians." These facts merely make it harder to explain why, in the last half-

century, Uruguayan literature has produced Spanish America's profoundest and gentlest philosopher, José Enrique Rodó; her one analytical and brilliant dramatist, Florencio Sánchez; her most popular and very talented woman-poet, Juana de Ibarbourou; and the strange genius whose influence on the younger generation of poets is that today most marked, most widespread, and most easily traceable, though he died fifteen years ago at the age of thirty-five—Julio Herrera-Reissig. One may explain Darío as a reaction against environment and Chocano as its apotheosis, but the influences that made Herrera-Reissig lie deeper, deep as the roots of being. His world was the invisible world that he carried about with him, his stage the interior of his own consciousness, where the drama might reach its climax in inaction:

> Conning you close with a suggestive surmise,
> The epilogue of all my dreams I learned;
> And the gray messenger doves of your eyes
> Most quietly then from the skies returned.
>
> I was to have said the last word—and I kept
> A frightful silence without one lament.
> My lost Aprils I was to have wept—
> And I smiled, fierce and indifferent.
>
> The moon, like a good sister, understood,
> For my sake hushing her own pain as well:
> Not a movement, not a gesture, not a mood.
> A frozen kiss there was—a frozen word—
> A kiss, a word; there is no more to tell.
> All occurred in nothing's having occurred.

His love-sonnets in general give a detached, half-mocking analysis of a situation trivial in its outward aspect, and yet, in his own phrase, with implications that approach

> the glacial wall
> that marks the utmost boundaries of existence.

His technical contribution was the perfection of a subtle and intricate harmony in such of his longer poems as *Armando*, and a brilliant use of precise and unexpected metaphor, as this, of a summer dusk:

Across rose-scented silence, a cricket scratches;

or, of waters at sunset,

The lake dreams of a crime.

His imitators have been more successful in achieving his effect of brilliancy and his unexpectedness than his precision. During his last years his work became incoherent—he had fallen a prey to morphine—but even then it was never shoddy nor dull. One confronts in it at all times a mind skilful and relentless in probing its own motives. His influence, which has spread slowly but unceasingly since his death, and is today perhaps at its highest level, may be traced in every one of the countries of South America; frequently, in the work of the most promising of the younger poets. Lugones in Argentina is a well-known example; Caballero Mejías in Venezuela and Palés Matos in Porto Rico, neither of them yet thirty, are others who will be well-known in the future. The interesting work of the Cuban, José Manuel Poveda, while individual and striking, has, in its strangely haunting harmonies and almost weird choice of words, much in common with that of Herrera-Reissig.

Although the work of the woman poet mentioned, Juana de Ibarbourou, is less subtle than that of Alfonsina Storni, on the other side of the River Plate; though she is more easily moved to light responses than Gabriela Mistral; she has, at the age of thirty, achieved her own very widely applauded manner: the brief, passionate lyric with a fragrant blossom and a bitter seed:

I shall suffer for you.
Blessed be the evil that your love will do!
Blessed be the blade, the net I shall feel!
Blessed be thirst and steel!

Instead of diadems in my hair
Seven long thorns I shall wear.
Instead of ear-rings I shall don
Two burning coals vermilion.

And you will weep and pity me.
Then more than ever mine you will be.

Alfonsina Storni's work, while sometimes carelessly finished,

seems to me of firmer texture and more original quality than Juana de Ibarbourou's. Both, however, show a new insight—new, at least, in the literature of their race—into feminine psychology; the young Argentine speaking characteristically in *Running Water:*

Yes, I move, I live, I wander astray,
  Water running, intermingling, over the sands;
I know the passionate pleasure of motion;
  I taste the forests; I touch strange lands.

Yes, I move—perhaps I am seeking
  Storms, suns, dawns, a place to hide.—
What are you doing here, pale and polished,
You, the stone in the path of the tide!

* * * * * * * *

Are these all? Not all, nor half. Each country has its own packed and overflowing anthology—its *Parnaso*—and not all the poets can be found even therein. I have simply offered a foot-note to a richly interesting literature of which we think too seldom. This ferment of creation to the south of us, in conjunction with our own quickened interest in poetry, is perhaps helping in the achievement of the Pan-American character prophesied by Antonio Pérez-Pierret (Porto Rico), who sees "aboriginal copper, carbon of Ethiopia, Latin dream, and stark Anglo-Saxon reality" fusing at last into a personality synthesizing the trinity of force in a profound unity:

And he will be brain,
  And he will be arm,
    And he will be poet.

It is a vision worth pondering.

MUNA LEE.

THE AYES HAVE IT

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND CLARKE

I AM becoming very tired of reading and hearing negations, the constant telling of what people do not think, do not believe, do not like. Nature abhors a vacuum, and so do I. So also did Goethe, for he once said, "I shall be happy to hear your convictions, but please keep your doubts to yourself." I am weary of the constant harping on blemishes and defects, of being eternally informed of what's wrong with the world, of the brutal shaking out of Pandora's box of human ills to the very last atom, without leaving even a little trembling hope behind. Doubtless the poor old world is sick enough to require expert diagnosis, but I object to having it placed on the dissecting table merely to be dismembered and disdained without any serious attempt to put it together again on an improved basis. It is the only world we have at present and we simply must save it. It is a comforting thought that it has recovered from many critical illnesses before this. In truth, its career has been chiefly a series of crises. The unpleasant facts in the case may be undeniable, but their discussion is fruitless and wastefully depressing, unless at the same time effort is made to deal with them in some constructive fashion. I feel inclined to say to the clamourous chorus of captious critics, in the vulgar but appropriate parlance of the cowboy, "Put up, or shut up."

The controversy between optimism and pessimism is of course a question of attitude. Some of us see and know more of the general conditions of life than others—but all see and know enough to realize that all nature, animate and inanimate, is a battleground for the opposing forces of construction and destruction, growth and decay, life and death. Optimists and pessimists alike are compelled to admit the existence of the struggle. But the optimist is always voting for, betting on, the constructive forces. He is always confident of their superior strength, and therefore

of their final victory. He declares that, in spite of many defects and defeats, the ayes have it and always will have it. The pessimist, on the other hand, is always betting on the destructive forces. His is a negative and depreciatory position. He is a prophet of evil, an apostle of despair. He is always seeing everything going to the dogs. His attitude would not matter much, except for the inner comfort and serenity of those who really care, if it were a matter of mere abstract opinion. We would not even pity the vociferous pessimists, as beneath their dolorous complaints one often detects an undertone of happiness in painting their dark pictures. But it is more than an abstract matter, for pessimists do real harm, because they dampen enthusiasm and paralyze effort. I do not desire the pessimists to become Pollyannas. That would be only to exchange one kind of blindness for another. Doubtless it is one's duty to see things as they actually are, and so we must see, and confess that we see, the ugly, baneful, puzzling elements in the life about us. We must not say "Peace, peace," when there is no peace—but yet we must always labour for peace. We must not deny nor ignore the existence of the complex problems which vitally concern us all, but at the same time, if we are not to be ignoble cowards and slackers, we must strive valiantly to solve them. Any soul that can behold cruel wrong and injustice without a passionate desire not only to protest, but to do everything possible towards remedying it; can see the battle waging hotly between the forces which are protecting and fortifying men's highest hopes and aspirations and those which are discrediting and destroying them, and yet is not impelled both to cheer on the true friends of man and also to back them up whole-heartedly, may be the keenest of easy-chair critics, but has no qualifications for leadership in these critical and exacting days, towards which our attitude was predetermined when we called them the period of reconstruction.

We cannot deny that there must be now and always in a world of mistakes and blunders, considerable pulling down and uprooting. In every department of life, personal, social, political, progress requires the clearing of space, the digging of cellars, the laying of foundations; but all this preliminary process is futile

failure unless the final result is a building of some substance and solidity, imperfect and defective, of course, as every human undertaking inevitably must be to some extent, but yet a real contribution toward solving the moral housing problem of the world's pressing needs and its no less pressing hopes and aspirations. We must not build haphazardly, without plan or deliberation, or without counting the cost, but build we must, somehow, and not merely demolish, merely hinder and hector those who deserve credit for doing at all, no matter how inadequately and poorly, what we have not had the courage to attempt ourselves.

Christian morality raised sins of omission to the highest rank of evil. Its most serious indictment is, "Ye did it not." Its golden rule is a rule of doing. A cultured Chinaman once claimed that Confucius had given men a rule as golden as that of Christ. But all the tremendously fundamental difference between affirmation and negation, between activity and inactivity, between love and selfishness, between brotherhood and moral isolation, is found in the difference between being told by Christ "Do unto others what ye would they should do unto you," and being told by Confucius "Do not to others what ye would not have them do to you." And the people who have no counsels but counsels of despair, who do not vote, who will not have anything active to do with political life or effort, through moral disgust or fear of contamination, who are not willing to run the risk or to take the trouble to think out or to work out possible solutions to social and political problems—these virtually prefer Confucius to Christ, as their highest ideal seems to be to keep morally clean and to do no harm. And it is largely due to these cowardly and inactive Laodiceans that there exists today such a lamentable lack of leadership and initiative. But the stress and turmoil of the age is going to make it increasingly difficult for people to remain in the ruts of inaction and negation, or in the position of mere bystanders. The critics will be forced to do something as well as say something. Insistent questions will have to be answered. Overwhelming conditions will have to be dealt with on some other principle than that of drifting.

I have often thought that it would do a world of good if the

overflowing flood of negative criticism, of doubt and denial and dissension, could be stopped, say for ten years, like the proposed naval holiday; all controversy laid aside, and no criticism allowed that does not offer definite plans and proposals for coöperation on the basis of affirmation and agreement, in politics, in business, in religion. What a relief to our nerves and our brains and our feelings! What an opportunity for thinking things out to some constructive conclusion! Of course, obstacles and oppositions would have to be considered in order to be overcome. We would not, could not, ignore the powers of darkness, mental and moral, but we would marshal hopefully against them every ray of light from any quarter we could possibly focus upon them to disperse them—but light against darkness, not gloom against gloom, negation against negation. The critics who raise nothing but objections, who find it so easy to pick flaws in the works and plans of others, would be forced into telling us what they had to propose for meeting the situation whose serious condition they magnify, and therefore are the more bound to help cure. If every criticism thus involved an active attempt to grapple with difficulties disclosed, the fools would possibly rush in less madly, and even angels fear to tread the path of negative criticism. If every critic could be compelled to prove how much better he could have performed the imperative undertaking, or have met the inevitable responsibility, the rôle of critic would surely be much less popular than it is at present.

I am optimistic enough to believe that the world has never before had so many well-wishers for its general peace and prosperity as it possesses today; sincere altruists, deeply concerned for the welfare of all mankind, honestly and unselfishly interested in the perplexing problems which have only a moral claim on their attention. They are the salt of the earth, preserving it from moral decay, and if they could be united, rallied and guided, they could perform wonders. But their great need, the great need of the age, is leadership. Granting this, what shall our attitude be? Shall we sit supinely by, either yielding to despair or waiting inactively for the advent of the plumed heroes of our dreams who shall set all things right? Shall we not rather try to fashion leadership out of the materials we have, and make

sure we are not ignoring leaders who need our backing? Shall we not do all we can to give encouragement to the hopes and the aspirations which shall nerve them to active effort? Shall we not use our utmost endeavours to assemble and coördinate every constructive force available for combating the paralyzing effects of cowardice and cynicism? We cannot all become leaders, but we can at least push a little, and perhaps help to make leaders; and all the time we are either choosing, or allowing, leaders, such as they are, both official and unofficial.

Democracy, even in its freest forms, cannot carry on without leadership, and its critical responsibility is that it must choose and make what it refuses to accept ready-made. We must have the bosses of machine politics, leaders who make their living by graft and malign influence, unless we provide and develop the initiative and the executive efficiency, as well as the righteousness, which shall render bosses an unnecessary evil. They have been doing what must be done somehow, and the sit-backers are just as responsible for the harm they cause as the stand-patters. We must have enough faith in our ideals to set them to work. Galsworthy tells us that "the great lack of our age is an ideal expressed with sufficient concreteness to be like a vision beckoning. Short sight is democracy's danger. On the eighth day of July, 1401, the dean and chapter of Seville assembled in the Court of Elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build a church so great that those who come after will think us mad to have attempted it!'" But they were not mad any more than was Paul before Agrippa, for the glorious cathedral of Seville stands today a powerful witness to the sanity and efficiency of an insistent ideal.

To the eyes of patriotic faith and hope, Secretary Hughes standing before the Arms Conference in Washington, electrifying the world with his brave and unequivocal proposals, seemed the prophet and protagonist of a new era of constructive statesmanship and wisely-adventurous leadership, neither rash nor timid, but always boldly affirmative. Whatever is accomplished, whatever advance is won, whatever light of courage and zeal for further effort is kept aflame in the dim world so sorely needing it, has received very little aid from the conscientious objectors,

detractors and obstructionists of all sorts. The credit, the honour, the gratitude, is not for those who merely deny and denounce but *do* not—it is due to the *doers*, those who affirm, who act. The Ayes have it. Of course they make their many mistakes, they suffer their frequent reverses and defeats—like many a hero of the past, they may never reap their harvest, but without them shall be no harvest. And they belong to that noble army which Matthew Arnold apostrophizes so thrillingly:

Souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

* * * * * *

Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen and died.

* * * * * *

Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND CLARKE.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE German and pro-German drive against the franc was from the beginning doomed to failure, because there were no economic conditions or circumstances warranting depression. On the contrary, the financial administration and the political policy of France strongly made for stabilization, while the preliminary intimations of the Dawes Commission suggested a rise rather than a decline in exchange. Presumably it was in a desperate effort to damage France as much as possible in advance of the Dawes report, and in a realization that this was the last opportunity for such deviltry, that the drive was undertaken. Second only to the defeat of the conspiracy as cause for gratification was the contribution of America to the defence of France. The actions of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., and of the American Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, were as fine in their way and as helpful as those of the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War, and are as warmly appreciated. They are also as savagely resented by the baffled Teutons; which is perhaps the supreme tribute to their efficiency and their merit. Especially have ebullitions of wrath arisen from those German-Americans who are more German than American—and sometimes more German than Germans in Germany. After the importunate demands for an American loan to Germany, the denunciation of Mr. Herrick's purchase of a block of francs as a "violation of neutrality" exhibits a logic of which none but a German-American mind could be capable; while to rail at the same accomplished diplomat for his blood-guiltiness for four years of war, on the ground that if he had not been friendly to France in 1914 Germany would have won the war and ended it in three months—really, I wonder if the gods of Olympus never get tired of laughing at mortal imbecilities.

There is no occasion to wonder at the prevalence of factional conspiracies in Ireland, directed toward the overthrow of the Government; nor to reproach the Irish nation for them as though they were peculiar to it and were a demonstration of incapacity for self-government. To me the chief cause for wonder is, that such troubles are so few and futile. History teaches that they are inevitable in the case of people who have long been held under alien rule. Recall the conduct of the Russians during the last century of Romanoff repression; and that of the Italians under the despotism of the *Tedesci;* and of the French when Louis Napoleon was on the throne; and of the Cubans, in the last half century of Spanish rule. Secret organizations and conspiracies were their only recourse. And the habit thus formed has in some measure persisted since the attainment of release from despotism. For a much longer period than any other country, Ireland chafed under the rule of the Sassenach, and plotted and conspired in secret. For generation after generation Irishmen were "against the Government", because the Government meant England. They formed and transmitted and inherited the habit. There are legends of Irish immigrants landing here and at once joining the political party that was out of office at the time, because they were "against the Government". What wonder, then, if that same inclination so persists as to cause many Irishmen today to be opposed to the Government even when it is one of their own countrymen!

That was a singularly inept suggestion that the United States should unite with the League of Nations in a disarmament compact, on the basis of prohibiting the manufacture of arms and ammunition by private concerns. The proposal that every lad who wants a shotgun, to keep crows from the cornfield, and every man who wants to shoot wild ducks or rabbits or other game, must get his supplies from a Government arsenal, and that the Government must undertake to manufacture and distribute them, is simply fantastic in its folly. It is more than that. It is contrary to the traditional policy of the United States. At the very beginning of our Government that greatest and noblest of pacifists, Thomas Jefferson, made known to the world that the

manufacture and sale of arms was an established and lawful industry of the American people, which would not be interfered with at any foreign behest. This country is not likely to seek abolition of war by abolition of liberty.

Similarly unreasonable was the plea for this country to engage in some sort of a League of Nations confab looking to limitation of national armament. My recollection is—the League will kindly correct me if I err—that some time ago, long in advance of the League's doing anything but talk about it, the United States Government called together at Washington a conference of the chief Army and Navy Powers of the world for that very purpose, the result of which was such a sweeping reduction and strict limitation of armaments as the world thitherto had scarcely ventured to dream of. It is also my very strong impression that the United States subjected its own armament to what was proportionately by far the greatest reduction and lowest limitation of all, and that at the present time, thanks to the inscrutable mysteries of an unwise Congress, our armament is considerably below the maximum permitted under the arrangement effected at our own instigation. In those circumstances a proposal for us to enter another such conference, for further doctoring of armaments, narrowly escapes impertinence.

The largest of all our industrial corporations has just paid, involuntarily, a singularly high and welcome tribute to the memory of Warren G. Harding, worthy of grateful observation the world around. It will be recalled that during the last months of his life Mr. Harding was especially interested in an effort to persuade the United States Steel Corporation—and through it the whole steel industry of America—to abolish the twelve-hour day and put employment upon a more humane basis; and some of his very latest utterances, with tongue and pen, were appeals to that end. Happily, his life was spared until his pleas prevailed, though the full consummation was not attained until after his death, and the system of fewer hours which he had eloquently urged was adopted with many misgivings as to the result. But now the concrete result is reported by the United

States Steel Corporation. The twelve-hour day has been completely eliminated, and the corporation is enjoying almost unprecedented prosperity. The last year, in which the effects of the change of hours were dominant, was with a single exception the most profitable peace year in the history of the industry. The increase in the payroll for the year was nearly $150,000,000, of which sixty per cent. was due to the employment of more men and forty per cent. to the increase in wages; and there was a comparable increase in net profits. It is true that there was also some increase in the selling prices of products, but I have heard of no considerable complaints of its needlessness or injustice. (Incidentally, the increase was greater on exports than on domestic sales; an interesting gloss upon the stock complaint of some that protected industries charge the home market higher prices than the foreign.) The incident marks a fine advance in American industry, and is a posthumous memorial of its most eminent advocate.

Instead of the proverbial "Do the next thing," the rule of today seems to be, Do some other thing. Thus a man is put at the head of the nation's fiscal system because of his expert knowledge of finance. After several years of experience and singularly successful administration, in the course of his official duties he proposes an elaborate and comprehensive scheme of fiscal reorganization, looking to the great advantage of the people. Naturally, such a scheme, thus put forward by such a man, after long and arduous study, and with the assistance of a numerous staff of experts, and the advantage of such intimate and practical knowledge of the nation's business as obviously nobody else could possess—such a scheme, I say, should be accepted and adopted as that of a man who supremely knows what he is talking about. Yet instantly upon its promulgation there is a widespread chorus of "Oh, no; that won't do at all!" and a hundred men from Wayback, whose financial training has not been sufficient to enable them to discriminate between an elastic currency and rubber stamps, rush forward with substitute schemes, drafted by them offhand, which they insist are far superior to his. It is very much as though in a case of serious

illness an eminent physician were called in to treat the patient, and after he had made his diagnosis and written a prescription, the members of the family should intervene and say "You don't know what you are talking about! Instead of quinine you must give him boneset tea; and instead of nux vomica he should have epsom salts." Nor are such vagaries confined to the Treasury. They are exhibited on every hand. Experts are apparently employed to serve as foils for the genius of novices.

Those who—like the late President Wilson—prefer the European system of Ministries responsible to Parliament to the American system of a stable Executive, will do well to consider the illustration of the working of that system which was recently given in France. M. Poincaré, though strongly supported on the really supreme issues of the day, was forced to resign because of defeat in a snap vote on a minor issue. The fact that he was promptly urged, even by those who had compassed his defeat, to resume office, was no palliation of an incident which was deplorable and which might have been disastrous. I do not think that we have yet attained absolute perfection in the science of human government, but I am not inclined to prefer some other system just because it is different from our own. It is at times irritating to have obstreperous members of the Cabinet; but even that may be preferable to having a new Cabinet every thirty days just because members of Parliament do not like the way one Secretary brushes his hair or the way another entertains his personal guests.

Kosciuszko did not exclaim, as De Segur pretended, "*Finis Poloniæ!*" But it would be indisputably fitting to declare at this time "*Finis Armeniæ!*" We have it on no less authority than that of the Turkish Prime Minister that Turkey is no longer interested in the Armenians, since none of them are left within the borders of that Empire. They have all been killed, or driven into exile. Such is the fate of the oldest Christian community in the world, to which all the Powers of Christendom have consented. Thus is the supreme ambition of the Turk fulfilled. Abdul the Damned essayed it, but fell far short.

Enver and Talaat and their fellow murderers resumed the work during the World War, under German aid and encouragement; but they too had to leave it unfinished. The triumphant consummation was reserved for the enlightened and progressive Turkish Republic, upon which the League of Nations smiles benignly. And now the Turk reports that he has at last finished the job, and is therefore ready to be admitted to the League as an honoured and trusted peer. A cynic might find grim satisfaction in the circumstance that, immediately following the announced extirpation of the last Armenians, the Turkish Government shuts up American schools, and seals the doors of Y.M.C.A. buildings. Why not? What better did anyone expect?

Without any desire to become involved in current controversies, it may be fitting to point out, what indeed should be obvious to all thoughtful observers, that some of the ecclesiastical organizations of today are making very strongly toward those very evils against which their predecessors protested and revolted in the Reformation. Chief among these was the identification of civil and religious authority, so that the dogmas and doctrines of the church were enforced by the State. But precisely that same system is sought by those who insist upon the State's enacting and enforcing the principle of prohibition, which, whether *per se* good or bad, is certainly not a Christian or a moral principle, but purely and somewhat narrowly sectarian. It is also sought by those who demand the making and enforcement of Sabbatarian laws for Sunday; and who seek governmental prohibition of instruction in the modern physical sciences because of their supposed conflict with sectarian superstitions. Again, the Reformation protested against the abuses of the rule that "the end justifies the means". But the last few weeks have seen propagandists of some of the churches admitting that one of their agents did things contrary to both the civil and the moral law, but claiming that it was right for him to do so, since he was doing it in a good cause and against a great evil. So the issues of the sixteenth century are revived, but very much changed in their protagonists, in the twentieth century.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend. By Albert Leon Guérard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The authorities upon argumentation tell us that it is quite permissible to choose for discussion a negative proposition. If you do not wish to maintain the proposition, "Resolved, That Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare," you may defend the more modest thesis, "Resolved, That Shakespeare did not write the plays attributed to him." Availing himself of this privilege, Mr. Guérard has written a book upon the proposition, "Resolved, That Napoleon I was not a superman."

Mr. Guérard's honourable opponents, if he has any, would do well to be wary. They might begin, "Ladies and gentlemen, the proposition before us tonight is not a new one. This question, Was he a superman? has been raised concerning practically every great figure the world has ever known. It has been raised concerning Julius Cæsar, concerning Socrates, even concerning the Founder of Christianity!" Spirited, but insufficient! It would be better to begin, "Ladies and gentlemen, the proposition defended by Mr. Guérard is neither new nor startling. (Yes, that's better.) At a time when the fame of Napoleon is at a low ebb, it requires no great courage to go a little further than most of his critics and, beside depriving him of his character, to strip him of his genius. But was he a genius? That is the question. In approaching it, let us not be blinded by that spirit of equalitarianism which calls itself democracy, but let us give superhuman qualities their due, wherever we find them!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Guérard will win the debate. He has right on his side, and a great array of facts.

It is false that France must inevitably have succumbed had not Napoleon's genius saved her. Far from being the leader who made France the chief military power of Europe, he did not even create the instrument with which he worked. It was Lazare Carnot—who is no fit subject for a legend—that called into existence the invincible armies of France. Even the Napoleonic strategy was not a purely Napoleonic invention; it was the form of strategy which the Republican armies were naturally led to adopt. The Italian campaign was, indeed, a military masterpiece—this must be admitted—yet Napoleon lost the battle of Marengo and Desaix won it! Napoleon's rivals among the Generals of France were, moreover, soon removed by death, or, in at least one instance, by intrigue. As compared with the Generals who fought against him, he had the vast advantage of being in sole command. Even so,

it is more than doubtful whether he could have done what Foch did. With Napoleon in sole command, the Allies might have lost the conflict on the Western Front.

So much for his military glory. But what about his civil greatness? Here again, we must discount the legend. The famous Code was not the perfect instrument it has been represented to be. It has the order and practicality and decisiveness which are dear to the military mind. Nevertheless, it is, on the whole, an empirical hodge-podge. What is more, Napoleon himself was not its author. Hear what J. P. Esmein, professor in the Paris Law School, member of the French Institute, says about Napoleon and the Code: "Interesting as his observations occasionally are, he can not be considered as a serious collaborator in this great work." To sum up this phase of the question, one may say: "Of all the 'legends' which form a halo round the Consulate and the Empire, there is none more legendary than that of Napoleon descending alone, like Moses from Mount Sinai, with the tables of the law in his hands."

So much for his civil greatness. Now, what about . . . ? But enough. The judges have already made up their minds. Mr. Guérard takes up other aspects of the subject. He shows that Napoleon was not "first in the hearts of his countrymen", that he was a great self-advertiser, and in general that things are not what they seem. He discovers the origin of the Napoleonic legend and traces out its development through literature and tradition and the interplay of political motives. He supports his thesis with a wealth of wit and learning, and is not infrequently both acute and instructive.

Only, this book of Mr. Guérard's has the characteristic weakness of books maintaining a negative proposition—the weakness of Bob Ingersoll's dialectic. To find God seems always more important than to point out "the mistakes of Moses". It is simpler to discount all legends at a flat rate of, say, 40 per cent., and to accept what remains as a fair approximation to the reality, than to refute every legend point by point. Americans, with their shrewd realism and their sentiment of hero-worship, would be more grateful for a sort of minimum Napoleon, whom they could admire at least a little, than for a punctured legend. And with them, at least, Napoleon-worship is not in danger of becoming a dangerous delusion! Many of us, it is to be feared, will exclaim more than once, while reading this book, "Who knoweth not such things as these?" For we believe that every man of sense discounts "legends"—and loves them.

GERMANY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND. By Maximilian Harden. Translated by William Cranston Lawton. New York: Brentano's.

A born prophet, a restless and fiery spirit, Isaiah-like in the compass and fervor of his eloquence, but vituperative, modern, journalistic, slangy, and at times too coarse for translation, Herr Harden draws a picture of German political character (and of human nature in general) that is almost unbearable

in its ugliness. Then, prophet-like, he turns from denunciation and in firm and dignified tones tells Germany and the world what God requires.

The keynote of this book is Germany's bad faith—an offense that smells to heaven. "Had Germany put the effort of will into the Reparations that she did into avoiding them, if with no less loud a drumbeat she had summoned her wealthy class to pay the indemnity to the conquerors, then no Frenchman and no Belgian would have come to Essen." Every billion paid to the victors would have helped to stabilize the mark. But there has been no vision and no good will. From the first the slogan has been, "To the Outland, of course, everything must be denied." The successive governments of Germany have been characterized by hypocritical incompetence. He is lucky in this book who escapes as lightly as Cuno, with the summing-up: "What Cuno said was not precisely stupid; it was just what is naturally said. Again he gave the same impression: clever, in its way, shrewd; but without individuality and without passion. A good machine that runs empty if no one has charge of it." Even the Independent Socialists were guilty of both stupidity and base hypocrisy.

The social situation is no better than the political—profiteers pay huge prices for seats at salacious musical comedies, while a president rides two blocks in a luxurious car, to accomplish nothing. The whole spectacle affects Herr Harden with nausea.

But the solution is not simply reformation—a change of heart. First of all, it is true, Germany must face the facts, acknowledge her obligations. How much this would add to the strength and the dignity of her position may be discovered by reading Herr Harden's proposed answer to the French May Note, which constitutes Chapter XVI of the book under notice—a truly statesmanlike document. But this in itself is not enough. All the nations of Europe must recognize the oneness of their economic interest. There is wealth enough in Central Europe, in those deposits of coal and ore over which the political struggle is now being waged, to pay for the War and to restore prosperity to the Continent, if only this wealth is exploited peacefully, and in coöperation. Coöperation is the one great need. Without it, "Europe will sink from its leading position and, with dignity, petrify".

It is not wholly against our will, perhaps, that we see our former enemies morally castigated by one of their own countrymen. The world is filled with "silent applause". But beware, you other countries. Beware, England, you who have for centuries wielded the balance of power and have exploited the whole world as a market for your goods. There is nothing sacred in your powers or your pretensions. Your empire, though respectable, is not holy. You, too, will have an enemy in the prophet unless you reform and see the light.

Herr Harden occupies the impregnable moral position of one who only after proving himself the severest critic of abuses at home, turns his attention to abuses abroad. There is not an apologetic word in his book. It is undeniable,

moreover, that he sees the whole European situation with a superior wholeness and intensity. Abused by his enemies and tortured within by his own spirit, he speaks out with commanding sincerity—and doubtless with an excess of emotion. Immensely well informed, he can say nothing simply, and is instructive only through sarcasm and innuendo. In almost every sentence he sets out, apparently, to be direct and downright and ends by lashing himself into a fury of invective. His bitterness becomes esoteric. Through it all, one perceives the soul of an honest man, an intellectual leader who, like Luther, "can no other". Even to an American, the book is not pleasant reading. Its bitterness extends beyond Germany and spoils for us the flavour of modern life. But is a wholesome book—a book to be read.

A Modern College and a Modern School. By Abraham Flexner. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

It is a commonplace that democracy depends for its success upon education. But the bewilderment which democracy has introduced into education is only just beginning to be recognized. Old educational formulas do not work so well, or do not work at all, when you try to educate *everybody*. This is one of the things that American educators have been gradually finding out. The immediate reaction has been, as immediate reactions are likely to be, somewhat illogical. Whereas, the older, or aristocratic, theory was that any one who could not learn Latin was a person of base or mechanic soul, the modern idea seems to be that if everyone can not learn Latin something must be wrong with Latin. Promptly the critics have busied themselves to find out *what* was wrong, and new educational theories have been born. Similarly, there is a tendency to believe that educational methods which succeed with the largest groups, which result in teaching the dullest pupils at least a little, are therefore indefeasibly right and good—are *the* methods, in short. Of course, the test is not a fair one as applied either to subject-matter or to methods.

As a member of the older generation, the present writer is prepared to take his "Bible oath" that, although there were a good many dullards in the school that he attended, a considerable proportion of the pupils understood grammar fairly well, and that boys and girls did not cease to understand grammar until the legend arose that grammar is a subject which nobody can understand. The fundamental relations of syntax are really simpler than those involved in arithmetic and their scope is much more restricted. Grammar has no Troy Weight nor Apothecaries' Weight, nor Partial Payments. Yet it is marvelous how fast and how effectively the grade-school teachers get their charges along in arithmetic. Before you know it, the little fellows are in common fractions, and a short time afterward they are doing long sums, enough to make your head ache. And it is equally astounding to observe how little grammar—and, indeed, correct English—the grade-school teacher is able to teach. At a time when her pupils are successfully wrestling with

the metric system, she is still battling with "I ain't got none" and "I can't hardly".

Why are these things so? It is folly to pretend that grammar is difficult while arithmetic is easy. The fact is that arithmetic, the most difficult subject, has the immense prestige of business to support it while grammar has nothing of the kind. This is what people really mean when they say that the study of grammar is "academic".

Such, then, is the problem of educating everybody. It brings in the whole social setting and the entire economic situation. These are factors to be recognized; but we must be wary of attributing to subject-matter or to methods results that are due to other causes.

Dr. Abraham Flexner is one of the few who have faced the problem squarely. The work must be done—all of it—and we shall make the necessary adjustments, that all may be educated. This must be understood. There is no question of limiting the attendance of our schools and not much of limiting the attendance of our colleges.

Can we not solve the problem without adopting the fallacious principle that whatever is most easily taught is the best sort of thing to teach?

So far as the colleges are concerned, it appears that Dr. Flexner has hit upon the correct solution. The terrible lack in the colleges today is undoubtedly that want of serious incentive. Men loaf through four years of college and then "find themselves" through training in a professional school. Instances of this general phenomenon come to light daily. The average college man is not merely superficial and easy-going: he seriously and devoutly believes that the finest values of a college course are to be realized by mental laziness and superficiality. Making courses pre-vocational would not "change all that", but it would do something to supply an incentive. And there is no reason, as Dr. Flexner remarks, why college training should, by becoming pre-vocational, cease to be "liberal".

But one queries whether the real trouble with the secondary school is not just the same—the lack of incentive;—a somewhat strong incentive to learn simple arithmetic, very little to learn algebra, none at all to learn geometry or grammar. And one doubts that these subjects can be made "practical", that their teaching can be made "realistic" without a greater sacrifice of disciplinary value than Dr. Flexner admits. One thing appears certain: that Dr. Flexner's "modern", "realistic" schools are going to require a higher type of teaching than ever the old "academic" schools required; and one may raise the question whether they will not call for a higher type of intelligence in the pupil. For to get mental discipline and a vision of general truth from concrete facts and practical operations, may be harder than to learn principles direct—the truth being that some minds never learn principles at all.

However this may be, Dr. Flexner's book is worthy of earnest attention.

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R. L. S. By Lloyd Osbourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote three remarkable novels, and part of another that bore the marks of greatness. He produced one immortal allegory—unforgettable, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*—many short stories. Save in *David Balfour* and in the uncompleted *Weir of Hermiston* he can scarcely be said to have reached the level of the great English novelists—to have competed with Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray. Judged by their standard, his novels are exquisite but slender. *Kidnapped* is a dime novel, written by a man of genius. *The Master of Ballantrae*, despite its many subtleties and its dramatic surprises, curiously lacks vitality and somehow fails of its final thrill. *St. Ives* is hardly a success.

Stevenson has been adored for his youthful quality; yet many, perhaps most, boys do not enjoy *Treasure Island*, and one must be adolescent to appreciate the sentiment of *The Black Arrow*. *The Prince and the Pauper*, to say nothing of *Huckleberry Finn*, is far more of a boy's book than *Kidnapped* or *Treasure Island*. Stevenson's juvenile stories, indeed, seem to have been written for a kind of precocious youngster—the typical boy of Stevenson who, like the boy of Barrie, is not the boy of to-day but of all time.

In his essays, Stevenson is invariably original, never failing to derive inspiration from unexpected sources. He is the best of companions, one who not merely entertains but who contributes energy to one's spirit. But one can not say, on reflection, that his thought is profound. The best of him is that, always witty and courageous, he teaches one to find the right track for one's own mind, the personal adjustment, liberating other minds, not through the depth of his reflections but through the beauty and sincerity of his art.

Thus it happens that hardly another writer has written so many delightful things which no one else could have written, and that no other literary figure quite rivals him in charm.

One who read *Treasure Island* with interest and with awe as a book rather grown-up and sophisticated, one who really thought no other book quite equal to *The Black Arrow*, and who fell in love with Catriona, in his teens, may perhaps say all this without offense. The wonder is that Stevenson does not now appear to him to be old-fashioned. Certainly, he is not in the least *modern*. But no! He has a permanent freshness which is connected with what some critics have called his "artificiality" of mind. May Heaven send us more of it!

And so, as one reads this book of Mr. Osbourne, the old charm reasserts itself. Stevenson can not be too much written about by those who really knew him and by those who understood him. The best praise of this book of Mr. Osbourne is that it is genuinely Stevensonian—the nearest thing to a book by Stevenson that we shall ever have now.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOLD, WHILE IT LASTS

SIR:

The vigourous and illuminating article on *Gold and Sound Money*, by Mr. C. Reinold Noyes, has an interest beyond the wide bounds of his own country. In so far as it relates to internal policies of the United States, an observer in Canada can express no opinion, but, to the extent that the theory of money and banking is discussed, the subject is international in character, and you may, therefore, not object to an expression of appreciation from a foreign land.

Is there a danger that the gold of the United States may become devalued? There is that possibility: science is doing wonders with the electron and may presently start it dancing to a different rhythm. When this period arrives, the scientist may blandly turn air, earth or water, light, heat or electricity into gold. Until he has proved his capability so to affright us, why worry? The dishonour of other nations of their promises to pay gold will not make less notable the honour of the United States in paying its obligations, so far as it will go, in gold.

For the value of gold lies in this: gold is an attractive, even an admirable element. Unmistakably an aristocrat, he sticks by his friends as long as they stick by him, perhaps longer. Of a ruddy and cheerful countenance, even the subtlety of Utopia could not rob him of his charm. He graces the table of the opulent and seals the troth of the poor. Is it likely that any repudiation by those who have lost him will long blind the eyes of those whose home he inhabits?

Mr. Noyes would no doubt concede that the root of trouble in Europe is not the loss of gold, but that the loss is symptomatic of a feeling that some countries have been more generous in explicit or implied contracts than the future is likely to justify. More, he would probably grant that the time to assist a debtor is when the debtor has commenced to reduce the burden of liabilities or after there has been a general compromise of excessive commitments. Has that hour struck on the clocks of the world?

These considerations are episodical, perhaps, and affect only slightly a delightfully able and provocative argument, with many points of which one must cordially agree.

H. A. CRAIG.

Montreal, Canada.

"THE PROHIBITION TANGLE"

SIR:

In regard to the article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled *The Prohibition Tangle*, by Prof. John Erskine, I am free to say that I regret the

time I spent in reading it. I had enjoyed his articles on *The Literary Discipline*, and other articles from his pen that I considered a distinct addition to our study of literature; but as an expositor of our Prohibition Tangle, I would consider him—a fine and brilliant teacher of English. Such statements as, "If Prohibition were here, drinking would be on the decline," and, "If Prohibition were really here, there ought to be some law of the land which forbade drinking hard liquor," would seem to show a very distinct leaning of the learned professor toward the Wet side. The supposition would be from reading the first quotation that drinking, instead of declining since the passage of the Prohibition law, has been rather increasing. All of the statistics available show the contrary to be true. For the bootleggers to manufacture and sell surreptitiously more than a very small part of the liquor that was produced in hundreds of big breweries and distilleries that were running openly day and night would be a physical impossibility. As to the second statement, the passage of such a law would be sumptuary legislation of an extreme kind. It would be as applicable to the question as to say it is foolish to have pure food laws unless we incorporate under that law a penalty for consuming food that contains unhealthy ingredients.

As I said at first, I regret having read this article, as I have lost something that I cannot regain, and that is, my delight in the really fine literary articles of Professor Erskine. I cannot have the faith in his judgment, taste and high culture that I once had; unless I make myself think that this was written in a vein of sarcasm and he really intended to declare himself in favour of Prohibition instead of being its opponent.

GEORGE A. FREEMAN.

Conway, Ark.

VINDICATING THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA

SIR:

The article entitled *Negro Migration and the Cotton Crop*, by Howard Snyder, has been read and discussed by our Study Club. The position that your publication occupies among the reading, thinking people of the country is such that any article printed by you is ordinarily accepted without question as to its accuracy or good faith. We have read and re-read Mr. Snyder's account of the agricultural and social situation in this section of the South; we have been unable to make his statements tally with conditions as we have observed them, or with statistics which we have gathered, and we are convinced that the general tenor of the paper is utterly at variance with facts. We quote a portion of the second paragraph:

"Recently I took an extended motor trip through that section of Mississippi lying between the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers and known as the Delta, and almost never did I see a garden, a pasture, a haystack, a potato patch, a flock of hens, an orchard, a dairy, an oat field, or anything else but tens of thousand of squalid huts and acres and acres of cotton. In many instances I did not

even find pastures for the mules that worked the crops. Year in and year out they are kept in feed lots and fed on oats shipped from the North."

Greenville is situated in the heart of this Delta section. The plantations which Mr. Snyder claims to describe are the far-stretching fertile fields that we see daily when we leave our little town. Cotton is unquestionably the leading crop of the Delta; but a Delta farmer who does not raise feed for his stock is looked upon askance when he goes to his merchant or his banker. On this point, let me quote from a letter recently received from Mr. R. S. Wilson, Director of Extension Work in Agriculture and Home Economics, State of Mississippi:

"The statement in Mr. Snyder's article that he did not see a garden, pasture, haystack, potato patch, orchard, or anything else but cotton, is absolutely not true, if he really inspected that territory intelligently. I find from the records of the U. S. Bureau of Economics that during the year 1922 the fourteen counties situated wholly or partly in the Delta produced 9,958,000 bushels of corn and 74,900 tons of hay. . . . We find from the records of that same territory that it produced 854,370 bushels of sweet potatoes, and since few people in the Delta are growing potatoes for sale, that quantity of potatoes represents those grown in small patches for home use, mainly by tenants, and we all know it is impossible to get up a record of anything like the amount grown, as the people use them from time to time before they are gathered. Therefore, the territory must have grown considerably more than that number of bushels. We have not the exact figures with regard to orchards, but some of the best home orchards that I know of in the State of Mississippi are located in the Delta."

Passing from Mr. Snyder's gloomy picture of the agricultural aspects of the Delta, we turn to his far more serious and inaccurate account of the treatment accorded the Negro race by the Southern whites. We note that these accusations are not confined to the Delta; but refer, presumably, to the South in general and to the State of Mississippi in particular. Following a paragraph relating to bad health conditions, we read:

"Add to all this the horrible lynchings, the burning at the stake of many Negroes whose names never get to our larger papers, and also consider the fact that the field Negro of the South is a primitive creature desperately afraid of the dreaded Ku Klux, and we have another reason for the vast migration of Negroes from the sunny South. Nowhere on earth among civilized nations are such atrocious outrages committed against human beings as are committed in the South against the Negro. Almost any day we can read of some benighted Negro peasant being hunted down with hounds, or shot by a posse of men, or burned at the stake amid the multitudinous cheers of a vast concourse of people."

For a correction of these statements we do not have to go farther than *The Literary Digest* of February 2, 1924. Tuskegee Institute there publishes its annual report of lynchings. Accompanying a detailed record of lynchings

during the past five years, sent to us from the Department of Records and Research of Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., we have a letter from the director of this department, from which we quote:

"Occasionally I get reports of lynchings which are not published in the newspapers. While there is probable (*sic*) some basis of truth in what Mr. Snyder writes in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it is probably an overstatement of fact."

The statistics given out by Tuskegee Institute itself are that in 1923 twenty-eight persons were lynched, two of whom were white men. Thus we see that in 365 days, throughout all the Southern States, 26 Negroes were lynched. Yet Mr. Snyder states that "almost any day we can read of some benighted peasant being hunted with hounds, or shot by a posse of men, or burned at the stake amid the multitudinous cheers of a vast concourse of people."

There is no denying that unscrupulous white men, storekeepers and farm overseers, have enriched themselves at the expense of the uneducated, improvident blacks. That such practices are condemned by all save those tricksters who capitalize the ignorance of the inferior race, is proved by the readiness shown by representative Southerners to render the most practical kind of assistance to the Negro—that is, to educate him. Mississippi gives to Negro schools between thirty-one and thirty-two per cent. of her total appropriation for schools—this in the face of the fact that the Negro taxpayers of the state contribute only from five to six per cent. of the total taxes.

THE STUDY CLUB,
By ANNE STOKES, *Sec'y.*

Greenville, Miss.

[A formal and detailed reply to Mr. Snyder's article, by Mr. H. B. McKenzie, editor of *Candid Opinion*, of Prescott, Arkansas, was published in the April number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—EDITOR.]

CALVIN COOLIDGE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
JUNE, 1924

CALVIN COOLIDGE

BY THE EDITOR

I. ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD

YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE.—*David, Son of Jesse.*

THE distinctively robust character of the Anglo-Saxon segment of the Aryan race approached its full development simultaneously with the discovery of America and registered its first and most notable achievement in the momentous Reformation of the succeeding century. Its origin lay deep in the hearts of hardy men, passionate for personal liberty and religious freedom, but its chief agency in both its internal upbuilding and its external expanding was a scheme of government designed to fetch into action every virile attribute of mankind. Whatever may be the outcome of present strivings the world over, from empirical France to socialist Russia, to make democracies secure for their own and tolerable for others, the Feudal system of England still stands forth pre-eminent as the one best adapted to the needs and effectiveness of its time.

The basis of the system was universal service for the common good. Defense of the realm was enjoined by statute upon all, from the highest to the lowest, as a paramount obligation. Every able-bodied man was a conscript soldier, armed and trained. Class distinctions were maintained in peace to assure discipline in war. The king reigned and the nobles ruled, but the Parliament controlled, through its own laws, which none

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might break without incurring savage penalties, even of death, for what would now be considered trivial offenses.

But punishment of criminals was no more severe than protection of the innocent was absolute. The peasant's thatched cottage was as inviolable under the law as the castle of his lord, and his every right was as jealously safeguarded as any prerogative of the Crown itself.

Property was regarded as vesting the owner with duties rather than with privileges, the land was so administered as to maintain in full vigor the requisite number of families and was maintained primarily in the interest of the State, nobles and gentlemen were bound to strict account for the management of their private estates and the great number of small farmers, in return for protection against encroachment by their powerful neighbors, were held equally responsible to the established authorities for productive tillage and the physical well-being of themselves, their sons and their helpers. The system was really a species of socialism resting upon a military principle and its outcome was that blending of law obedience and personal freedom, which became and continues to be the distinguishing characteristic of all Englishmen from Prince to pauper.

No modern corporation is more thoroughly organized to the smallest detail than was this isolated army of free men, who prevented successful invasion of their little island for so many hundred years that, quite naturally and justifiably, they came to regard it, if not exactly as the mainland, at least as the hub of the wheel of Authority, whose spokes reached forth commandingly, like the ribs of a fan, over the surface of the earth. Each group contentedly took and held its allotted place and concentrated upon its specialty. Every child was trained to perform his part within the sphere into which he was born and was forbidden to cross the line which separated his province from another. The women were kept in their places. It was a man's country.

So by common acquiescence the few bred to govern did govern and the many taught to obey did obey, through the great span of years into the twentieth century. Only to-day have the positions been reversed, the "ruling class" displaced and the "working class" installed in technical authority, with the full

assent of a wholly impartial and superlatively tactful Crown, whose prerogatives have been enhanced rather than diminished by the transition.

In truth, there is no fundamental change in England or in the English. Ultimate power is still vested in the direct descendants of those who first dethroned Autocracy at Runnymede and then, in time, defying the barons, themselves became freedmen and freeholders of land; fought fiercely their enemies abroad and no less savagely their own succession and religious wars at home; held efficiency to be so more highly desirable than numbers that their population remained practically stationary through three centuries; kept their island to themselves but so religiously raised their banners in distant lands, in the name of the Lord and for the sake of trade, that their pre-eminence seemed to be established for all time, and probably would have been, but for the surging of the sap of freedom through the trunk of the great oak into its most fruitful branch far flung across the sea.

America now stands forth, the most powerful and the one soundly prosperous country in the world, but she, too, no less surely than England herself, owes her great position to the animation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, which was only tempered, never conquered, by the Norman invaders, and resumed its sway with the accession of the lineal descendant of Alfred the Great in 1154.

Immediately thereafter the young Saxons resumed emigration to the more fertile British isle and swarmed over the eastern provinces. Among the first to cross the sea and settle in the Suffolk village of Cowling or Cooling were the ancestors of one William, who inherited a sufficient number of acres to justify the placing of his name, as "William de (of) Coulinge", for purposes of identification upon the Rolls of the Hundreds, and became the father of a scattering flock, of whose descendants Walter and Ralph appear in 1327 as assessed to the King's Subsidies in Wimpole, adjoining the parish of Arrington, from which the Southern railway station between Charlottesville and Lynchburg probably gets its name.

They were too busy fighting to keep family records in Cambridgeshire during the next century, but the line reappears in a will proved in the Bishop's Court in Ely in 1495, thus showing

that, at the very moment when Christopher Columbus bumped into America on his way to India, Thomas Collynge, as he spelled the name, with the rare foresight which is an outstanding attribute of his tribe, was making the requisite arrangements to provide the United States thereof with its thirtieth Chief Magistrate,—and that, mind you, four hundred years ago.

And this, in the language affected by the Fundamentalists, is the way it came to pass:

Thomas begat John, who married Alice, who died before he died but lived long enough to help him to beget another Thomas; and Thomas, returning the compliment, begat a second John and John begat Simeon, who moved to Cottenham, wrote his name "Cooledge" and, after losing his first wife Jane, married Agnes and begat William, and William, after begetting four boys and three girls, begat John, a highly memorable circumstance since, if he had not, Senator Lenroot would now probably be President.

That was in 1604. Sixteen years later the Pilgrims set sail for the Promised Land, only to fall upon Plymouth Rock and send home distressful accounts of their dreadful experiences. Nevertheless, shortly after attaining his majority, John took his sturdy young wife by the hand and embarked, probably at old Boston, the nearest port, arrived safely somewhere, possibly at New Boston, and became one of the first settlers of the township of Watertown.

He took the Freeman's Oath in 1636 and promptly developed a "hobby", duly transmitted and duly celebrated quite recently, in witty repartee, of "holding office." After serving several terms as selectman, he was elected deputy to the General Court, even as his most illustrious descendant from Northampton, drafted wills and settled estates throughout his long life, thus demonstrating the high esteem in which he must have been held by his neighbors, and, incidentally, acquired the considerable fortune of £237 7sh., which he left to his loving wife, who mourned him so deeply that she quickly followed him to the grave.

John was the first to spell Coolidge with an "i", and he had a sister "Grace",—a pretty name which many years later, by virtue of a happy matrimonial attachment, resumed its place in the family Bible.

In due and proper time John begat Simon, and Simon begat Obadiah, along with Lydia and Hannah and Sarah and a few others, and Obadiah begat Obadiah, Jr., who begat Josiah, who begat Captain John, well and worthily named for the adventurous young pioneer who became the father of the Coolidge tribe in the new world.

John was only nineteen years old when Paul Revere made his famous ride, and lived in Bolton, but when the British regulars reached Lexington on April 18th, 1775, he was there, musket in hand, under the orders of Captain Artemus Howe, and almost surely fired one of the shots heard 'round the world. Subsequently he served under Captain Robert Longley in the siege of Boston, waited impatiently at Bunker Hill till he could see the whites of the eyes of the climbing soldiers, followed Captain David Nourse on the expedition to Rhode Island and continued in the army till independence was won, when, at twenty-five, he held the rank of Captain. Meanwhile, he had married Hannah Priest, and become the father of three sons, the eldest of whom was baptized Calvin,—the first of the Coolidges to bear that name.

Young John must have fraternized with Seth Warner's Green Mountain Boys at Bunker Hill and doubtless was fascinated by their accounts of pioneering among the wooded hills of New Connecticut to the north. It may have been, too, that his spirit chafed at the restrictions of village life. In any case, shortly after Cornwallis surrendered, at the beginning of winter in 1781, he yoked an ox team to a big sled and followed the northwest trail till he came to a tiny settlement called Saltash, where burning of trees produced savour for the beasts, and there he stopped to clear the land and build a house for his family, who joined him in the Spring.

Presently Saltash was called Plymouth and New Connecticut was rechristened Vermont in honor of France, which had helped to win our war.

Whatever may have been the inducement that lured Captain John into the disputed territory between New York and New Hampshire, his intrepid spirit must have found the political conditions congenial. Although compelled to fight for inde-

pendent existence and denied representation in the colonial councils which preceded the revolution, the mountaineers put all resentment at their avaricious neighbors aside at the call to arms and played a full and valiant part in the struggle for American freedom.

How Ethan Allen demanded and obtained possession of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah" (Whom personally he did not recognize) and "the Continental Congress" (which he still derided in private); how Molly Stark nearly cried her eyes out in fear of being left a widow while the Green Mountain Boys were bearing their doughty leader on to victory near Bennington, how the older men left at home worked night and day to complete the long Hazen road for Benedict Arnold and finished it as far as the northern boundary of historic Peacham before the expedition was abandoned; how meanwhile their women in the log houses lived in constant danger and were frequently compelled to flee from the savages; how, unaided, their sons guarded the Canadian border and the shores of Lake Champlain,—all these and countless other evidences of the valor and fidelity of the pioneers of Vermont, still glorify the noble traditions of the unique commonwealth.

And when the war was ended, back to the axe and plowshare went those rugged, silent men, confident that their just claim to participation in the new government could be denied no longer and that their aspiration of the "Freedom and Unity" inscribed upon their banner, to serve later as a suggestion to Daniel Webster for his memorable "Liberty and Union", would at last be realized.

But it was not yet to be. New Hampshire still coveted the fertile valley of the Connecticut and the wooded hills beyond, powerful New York not only reiterated her claim to the entire territory from lake to river, but arrogantly undertook to establish it by force, and the two combined deafened the ears of an ungrateful Congress. After having performed more than her full part in the common cause against foreign domination, Vermont stood, abandoned and alone, against the world. But there was no wavering. She had defied England; she could defy the colonies. She had fought Canada; she could fight New York.

And she did. While Ira Allen was providing independence on parchment, Ethan Allen was establishing it with his sword and the muskets of his veterans. Good fighting and shrewd diplomacy proved invincible and, after ten years of existence as a free Republic, Vermont succeeded in forcing her way into the new Union upon a basis of full equality as a sovereign State.

There were no clashes of arms in the vicinity of Saltash, during this fascinating period, but Captain John, the minute man, kept ready through it all, with his sword loose in its scabbard, his musket behind the door, his flint prepared and his powder dry.

Calvin succeeded his father as head of the family in 1822, held various township offices and went to the Legislature, meanwhile begetting Calvin Galusha, who in 1845 begat John C., whose patriotic spirit was rejoiced by the sprightly appearance, on Independence Day, 1872, of—

CALVIN COOLIDGE,—great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandson of Thomas Colynge, unto the sixteenth generation, from the fifteenth century in England to the twentieth century in America, and from a yeoman's cottage in Arrington to a famous, though none too safe, White House in Washington.

All of the fifteen, with the exception of Obadiah, Jr., who, though a cordwainer, nevertheless doubtless kept a few cows and pigs, were freeholders of land and tillers of their own soil, rugged in body, independent of mind, devout in spirit, stern in religion, honorable in their dealings, obedient as sons, exacting as fathers, faithful to their wives, horrified by debt, esteemed by neighbors, trusted as friends, never seekers but willing holders of public office, prudent, sagacious, upstanding citizens, not one of whom, so far as is known, put a blot upon the family escutcheon, —true examplars without exception of men—

> . . . who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

A goodly heritage, indeed,—quite the equal of that which impelled the Psalmist to lift up his melodious voice in smug exultation.

The boyhood of Calvin Coolidge was identical with that of

thousands of other sons of Vermont farmers. By precept and example his parents taught him that work was not only necessary and worthy, but was also the only source of true happiness. And the lesson was learnt readily. Instinct inherited from a long line of ancestors and intensified by the environment of a community which unanimously extolled toil and despised sloth, made essential application as natural as the ensuing achievement was expected to be gratifying.

To work was not his second nature; it was his first; hardly less than to breathe. When many years later, in a speech that won fame, he adjured the Massachusetts State Senate, to "do the day's work", he was uttering the merest commonplace, absorbed in his youth and become a part of his very being.

And yet the tasks of a farmer's son were not altogether alluring in those days. To speed over the snow crust and tap the trees, to gather the sap at dusk and watch it boil throughout the shadowy moonlit night,—that indeed, was joyous, as close an approach to adventure on the high seas of piracy as could be imagined among the burrowed homes of chipmunks and woodchucks. To spread the fallen grasses behind the steady scythes, to turn and rake and pile first into cocks and then into the fragrant mow,—that, too, was hardly less exhilarating than exhausting.

But to shiver from under the blankets before a wintry dawn to go to the barn and relieve the kine; to plant long rows of potatoes and to weed longer rows of onions, with aching head and breaking back; to drudge frequently from sunup to sundown,—those are the exercises that grim one's humor.

Add to this routine regular attendance at the district school when in session and at the meeting-house every Sunday for a morning sermon, Sunday school, afternoon sermon and evening prayer meeting, with only the privilege of shyly escorting a timid young person safely to her home, and there appears a fairly accurate picture of boyhood life in Vermont in the nineteenth century. Whether, during this period, a village seer placed his hand upon the sandy hair which surmounted the bulging brow of "John Coolidge's boy" and solemnly asseverated that he "might become President of the United States", painstaking

scrutiny of many biographical records fails to reveal. Probably one did. Such was the pretty custom.

There followed terms at a Vermont academy and a Massachusetts college for training of the mind while between times muscles were hardened, industry augmented and frugality intensified by work on the farm in the happy consciousness of Whittier that—

> . . . what her rugged soil denies,
> the harvest of the mind supplies.

II. THE COOLIDGE PRINCIPLE

Having been graduated with high honors at the age of twenty-three, Coolidge hied himself forthwith to a nearby city and, following the custom of the preceding generation, began to "study law" in the office of a competent firm. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and two years thereafter took for his sole client the People, whom since, with two brief intermissions, he has served continuously and exclusively.

The record, considering its varied nature and steady advancement, is unusual, if not indeed unique, to wit:

1899—City Councilman; 1900—City Solicitor; 1906—State Representative; 1907—re-elected; 1909—Mayor; 1910—re-elected; 1911—State Senator; 1912—re-elected; 1913—re-elected and chosen President; 1914—re-elected as member and President; 1915—Lieutenant Governor; 1916—re-elected; 1918—Governor; 1919—re-elected; 1920—Vice President; August 3rd, 1923—succeeded Mr. Harding as President of the United States, —a total to June 1st, 1924, of nineteen years and two months of public service.

"What is your hobby?" asked an inquisitive woman at a Washington dinner party.

"Holding office," was the unperturbed and unsmiling response.

And so it would seem. Yet he could not be classified in the accepted sense of the term an office-seeker. Once only he deliberately and avowedly reached for a position. That was in 1913. On the morning after the election he read that the Republican State Senator who had been agreed upon for President of the

body had been defeated. He considered that he had as valid a claim to the place as any other. Whereupon he "put on his hat," took the train to Boston and returned two days later with the requisite pledges. But while, with this exception, he never violated the tradition of his native State by eagerly seeking an office, he "never dodged one." And he never pretended not to be a candidate when really he was willing to accept a nomination. Coyness is as alien to his political methods as furtiveness is foreign to his nature.

"I am a candidate, yes; why not?" he has remarked on more occasions than one.

But he still adheres to the ancient rule that the office should seek the man. Reminded once upon a time that Vermont's greatest Senator, Mr. Edmunds, remained away from his State for a full year before the time for his own re-election or the choice of another, "in order that the electors should be wholly free from undue influence or personal embarrassment," he tempered a sigh with a smile at the prohibitory restrictions of the variegated and hardly comprehensible primary laws of to-day.

Fourteen times Mr. Coolidge has been nominated for public office and fourteen times he has been elected,—never once defeated although, in sententious phrase, "always prepared to be."

Technically he became President by the law of succession, but in reality as the spontaneous and untrammelled choice of a thousand delegated representatives of a vast majority of the American people,—the first thus designated in its history by the Republican party.

"Mrs. Roosevelt," said the great Theodore, in his happiest irony, when the returns showed his election in 1904, "it affords me great pleasure to inform you that your husband is no longer an accident."

The implication was well founded, with respect not only to Mr. Roosevelt, but to each of his predecessors who succeeded to the Presidency. The nomination of Andrew Johnson was neither anticipated nor desired. The delegates went to the convention fully expecting to renominate Hannibal Hamlin. Johnson was substituted at the instigation of President Lincoln, who

had quietly convinced Simon Cameron and other powerful leaders of the desirability of designating a War Democrat to be his running mate, partly to prevent recognition of the Confederacy by England and France and partly to win the support of the great number of War Democrats, headed by John A. Dix and Benjamin F. Butler, who had not become Republicans and whose votes he considered essential to his own success. It is doubtful whether even Lincoln's authority would have prevailed if opportunity had been afforded the North to pass upon the proposal. But vigilant Thad Stevens himself, although accredited by Cameron's own State, was caught napping for once and could only groan, too late:

"Can't you find a candidate for Vice President without going down into a damned rebel province?"

Even so, there can be no question that the convention would have rejected Johnson unanimously if there had been the slightest apprehension of his succession to the Presidency.

Chester A. Arthur possessed the primary qualification of Vermont birth which resulted in an admirable Chief Magistracy, but he was selected by the Garfield leaders for the sole purpose of appeasing the New York Stalwarts.

Thomas C. Platt forced the nomination for Vice President upon Roosevelt to "strengthen the ticket" and to get him out of Albany. Had the Easy Boss foreseen the tragedy at Buffalo, another, any other, would have been preferred.

Each of these beneficiaries of the law of succession was, indeed, "an accident".

Coolidge was not. His nomination was an abrupt departure from custom. Senator Lenroot was the logical and traditional candidate, and his nomination was advocated by the leaders, approved by Mr. Harding and expected by everybody when the weary delegates re-assembled to ratify the selection. A better one seemed inconceivable. Mr. Lenroot had demonstrated notable ability, his integrity was unquestioned, his courage had been tested and proved, his experience was valuable. He not only hailed, moreover, from the section where the ticket might require fortifying, but he also appealed strongly to the great liberal element of the party throughout the country as well as

to the very considerable number of Western voters of foreign birth, — the most hopeful adjunct perceivable to the reputed conservatism of the candidate for President.

But suddenly there swept through the great hall a lone voice, not from Massachusetts, not from Vermont, not from the East, but from far-away Oregon:

"COOLIDGE! COOLIDGE!"

The convention stirred with the hazy uncertainty of a ship trying to penetrate a fog. The thousand delegates rubbed their sleepy eyes and awoke from dreamy lethargy to thrilling reality. To action, prompt and swift! Leaders were forgotten, advice ignored, "politics" damned! The representatives on the floor, no less quickly than the more responsive crowds in the galleries, felt the impulse, the urge of the millions at home. They had no particular "faith in Massachusetts", the home of the rich and favored. They had faith in Coolidge, the farmer's son, the tried and true servant of the people, the official who had given not gained, the man who had calmly notified Samuel Gompers that—

"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time"—

—and when told that this declaration would probably end his public career replied—

"Very likely"—

and signed his name.

One hundred years ago a President of the United States uttered a dictum which instantly became and continues to be the cornerstone of America's foreign policy. Its hundredth anniversary has been fitly celebrated with praise and thanksgiving.

One hundred years hence its second centenary will be acclaimed and, with approximate simultaneity and equal gratification, will be celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the most vital tenet of America's domestic policy by a Governor of Massachusetts.

The Monroe Doctrine; the Coolidge Principle!

Priceless and, thus far, taxless inheritances of future generations.

III. A TRUE AMERICAN

Freedom and patriotism constitute the political creed of Calvin Coolidge. He made this clear at the age of twenty-three when, in an essay which won a gold prize in competition with the seniors in his own and all other colleges and universities, he declared America's mission to have been from the beginning realization of "the conception of free government," not from within but from without the existing and controlling commonwealth, as "an independent nation."

From that early day to the present time he has held fast to the tenets of his faith and duty. The conclusive answer to any who may query the crux of his foreign policy is to be found in the fact that he was born an American, was reared an American, was schooled an American and continues to live an American, untouched by flaw or blemish. That is much to say in these days of hazy vision and mottled views, but it is profoundly true. There was never a question in his mind as to America's duty or purpose before, during or after the Great War.

"Our work," he declared plainly in Faneuil Hall on the eve of the armistice, "is drawing to a close—our patriotic efforts. We had in view but one object—the saving of America. To save America means to save the manhood and womanhood of our country. To that we are pledged."

Three years later, addressing the American Legion as Vice President, he reiterated his patriotic assertion at greater length in these memorable words:

"When the Great War broke out on an unsuspecting world, few people in Europe, and fewer still on this side of the Atlantic, understood it. Stunned by its reported atrocities, we were principally interested in keeping out of what we believed was no concern of ours. There were those who recognized that it was an attack on all that was presented by our civilization, who declared from the outset that it was an American war, and urged an immediate preparation for a victorious defense. Denounced in official quarters, looked on as jeopardizers of peace, they went, for the most part, unheeded. But there came a day when the violation of our rights, the loss of our property, the destruction of the lives of our citizens, and the assertion that these were to continue, left

no choice but to declare that all this constituted the making of war upon our country, and that force must be resisted with force.

"To meet the requirements of that situation it is scarcely too much to say that the American people presented themselves at the altar of their country with the offering of their every dollar and their every life. The flame of patriotism swept over the whole land, consuming away the dross of all past differences, and fusing the entire people into one common national unity. The army and navy, forever unmatched among men, born of this new spirit; the money with which it filled the treasury; the gigantic charities which it supported; the stupendous and unending flood of all kinds of supplies that it created; the victory that it made possible—these are now known to all the world. All this gave a new meaning to the life of our country, a new meaning which found its finest expression in a new nationalism, deeper and more fervid than ever before, summed up in one word, American. As the months have passed, as public opinion has found expression, it is more and more evident that the people fought in self defense; they fought to preserve America, and in that sacrifice found a new life."

Already, during the Peace Conference, after pronouncing it "fundamental" that the treaty should leave France strong enough to resist possible aggression from Germany in the future, he had said:

"This is not primarily for the purpose of protecting France and the French people, but is for the purpose of protecting America. So far as Germany is concerned, France is the American outpost, and from her geographical location will continue to be the outpost of the civilization which we have fought to maintain."

He did not decry the League of Nations. On the contrary, in common with millions of his countrymen, he recognized that, "whether it be successful or not, whatever imperfections may be contained within its terms, it is at least the attempted expression of a noble aspiration for world association and understanding." Simultaneously, however, he could not fail to observe that "the American soul saw in the Covenant of the League, whether intended or not, a diminution of its independence, and in its provi-

sions the final sanction not of conscience but of force," contrary to "the American conception that nations, like men, should be free by coming unto a knowledge of the truth, by living in obedience to the law."

Calmly but definitely, in his first Address to Congress, he set forth the irrefragable fact in these few words:

"Our country has definitely refused to adopt and ratify the covenant of the League of Nations. We have not felt warranted in assuming the responsibilities which its members have assumed. I am not proposing any change in this policy; neither is the Senate. The incident, so far as we are concerned, is closed. The League exists as a foreign agency. We hope it will be helpful. But the United States sees no reason to limit its own freedom and independence of action by joining it. We shall do well to recognize this basic fact in all international affairs and govern ourselves accordingly."

And, with succinct finality, he concluded:

"Our country has one cardinal principle to maintain in its foreign policy. It is an American principle. It must be an American policy. We attend to our own affairs, conserve our own strength, and protect the interests of our own citizens; but we recognize thoroughly our obligation to help others, reserving to the decision of our own judgment the time, the place, and the method. We realize the common bond of humanity. We know the inescapable law of service."

Independence based upon self-reliance; yes. "That principle," said Vice President Coolidge at Baltimore on Washington's birthday two years ago, "lay at the foundation of all Washington's statesmanship. It was this truly American view which not only saved the Revolution but after its conclusion saved all it had won."

But isolation? No. There remains the "inescapable law of service" in recognition of the "common bond of humanity." Already President Coolidge has made good his words by sending to Europe at the earliest practicable moment a competent Commission to help to save the distracted continent, and already their endeavors seem likely to be crowned with the success of resumption of peace and prosperity throughout the world—a noble

service, indeed, which could never have been performed if America had not remained wholly free to act conformably to "her own judgment" as to "the time, the method and the place."

That simultaneously with his first official declaration of foreign policy Mr. Coolidge should have manifested heartfelt sympathy with the millions of Russian peasants in their pathetic groping through the darkness of ignorance, toward the light of freedom, was but natural. When he declared that "our country ought to be the first to go to their economic and moral rescue" and voiced his hope that the "time to act" was near, he was only repeating his appeal by proclamation to Massachusetts to "give full and substantial approbation" to the Poles in their struggle "for a free government and an ordered liberty," precisely as Adams and Webster pleaded long ago for the fighting patriots of Greece.

But never for an instant, in his constant advocacy of a "policy of coöperation, of forbearance, of sympathy, of forgiveness," does Coolidge forget that it is "first of all an American policy" and that he speaks as an American for his country and for none other. There was the ring of truth, almost of defiance, in his voice when, epitomizing his striking and truly eloquent eulogy at Baltimore, he said:

"Washington was a Nationalist."

The words were uttered simply, clearly, levelly, but the tone was of fixed conviction, revealing inferentially but unmistakably the unequivocal attitude of the speaker.

Like Washington, like Madison, like Lincoln, like Roosevelt, Coolidge is a Nationalist. Let that be understood!

IV. PERSONALITY

None of the early statesmen could be depicted with any degree of accuracy as the prototype of one now living, but as between the relatively ancient and modern Presidents, Madison appears clearly as at least the most like to Coolidge yet developed by the respective periods. Both entered public service early in life, one at twenty-five, the other at twenty-seven; both held office in State and Nation continuously, with but two voluntary intermissions and at great personal sacrifice; and each became President, Mr. Madison finally retiring at the end of two terms and

Mr. Coolidge showing no disposition thus far to hasten emulation of his example.

In thought, in deed, in prudence and painstaking, in philosophy and patience, in temperament, in studious application, in method of argument and manner of frugal living, even in demeanor and somewhat in appearance, they discover a truly remarkable similarity.

"It is quite possible, even quite probable," writes his most eminent biographer, Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, "that Mr. Madison had little of that gift which has always passed for eloquence, and is, indeed, eloquence of a certain kind. If we may trust the reports of his contemporaries, though he wanted some of the graces of oratory, he was not wanting in the power of winning and convincing. His arguments were often, if not always, prepared with care. If there was no play of fancy, there was no forgetfulness of facts. If there was lack of imagination, there was none of historical illustration, when the subject admitted it. If manner was forgotten, method was not. His aim was to prove and to hold fast; to make the wrong clear, and to put the right in its place; to appeal to reason, not to passion, nor to prejudice; to try his cause by the light of clear logic, hard facts, and sound learning; to convince his hearers of the truth, as he believed in it, not to take their judgment captive by surprise with harmonious modulation and grace of movement."

A better portrayal of Coolidge than this of Madison might be attempted, but assuredly none has yet been made.

Even Jefferson, who was far from prodigal in praise of his contemporaries, recorded that "Never wandering from his subject into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely, in language pure, classical and copious, soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression, Madison rose to the eminent station which he held, bearing off the palm against the logic of Mason and the fervid declamation of Patrick Henry."

To which might well be added at this time by way of suggestion to the two most voluble professed followers of the great founder of their party, now in the Senate, the climax of Jefferson's tribute:

"With these consummate powers were united a pure and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully."

"*Autre temps, autres mœurs!*" sad to relate.

But if pleasing comparison may serve as an antidote for discreditable contrast, one may happily reflect that if the essential needs of the early days were the requirements of to-day, Calvin Coolidge would be the equal of James Madison in constructing a Constitution, precisely as William E. Borah would be unsurpassed by Thomas Jefferson in producing a Declaration of Independence, —and each would be the natural choice of the people for his allotted task.

"He had, when I saw him," wrote the acutely observant Frenchman, Brissot de Warville, of Madison in 1788, "an air of fatigue; perhaps it was the effect of the immense labors to which he has devoted himself for some time past. His look announces a censor, his conversation discovers the man of learning, and his reserve was that of a man conscious of his talents and of his duties."

The like might be said truthfully enough of Coolidge, with modification of the term "censor" to an inquiring mind which, though open, must be convinced, and with subordination, in consciousness, of abilities to obligations. Reticence, too, might properly be substituted for "reserve," though in far lesser degree than is commonly supposed. Volubility was never counted a virtue in New England. The great Cervantes originated and George Wither popularized "Little said the soonest mended," but it remained for the Yankees to intensify the adage and adopt it as a tenet of their philosophy. Taciturnity, moreover, is the natural attribute of a studious and thoughtful mind. That the Vermont farmer's reflective son should have imbibed the habit of his community is no more surprising than that subsequently his reason pronounced it a good one. He thereby acquired a reputation which stood him in good stead for many years, but is in truth no longer deserved.

Time, observation and experience have impelled gratification of a gregarious instinct which must have been inherited from somebody along the line of ancestry, although the original tendency still holds to a certain limitation. He has no liking or aptitude for "town-meeting conferences." It is in frankhearted conversation with one, two or at the most three friends whom he

knows he can trust that he is at his best,—and thus placed at ease, there are few more gifted in the use of the peculiar humor indigenous to his native soil. And at that, so strong is tradition, interest in raillery, drollery and amiable satire fades instantly and not infrequently before a touch of seriousness in "flashes of eloquent silence" such as were attributed to Macaulay, the most fascinating conversationalist of his brilliant period. But, like Macaulay, Coolidge meditates; he never broods; he wastes no time.

Il faut dire en deux mots
Ce qu'on veut dire;
Les logs propos
Sont sots.

This was the parting admonition of the brilliant Madame de Bouffleurs to her amazing son; it continues to be heeded by Coolidge in construction of speeches, but it no longer applies in intimate association. And that is wholly good, for his is a mind of many facets—a rare possession in these sad and solemn days of crimination and recrimination.

Recital of the distinguishing features of Mr. Coolidge's official career is not essential to the present purpose. It is a fair and logical presumption that public service which leads invariably to higher and higher positions, with constantly increasing majorities, is not only satisfactory to the electors but is notably meritorious in itself. A finer testimonial could hardly be desired than that of his strongest political adversary, Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, who declared with characteristic frankness and generosity that "he has manifested the capacity and intelligence to formulate policies commanding strong and united support from his own party" and "has steadily advanced politically by conscientious devotion to the affairs entrusted to him in the various public offices which he has held."

Incidentally, the fact that his majority for Governor jumped from 17,000 in 1918 to 125,000 in 1919 would seem to indicate no inconsiderable ability to attract voters from the opposition. This quite unusual achievement is commonly attributed to his courageous handling of the Boston police strike, but in truth it was far less the action itself than the revelation of the man, that caught the imagination of the country and won for him a National

nomination. Personally he attached slight importance to the episode. It involved a fundamental principle and consequently, to his mind, was easier to solve than minor problems, and he never felt that any special recognition was due to himself. When, once upon a time, his attention was directed to an attempt to deprive him of any portion of the credit, and an analogy was suggested, in the retort to a detractor of Washington as a military chieftain, that, in any case, the Revolution was won while he was commander, the only response given with the usual slow smile was:

"Well, I believe I was Governor at the time",—and changed the subject.

Mr. Coolidge's transition from second place to the Chief Magistracy was marked by an absence of public anxiety such as had never before accompanied a like happening and by a refreshing simplicity unparalleled in National history. The implicit confidence thus manifested in his intelligence, his judgment and his fidelity constituted a testimonial from the American people hardly ever equalled and never surpassed in their annals.

Even more impressive in a personal sense was the quick public perception and appreciation of the perfect naturalness of his every act in circumstances so beset with difficulties and so distressing. Another might have been suspected of unworthy motives in taking the great oath from the lips of his father by a dim light in the farmer's cottage and in pausing for a moment at his mother's grave in silent gratefulness and prayer; but not Calvin Coolidge, who had been taught to honor his father and mother, had never failed to respect the one and to love the other, and in his most fateful hour turned to them for guidance and inspiration with childlike simplicity and faith. This man, it was felt, would always do a part, but could never play one. His developed character was illumined by his undoubted sincerity. Such was the instinct of the people, and subsequent events afford ample proof that it was true.

Mr. Coolidge is the first Congregationalist to become President. Of his twenty-nine predecessors eight were Protestant Episcopalian, eight Presbyterian, four Unitarian, three Methodist, two Reformed Dutch, one Baptist and one Disciples.

Jefferson and Johnson were "believers in Christianity", but were non-sectarian. The English Colynges were "Separatists", who comprised the "first Congregational church" established by Richard Fitz in 1567, and their New England descendants held invariably to the faith of their fathers.

The original title "Independency" never appeared in New England, but the principle for which it stood originally continues in full force. Each local Church is a completely self-governing body which recognizes only Christ as its Head and retains full power to express its faith in its own language and to make such tests for admittance to membership as it may see fit.

Calvin Coolidge was a faithful attendant from his childhood, but he did not assume full membership for the same conscientious reason, oddly enough, that deterred President Harding, most devout of men, namely, a sense of unworthiness to partake of the sacrament.

It was not until he had been President several months that Mr. Coolidge, to his complete surprise, was notified by the constituted authorities that he had been elected a member in full and regular standing of the First Congregational Church of Washington. His known devotion to the ideals of Christ, supplemented by the purity of his own life, was held, in lieu of any testimony or profession from his lips, as fully justifying the rare, if not indeed unique, distinction thus bestowed. He was elected for what the independent Church knew him to be.

Presently Mr. Coolidge will be confronted by a like situation in his public career. Admirable as his teachings are held to be, excellent as his deeds are acknowledged to have been, he will be accepted or rejected by the American people as a candidate for President of the great Republic, not for what he has said nor for what he has done, but for what he is.

Be the result what it may, one fact is certain:

He will not shrink from the test and he will accept the verdict with the serene philosophy and implicit faith of one who believes in his heart that the Voice of the People is, in truth, the Voice of God.

We think he will be elected.

COOLIDGE APHORISMS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR MacDONALD

1. I am not one of those who believe votes are to be won by misrepresentations, skillful presentations of half truths, and plausible deductions from false premises;—

2. For good government can not be found on the bargain counter.

3. Partisanship should stop at the boundary line, but patriotism should begin there.

4. We are citizens before we are partisans.

5. When you substitute patronage for patriotism administration breaks down.

6. We need more of the office desks and less of the show window in politics.

7. Politics is not an end but a means, not a product but a process; it is the art of government, and,—

8. Like other values, it has counterfeits, upon which so much emphasis has been placed as to obscure the original.

9. Every native-born American is potentially a President.

10. There are quacks, shysters, and charlatans among politicians, doctors, and lawyers, but they are not representative. For—

11. Our public men, as a class, are inspired by honorable and patriotic motives, desirous only of faithful execution of their trust.

12. Public men must expect criticism and endure false charges.

13. Public business is transacted on a higher plane than private.

14. In office holding only the man of broad sympathy and deep understanding of his fellow men can meet with much success. Yet—

15. Office holding is the incidental; the standard of citizenship is the essential.

16. Every man is a politician, whether he will or no, for government does not rest upon the opinions of men but upon their actions.

17. The development of the State has ever been from anarchy through despotism, through oligarchy, broadened into democracy, and ending in representative government based upon universal suffrage. But many nations have fallen along the way.

18. Our public schools have made education possible for all and ignorance a disgrace.

19. Those with liberal culture ought to be the leaders in maintaining the standards of citizenship, or their education is a failure.

20. My college mates were moved with a serious purpose; he who had less lacked place among them.

21. Education must give not only power but direction; it must minister to the whole man or it fails.

22. Science, however important, does not provide a civilization that can stand without classical ideals.

23. The classic of all classics is the Bible.

24. The discontent in modern industry is the result of a too narrow outlook. For—

25. It is far from enough to teach our citizens a vocation; our industrial system will break down unless it is humanized.

26. It is not well if the great diversity of modern learning has made the truth so little of a novelty that it lacks all reverence.

27. We have lost our reverence for the profession of teaching and bestowed it upon the profession of acquiring.

28. The profession of teaching has come down to us with a sanction of antiquity greater than all else.

29. Inspiration always comes from above, and diffusion of learning radiates down from the university.

30. The individual may not require the higher institutions of learning, but society does. For—

31. Without higher education civilization, as we know it, would fall from mankind in a night.

32. Let there be a purpose in all legislation to recognize the right of man to be well born, well nurtured, well educated, well employed, and well paid.

33. When membership in a legislature is sought as a means of

livelihood, legislation will pass from a public function to a private enterprise. For—

34. The legislator will succeed not by indulging himself but by denying himself.

35. Democracy is not a denial of the divine right of kings, but it adds to it the divine right of all men.

36. Democracy not only ennobled man, but it has ennobled industry. For we are working toward the day—

37. When equal honor shall fall to equal endeavor, whether it be exhibited in the office or in the shop.

38. The protection of the individual lies at the basis of Anglo-Saxon liberty.

39. Liberty is not bestowed; it is an achievement; but it comes to no people who have not passed through the successive stages which always precede it. It is very far from a state of nature. For—

40. While there are no conditions under which it is better to be a slave than to be free, there are many conditions under which it is much easier to be a slave, and many have preferred such slavery rather than bear the responsibilities of freedom.

41. Wisdom and experience have increased our admiration for the Declaration of Independence.

42. The sovereignty of the American citizen has irresistibly led to a realization of the dignity of his occupation, whatever it may be.

43. Roosevelt the people looked upon as a reflection of their ideals of true Americanism. He appealed to the imagination of youth and satisfied the judgment of maturity.

44. Lincoln was in wisdom great, but in humility greater, in justice strong, but in compassion stronger, becoming a leader of men by following the truth. He overcame evil with good.

45. We need a broader, firmer, and deeper faith in the people, that they desire to do right.

46. All men are peers, the humblest with the most exalted. For—

47. This is the path of equality before the law and of liberty under the law; that is, democracy.

48. Works which endure come from the soul of the people.

49. Our flag, above all others, expresses the sovereignty of the people when all else passes away.

50. Each man is entitled to his rights and the rewards of his service, be they ever so large or ever so small.

51. Industry can not flourish if labor languish.

52. The welfare of the weakest and strongest are inseparable.

53. Neither wages, houses, lands, nor coupons will satisfy. For—

54. Man's spiritual nature insists on higher things to which it can respond.

55. Without moral victory, whatever the fortunes of the battlefield, there can be no abiding peace.

56. History is to be studied and applied, not for the purpose of advocating reaction, yet it holds the only warrant for real progress.

57. Laws must rest upon the eternal foundations of righteousness.

58. Men do not make laws, but discover them.

59. Laws do not make reforms, but reforms make laws.

60. Money will not purchase character nor good government, for the measure of success is not merchandise but manhood.

61. It may not be so important to determine just where we are, but it is of the utmost importance to determine whither we are going.

62. The power to think is the most practical thing in the world.

63. There can be no proper observance of a birthday which forgets the mother.

64. If knowledge be wrongly used, civilization commits suicide.

FOREIGN POLICY AND PARTY CONVENTIONS

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

In June come the Party Conventions, where platforms will be adopted defining the general principles on which the national election will be contested in November. Normally there would be little doubt as to what these platforms would contain. Today, however, in the case of both the Republican and Democratic parties, a state of confusion exists. Particularly as regards foreign policy there does not seem to be any general or definite plan which is certain to be adopted by either party. Consequently the task of appraising the actual views of the party leaders is full of difficulty. Yet I have tried to test out the views of the various factions within each of the two historical parties and to report their dominant ideas.

What does the Republican party think of the League of Nations? Is it in favor of the plan for adhesion of the United States to the World Court, as advocated by Secretary Hughes? What are we to anticipate regarding our relations with Japan, with the passage of the Johnson Immigration Bill affronting her national pride? Is the Democratic party in favor of the Lausanne Treaty? What can be said of the alleged connection between high finance and diplomacy as represented in the Dawes Report? Is American foreign policy in support of isolation, of independence, or of coöperation? These are a few of the questions which I have asked. To report the many and conflicting answers in impartial and entirely objective fashion is to show in what confusion of mind our party leaders now face the test of the Conventions.

Platforms are part of the ordinary furniture of a Convention. Each party "points with pride" or "denounces and protests against" some given doctrine or performance. The essence of the situation was, however, pointed out by a Congressman, who said: "We must dress the window. We have mighty little to

show, but we must dress it up as best we can to get by with the voters." Both parties are in much the same position as regards their attitude toward the voters. Yet the questions which I have put to men of all sorts were designed to get under the surface and to discover, if possible, what were the real issues of the campaign as regards foreign policy. For the international relations of the United States are bound to assume a large share in the coming election. What, therefore, is the present situation regarding American policies toward the outside world?

I

The Republican Party has the advantage as well as the responsibility of action during the last three years and more. This advantage, however, is more than balanced by the fact that today differences within the party have not been healed. There are the isolationists who are still as bitterly opposed to anything like coöperation with Europe as they were in 1919-1920. There are also those who look with favor on the policy of sympathy and assistance toward the outside world, which is apparently represented by Secretary Hughes. Within the ranks of the same party are both Senator Moses and Mr. Wickersham, who are clearly at the opposite poles in respect to foreign policy. The question is whether the group who are indifferent to the claims of Europe and who favor a rigid policy of isolation can exert sufficient influence to control the platform of the party. At present it seems likely that Mr. Adams of the Republican National Committee, who has already crossed swords with Secretary Hughes, and that Senator Borah and Senator Moses will exert an unusual influence at the Convention in Cleveland.

Such influence is, of course, for domestic reasons. It does not mean that the "Senatorial clique" will be in the saddle as they were at Chicago in 1920. Nor does it suggest that the breach between President Coolidge and Senator Johnson can be healed. The latter continues obdurate in his opposition to the policies favored by the late President Harding, President Coolidge, and Secretary Hughes. At his almost inevitable defeat for the nomination Senator Johnson will probably either bolt the party or retire to sulk.

The influence of such elements in the party will rather be seen in the probable defeat of the plan to support the World Court which Mr. Root and Secretary Hughes have so heartily favored. Instead of favoring "*the* World Court" a resolution may pass favoring "*a* World Court," thus postponing action till the Greek Kalends. A first step in this direction can be seen in Senator Pepper's proposal to hold a conference to consider plans for "a world court through the disassociation of the present Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague from the League of Nations." Such a resolution would undoubtedly win the support of Senator Lodge, who has now taken a position frankly opposed to Secretary Hughes in this respect. It is, of course, possible that President Coolidge will object to such a "milk and water resolution" at Cleveland, and that he may still take command of the Republican Party in matters of foreign policy. One of his advisers said, however, that the decision of the party at Cleveland regarding the World Court "will be chiefly water."

In the second place, there is a sharp difference of opinion regarding Republican policy as to the Johnson Immigration Bill, which, as amended, deprives Japan of privileges which had previously been established by a "gentlemen's agreement." Against this distinction based on race and color the Japanese Ambassador has already protested and has warned the United States that a principle is involved which Japan would not willingly forego. The Secretary of State is apparently in support of the views of the Ambassador as to the terms of the Bill. It is, of course, quite possible that an adjustment may be worked out. At present, however, the views of the Executive as compared with those of a large majority in Congress are at variance. Here again the plank relating to immigration with its effect on foreign relations is in doubt.

As regards the Monroe Doctrine there is no real difference. The Republican Party is unanimously in support of the views expressed by the Secretary of State. Both in his address before the American Bar Association and at the celebration of the centenary of the Doctrine, Mr. Hughes gave the weight of his opinion to an interpretation of American policy which seems to be somewhat different from that expressed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt, in 1913, said at Rio de Janeiro: "All the nations which are sufficiently advanced, such as Brazil and the United States, should participate on an absolute equality in the responsibilities and development of this [Monroe] Doctrine so far as the interests of the Western Hemisphere as a whole are concerned. It must be made a continental and not a unilateral doctrine." At Buenos Aires he likewise said: "I wish there to be no doubt as to my meaning. As far as you are concerned we have no more concern with the Monroe Doctrine about you than you have about us. The Monroe Doctrine in the sense of special guardianship thereof by the United States of the North no longer applies."

At the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago the United States stopped all discussion of the Monroe Doctrine by stating through Mr. Fletcher that the Monroe Doctrine was a unilateral, national policy of the United States, which the United States alone interpreted and applied. This statement was made on instructions sent from Washington. It is more fully explained by the Secretary of State himself in speeches of admirable lucidity. "The Monroe Doctrine is not a policy of aggression; it is a policy of self-defense." The United States, therefore, reserves to itself the definition, interpretation, and application of the Doctrine. He rejected the doctrine of coöperation and agreed with Mr. Wilson, who said in 1914: "The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has been maintained and always will be maintained upon her own authority." However, Secretary Hughes is apparently opposed to the further development of American policy as regards Latin America which was later advocated by Mr. Wilson, who distinctly favored coöperation and in this respect shared the views of Mr. Olney, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Taft. At present, however, the Republican Party is in support of Secretary Hughes.

The problem of prohibition as represented in the so-called "liquor treaties" is another item in the programme for which the Republicans rightly claim credit. Unless another and almost gratuitous *obiter dictum* of the Supreme Court should upset their calculations, the treaty with Great Britain is in reality a skillful settlement of an awkward question.

The "Open Door" is likely to figure in the platform at least in

perfunctory fashion. It could, however, appear in a special way. The adoption of the principle of commercial equality in China as consecrated in the treaty of Washington in 1922 is an achievement of which sincere and far-thinking Republicans are proud. In the case of the Mandated Regions similar success of the same principle is already on the way. Indeed, in controversies relating to oil and the production of other raw materials, the main idea of the policy which has been advocated by the Secretary of State has been that of equality of commercial opportunity. In the case of the Near East this has not been accepted by Turkey as it was accepted by China. Yet the general result, thanks to the "most favored nation" clause, may be similar. It is this contention of equality that has guided notes which have been addressed to various Governments. Nor has it always been easy to resist the pressure of American corporations which have been eager for temporary advantage or for participation with other countries which were opposed to the "Open Door" and which were ready to accept the idea of monopoly. Against this pressure Secretary Hughes has stood firm. Those among the Republican party who see this significant policy are, therefore, eager for a plank in the platform that will bring support to these ideas.

Indeed, Secretary Hughes, by his speech before the Canadian Bar Association, quickened the hopes of those who favor international commissions to study problems relating to raw materials and their proper distribution among competing national states. In such questions there lie the seeds of serious disputes which may easily become the cause of heated diplomatic controversy—possibly even of war—unless they should be referred first of all to international commissions for study and advice. It is possible that such a plank might be adopted by either the Republican or Democratic Party. So far no one seems to have given the problem serious study.

Another fruitful idea among Republicans in Congressional circles in that a conference should be called to discuss world peace and to further disarmament. It may be remarked, however, that what is given by one hand is immediately torn away by the other. To vote to abrogate the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan and to vote also in favor of an international conference to preserve

world peace is both to blow hot and to blow cold. As one influential man in Congress remarked: "The people like conferences. Senator Borah believes in them; and it is a good thing to trot the idea out in a Presidential campaign." So we may see a plank advocating an international conference.

President Coolidge sincerely believes that "frequent international conferences suited to particular needs" are among the best means to promote world peace. In New York, on April 22, he said: "The Washington Conference did a great deal to restore harmony and good will among the nations. Another purpose of a conference is the further limitation of competitive armaments. Much remains to be accomplished in that direction. It would appear to be impractical to attempt action under present conditions, but with a certain and definite settlement of German reparations firmly established, I should favor the calling of a similar conference to achieve such limitations of armaments and initiate plans for a codification of international law, should preliminary inquiries disclose that such a proposal would meet with a sympathetic response. But the main hope of success lies in first securing a composed state of the public mind in Europe."

Certainly the Washington Conference on Disarmament and Far Eastern Questions will receive enthusiastic acclaim at Cleveland. It is a distinct party asset and rightly deserves approval. Indeed American policy as regards the Far East stands out as the most successful demonstration of the policy of coöperation as distinguished from the policy of independence hitherto pursued toward South America.

In the case of Europe even the Republicans claim a policy of coöperation which has also preserved American independence. Indeed the "slogan" which they might well choose for the campaign is "Independence without Isolation; Coöperation without Commitments." In particular the policy represented by the selection of a committee of American business men—Mr. Dawes, Mr. Young, and Mr. Robinson—to coöperate with other business men in order to present an economic solution of the recent *impasse* regarding reparations, commends itself to those Republicans who are in support of the Administration. The fact that the Department of State permitted its Trade Adviser to work with Mr.

Logan of the Reparations Commission in Paris for purposes of advice and information, does not in the opinion of those in Washington make the Dawes Committee an agency of the Government. Rather is it a channel through which American public opinion could exert an influence to promote the well-being of Europe. It is even a question whether the Republican party can well assume credit for the work of the Dawes Committee, though there is no question that it has had the moral support of the Department of State.

Finally the Republican party points with pride to its record of coöperation with European agencies which promote peace. How far the record of this coöperation goes is still in part confidential. Certainly by indirect as well as by direct means the United States is doing much that it might have done if America had joined the League of Nations in 1919. The statements by Mr. Fosdick in his article on *The State Department and the League of Nations* in the April issue of *The Review of Reviews* have aroused considerable discussion in Washington. Several Republicans have spoken to me of this article in uncomplimentary terms. They criticize the League of Nations as too formal in organization, too technical in performance, and too general in its commitments. The opposition to the League of Nations has, in short become a party shibboleth. The American Peace Award founded by Mr. Bok has done nothing to remove this opposition at Washington. To join the League of Nations, even to associate with it in any technical way, would seem to the Republican party fundamentally to compromise its position and to limit the independence of the United States. Thus far the Republican party.

II

If there is at times controversy within the Republican party with respect to foreign policies, the Democratic party is also by no means a unit in any programme or platform as regards American international relations. In respect to the League of Nations there are at least three well defined groups within the Democratic party. The first group is as bitterly opposed to American acceptance of the Covenant as are the extremists of the Republican party. Men like Senator Reed, of Missouri, who were hostile to

many if not all of Mr. Wilson's policies, are few in number, but they represent an element in the party that is urgent and vociferous for a policy of isolation.

A second group consists of men like Mr. Baker, the late Secretary of War, who favor a declaration strongly in support of the League of Nations. They did not accept reservations or compromise in 1919–1920, and they bear the banner of Mr. Wilson—tenacious maintenance of the League. This group believe that the platform should contain a plank demanding the admission of the United States to the League of Nations.

A third group, much the largest from point of view of numbers, favors coöperation with the League and will support a liberal programme which just falls short of formal association with it. It is said that Mr. House is of this group, and that he expresses the views which are likely to prevail in the final adoption of this section of the platform. To this end the judges of the Bok Peace Award labored, though the final prize winning plan went so far as to favor formal association with the League but with reservations.

In respect to the World Court, the Democratic party will not oppose the plan favored by Secretary Hughes. Rather will they hope that out of the confusion of tongues on the Republican side some advantage may come their way. Much the same is also true as regards the Monroe Doctrine. They have not given the subject much thought, and they expressed themselves in orthodox but indefinite language. As for the Immigration Bill, Democrats in Congress as well as Republicans share responsibility for tearing up the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan. Indeed nothing gives a better illustration of the lack of effective leadership on both sides of the two Houses of Congress than does the fashion in which this matter in its relation to foreign policy has been handled.

As regards the Lausanne Treaty, the Democrats are its open critics, as are also many who are in favor of its final ratification. They point out the contradictory policy which they say Secretary Hughes has followed. They quote him as being in favor of the maintenance of the capitulations and criticize him for promptly abandoning the attempt to retain them. The claim is also made that "oil interests" were in some way connected with the signature of the Lausanne Treaty. The more far-seeing of the Demo-

crats are, however, critical of the entire policy of the United States as regards Turkey and the Near East. It is charged that the difficulties regarding the treaty might have been avoided if the United States had, in 1919–20, been able to assume a strategic position and had not, in 1921, assumed a policy of indifference to European problems. In 1922–23 the Allied Powers were forced to deal with a victorious, nationalist Turkey, and at the same time the moral weight of the United States had been removed. The result was that the Allies made the best terms they could with a Turkey which was ready to fight. The United States simply secured the same terms that the Allies did. In particular as regards the condition of the minorities and the lot of the Armenians, the Democrats are eager to criticize. Yet if pressed for a verdict as to whether the treaty should be ratified or not, the weight of opinion is at present in favor of ratification.

In much the same fashion criticism of the Washington Conference is directed against specific points. The Democrats, for example, criticize the Four Power Treaty as being an exclusive agreement which should at the very least have included the Netherlands. Some even assert that as the Four Power Treaty got rid of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, it is in effect an alliance itself. The programme of disarmament is also attacked because it did not go far enough.

However, the Democrats clearly see that any conference which pretends to deal adequately with disarmament must of necessity deal with political and economic questions. The removal of causes of political friction must go side by side with the adjustment of economic differences, in order that a moral atmosphere may be created wherein militarism may promptly stifle. The psychological influence of the United States is to their minds fully as important as the material influence which the economic superiority of the United States may exert. For this reason they favor a more cordial and sympathetic attitude toward European problems and a readiness on the part of the United States to assume its share in coöperation for the common welfare of the world. In general, the Democrats denounce a "cowardly policy of isolation" from world affairs, which they maintain has been characteristic of the Republican administration.

It is already evident that the Democrats are also eagerly on the trail of alleged influences which would link high finance with foreign policy. Some of them assert that the Department of State was too fearful of the effects of open association to promote international settlement in Europe and consequently sought the indeterminate means of the Dawes Committee to promote that end. They assert that the Executive is now paralyzed in its efficient conduct of foreign relations by the action of the Senate. This action was the passage of a Senatorial reservation to the treaty between the United States and Germany forbidding the Executive, without the consent of Congress, to appoint an American representative upon the Reparation Commission or upon any international body which was to deal with European economic conditions. In order to circumvent this order the Dawes Committee of private citizens was invented.

Such charges, however, are not enough. The allegation is also made that the Department of State is able to function only through "high finance", and that sooner or later the Department will have to pay the price for having its chestnuts pulled out of the fire. Democrats point out that the Dawes Committee is in reality a body nominated by the State Department though not authorized by it. They assert that such connection with world affairs merely exhibits the expedients to which the American Foreign Office is now driven to accomplish notable and worthy objects. Whether such statements can be worked into the platform remains to be seen. The net result, however, is an open attack on the Senatorial group who took advantage of the genial Mr. Harding to tie his hands and thus those of Secretary Hughes.

These comments by the Democrats recall the statement of Mr. John W. Davis in his presidential address before the American Bar Association, when he observed: "Nor does it contribute to national influence or prestige or safety that the process of ratifying or rejecting treaties should degenerate into an effort to discover some qualifying formula acceptable to a minority. There is grave danger in forgetting that, whether in matters domestic or foreign, the business of government is to govern." The Democrats favor government by the proper authorities instead of government by subterfuge and camouflage.

In respect to this entire problem and to the direct representation of the United States in matters of common concern, the Democrats quote Mr. Fosdick, who says: "Furtiveness and uncertainty are not the proper marks of our foreign policy. It is not characteristic of our method of doing business for the country to drift along on a course which may not have the approval of Congress. It is not American to start a policy without being able to finish it, and yet, although we cannot in our own interest disregard it [the League of Nations], we take resort in a shuffling relationship which should be beneath the dignity of a great nation." It is along such lines that the Democratic party plans its major attack.

III

This duty of being a reporter is now done. I am, however, well aware that the possibility of a Third Party may upset all calculations. I have talked with or rather listened to some of the leaders of opinion in the group who may decide in June to organize a revolt against both Republicans and Democrats. The impression I get from such conversations is that each man is immensely concerned to try to do the right thing; but each man has a different way of doing it. Thus you find "economic coöperation," "complete iron-bound isolation," "making people sit down together," and a host of other formulas which are to inaugurate a new heaven and a new earth. The fact that the American farmer is now suffering from the effects of conditions in Europe has, however, penetrated. The desire to improve those conditions is genuine. As yet the Third Party group is too much concerned in deciding whether it is to exist and fight as an organized unit to study or to formulate its own foreign policies. The major interests of the Third Party group continue to be domestic. If those interests are sufficiently recognized at Cleveland or New York, they may not appear as a distinct party next November. If such is not the case, if the election of President should be thrown into the House of Representatives, the result will be that there must be a distinct formulation of foreign policies by them. At present no one knows.

My friend, Professor Blakeslee, has recently defined, in the Bennett Lectures at Wesleyan University, a rough generalization

regarding American foreign policies. He said: "A survey of American foreign relations shows that the United States does not have an identic set of policies which it applies uniformly in all parts of the world, but that these policies are essentially regional in character. We have one set of policies for Europe, another set for this hemisphere, and still a third for the Pacific and the Far East. Toward Europe we have a policy popularly called that of 'isolation'; in this hemisphere we have international coöperation limited to American republics, and under the leadership of the United States; while in the Far East, we have adopted the principle of nearly complete coöperation, on a basis of equality, with the nations of that area." To such definition Republicans might well take exception, although I believe Professor Blakeslee is himself a Republican. Rather would they say, "Independence without Isolation; Coöperation without Commitments."

The Democrats, on the contrary, would seek to formulate their policies in more uniform fashion. They would possibly describe them as a single policy of goodwill and coördination, which would make isolation impossible because it is short-sighted and cowardly, which would regard coöperation as a responsibility to be undertaken gladly and frankly, but which would view independence of action as essential to American life.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE CHANGING ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

BY LINDSAY ROGERS

De Tocqueville said of the English Constitution that it was in a process of ceaseless change. Another Frenchman, M. Boutmy, has compared it to "a river, whose moving surface glides away at one's feet". Flexible, subject to profound modification with no more formality than is required for the passage of an ordinary statute, and based in large part on custom and convention, the English frame of government can be readily stretched and contracted to meet new emergencies. The advent of a Labour Government, not commanding a majority of the House of Commons, almost certainly heralds important changes in the constitutional machinery. They may not be so immediate and so striking as, but they will probably be more permanent than, the innovations of Mr. Lloyd George's War Cabinet which, almost overnight, profoundly modified important conventions of parliamentary government.

The English Constitution, as Mr. Strachey said in his *Queen Victoria*, is the child of wisdom and chance. The chance of three parties—Conservative, Labour, and Liberal, with no one party controlling a majority of the House of Commons—and the wisdom that the King and the party leaders will show when confronted by unfamiliar situations, are about to perform parental duties of tremendous importance. The rôle of the King may be that of a leading man instead of a puppet. He, to use another metaphor, may be nominally if not actually the key cog in the constitutional machine; for he is vitally concerned with two of the three problems which, in the present confused situation, may be isolated and which serve to show the points at which the English Constitution may have to be flexible.

1. *The Choice of a Premier.*—It is frequently said that the English Prime Minister is simply *primus inter pares*, or, as Sir William Harcourt preferred to express it, *inter stellas luna*

minores. He is chief of the executive, that is to say, by personal force rather than by the nature of his office, which may be any one of several; and whether he can translate titularity into reality and dominate a Cabinet depends on his ability and his position as a party leader.

The designation of a statesman to form a Cabinet is one of the few public decisions which the English sovereign can make without the advice of a responsible Minister. It is a "great and critical act," as Gladstone said, "the responsibility for which falls momentarily and provisionally" on the King; and it is usually performed, he added, "with the aid drawn from authentic manifestations of public opinion, mostly such as are obtained through the votes or conduct of the House of Commons." When Gladstone resigned in 1894, he was prepared, had the Queen consulted him, to recommend Earl Spencer as Premier. The Queen, however, sensible of the wishes of leading Liberals (who feared that they could not get along with Sir William Harcourt, the chief figure in the House of Commons), chose Lord Rosebery. The precedents are all against the Crown having to ask the opinion of the retiring Ministers. At one time, of course, the King had some freedom in selection. But the vast extensions of the suffrage, the increased strength of the party organizations, and the legislative supremacy of the House of Commons over the House of Lords, have combined to make the King's rôle more and more that of an automaton. He ventures only the expected gesture. Even so far back as 1880, when Disraeli resigned, the Queen was compelled to send for Gladstone, though she would have greatly preferred Lord Hartington, the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, or Lord Granville, the leader in the House of Lords. Since then accessions to the Premiership have been slightly influenced by royal favor or disfavor. The "authentic manifestations of public opinion" have been decisive; and they may indicate in the future that, with the Labour Party practically unrepresented in the House of Lords, the Prime Minister shall always come from the House of Commons.

That, however, is not the present problem which is that no party commands a majority of the House of Commons. The manifestations of opinion are no longer authentic; any Premier

will hold office only on sufferance by an opposing party. There are great opportunities of jockeying for position, and the second largest party is frankly Socialist: it is no less Radical than the Socialists who, a few years ago, were deprived of their seats in the New York Legislature. This situation in a monarchy—even though it is a constitutional monarchy—has, of course, some elements of irony. But far reaching as the Labour programme is in respect of finance and nationalization, it is not anti-monarchical. The King's veto power has fallen into abeyance and he could not prevent any legislation that the Labour Party desired and was able to pass. So long as the Labour Party was simply His Majesty's Opposition it was in no wise dependent on the favor of the King. But the last election changed this situation. In the future the King's designation of a Prime Minister to form a Government will be vitally important. His nominee cannot become the incumbent except with the consent of the House of Commons; but in view of the three parties, a lead from the King may, on occasion, be not without influence. If he regards all parties without differentiation in respect of their leaders or programmes, his fairness and sagacity will make for constitutional tranquillity. It is inconceivable that there should be a reversion to the practice of the predecessors of William IV, who allowed personal bias and party predilection to influence the choice of a Premier; but if, unhappily there should be, the throne would be rocked to its foundations. At all events the responsibility of the Crown is now much more pressing than for many years. Recent accessions to the Premiership have been more or less automatic, but this will not be so in the future. There will still be fetters on the discretion of the King, but he may have an increasingly difficult task in ascertaining and weighing them.

2. *The Prerogative of Dissolution.*—The King's prerogative of dissolving Parliament and ordering a new election is exercised on the advice and at the request of the Cabinet. The Cabinet is the creature of the Legislature, but it may destroy its own creator. During the latter part of Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of office, the question was raised as to whose function it was to advise the King: did it belong to the Prime Minister or to the Cabinet? Mr. Lloyd George in one speech said that he "had not made up

his mind" about a general election. In October last, before he had consulted the King and the Cabinet, some of whose members were of a contrary opinion, Mr. Baldwin announced in a speech at Plymouth that he was going to advise a dissolution on the question of Protection. But the overhauling of the constitutional precedents two years ago, and again for the recent crisis, indicated that the Prime Minister's advice alone is not sufficient. On two occasions Gladstone wished to dissolve, but his Cabinets did not agree with him, and the Parliaments continued. The decision should be that of the Cabinet rather than of the Premier alone. The more important question now, however, is as to the King's freedom of choice: Must he always follow the advice of his Ministers? May he be an active agent in forcing or preventing a dissolution? On these points the constitutional authorities are in substantial agreement.

It is possible that in rare cases the King might dismiss a Ministry which, possessing a majority in the House of Commons, did not desire a dissolution, and appoint a Ministry which was willing to have the Parliament come to an end. The last instance of this was in 1834, and the popular verdict was against Peel and Wellington, who were appointed after the King had dismissed the Melbourne Cabinet which still had the confidence of the House of Commons. For the present English King similarly to force a dissolution, however, the emergency would have to be momentous. The only recent instance in which it was urged was during the fight over Home Rule in 1914. Then some Conservatives who were against the coercion of Ulster—a notable example was the late Professor Dicey—argued that the King should dismiss the Asquith Ministry in order to force a decision of the electorate on the question of whether the Liberal Party, in insisting on the inclusion of Ulster, had the support of public opinion. But those wanting a dissolution through the action of the King rather than the House of Commons were crying in a wilderness and their voices were not heard.

Such a dissolution would, indeed, be an appeal to popular sovereignty. As M. Poincaré wrote some years ago with reference to the Chamber of Deputies, "the right of dissolution in no way resembles a monarchical prerogative." In order "to

defend itself against abusive encroachments, the executive power must have the right to bring about a new electoral consultation." Dissolution is the permanent sanction of the responsibility of representatives and a guarantee against tyranny by those who possess the legislative mandate. Under the old German and Austrian Constitutions and under the present Japanese Constitution, dissolution of the Legislature is used as an instrument of coercion; the Cabinets, responsible only to the monarch, cannot be touched by the Parliaments, and new elections are held in an attempt to get Legislatures which will not stand out against the wishes of the Cabinets and the monarchs. Dissolution in England is for a different purpose: it is to secure a "solemn referendum" on some policy, or to determine the balance between parties in the House of Commons. It would require, as I have said, a momentous emergency for the King to exercise the initiative.

The other phase of the question of royal power is more important and may have to be considered in the immediate future: May the King refuse a dissolution which is requested by the Cabinet? On the basis of the precedents and the well-nigh unanimous opinion of the authorities on the Constitution, only an extraordinary situation would justify the request being refused. Not since before Queen Victoria's reign has a sovereign declined to allow a Cabinet which had lost the confidence of the House of Commons the right of appeal to the country. In 1858 Lord Derby, who was Prime Minister, confronted by motions of censure in both Houses of Parliament, asked Queen Victoria to authorize him to announce that if the motions were carried, he had her Majesty's sanction to dissolve. The Queen refused. The threat could be made, but the Queen's name could not be dragged into the debate. The votes of censure failed, and Lord Derby, in his usual parliamentary letter to the Queen, somewhat audaciously attributed his victory to the fear of the opposition that there would be a dissolution. Lord Aberdeen, to whom the Queen sent one of her messengers for his views, approved her course, but said that he could not remember a single instance in which the Crown had refused to accept such advice from the Ministry.

This power of the Cabinet to destroy its creator is the chief reason why cabinet government has been stable in England. The impossibility of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies when it overturns a Ministry is the principal cause of cabinet instability in France. The expensive uncertainty involved in standing for reëlection makes the House of Commons reluctant to overthrow a Government. The only uncertainty in France is the encouraging hope of sharing in the new Ministry. In England there is a strong deterrent and in France a mild incitement to put the Cabinet out. But if an English Ministry is unable to hold the threat of dissolution over the House of Commons, its tenure is likely to be brief. Hence the royal prerogative takes on a new importance. Mr. Asquith, as leader of the Liberals, argues that Protection and the Capital Levy have both been rejected by the country and would be rejected by Parliament if the policies were submitted to a vote. The Liberal Policy, therefore, in his view, is the only one which has not been decisively beaten. If the Liberal Party joined with Labour to defeat the Conservative Government (as it has done), and then voted with the Conservatives, after a time, to defeat the Labour Cabinet, Mr. Asquith might look forward to another premiership. But this strategy would be successful only if the King refused to follow Mr. MacDonald's advice to dissolve Parliament. There is little likelihood that short shrift would be made of a Labour Ministry if its fall were certain to be followed by an election.

The prerogative of the King, Mr. Asquith declared in a speech on December 18 last,

> does not mean that the Crown acts or ought to act, arbitrarily and without the advice of responsible Ministers. But it does mean that the Crown is not bound to take the advice of a particular Minister to put his subjects to the tumult and turmoil of a series of general elections so long as it can find other Ministers who are prepared to give contrary advice. The notion that a Minister, and particularly a Minister who cannot command a majority of the House of Commons, who is in a minority of 31 per cent., is invested with the right to demand a dissolution, is as subversive of constitutional usage as it would be pernicious to the general and paramount interests of the nation at large.

This speech caused a great deal of fluttering in the constitutional dove cotes. The dictum was quoted from Sir William

Anson, the leading authority on the Constitution, that "the prerogative of dissolution is one which the King exercises on the advice and at the request of his ministers and *that a request is not refused.*" Mr. MacDonald promptly pointed out the error of the Liberal assumption that, if the Labour Government were defeated, the leader of the Liberals (Mr. Asquith) would be sent for; the Conservatives are the largest party in the House of Commons and could be asked to form a Government. Colonial precedents for the rejection of advice to dissolve were appealed to and then dismissed as not in point, for there are essential differences between the position of a Governor-General and the King, and between the parliamentary situations.

Mr. Asquith's argument, if it means anything, holds that the King "should act arbitrarily and without the advice of responsible Ministers." If Lord Derby had been defeated in the instance which I have cited, and the Queen had refused his request to dissolve, her action would have been equivalent to a dismissal of his Ministry. She might have secured new advisers who would have been willing to carry on, but she would have acted "arbitrarily" in forcing the change. There is no question concerning the legal power of the Crown, but there are serious questions as to the constitutional propriety of such an action. As Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out in his manifesto: "To expect that the Crown will refuse dissolution to Socialist Ministers who after two or three months of office seek to present a far-reaching programme to the nation, is to lay too heavy and too insidious a burden on the august function of constitution embodied in the person of the Sovereign." And even though he thought that "a general election fought on issues fundamental to the existing state of society and presided over by a Socialist Government, actually holding the reins of power and the sole guarantee of law and order, will be a formidable event," he did not believe that British citizens, secure in their constitutional rights, would shrink from it. Mr. MacDonald has recognized the importance of the question as to how, under a three party system, the nation may be guarded against "too frequent dissolutions," but he would on "no ground leave to the monarch the invidious and dangerous task of being the guardian."

On the King's prerogative of dissolution, therefore, depends the Labour Party's hope of a Labour Government which will not be almost still born. The matter is complicated by the fact that a new election would probably make little change in the political complexion of the House of Commons. It is hardly likely that one party could secure a clear majority. A dissolution, therefore, would not remedy the situation. But its refusal might give Labour, the second largest party in the State, only a brief tenure for its first experience in office, and would prevent it from choosing an issue on which to go to the country, as Mr. Baldwin last November chose Protection. The King, furthermore, would be placed in the position of discriminating against the Labour Party and this he would seek to avoid; indeed, all parties would encourage him in this desire. But, on the other hand, if a minority party can dissolve the House of Commons at will, the consequences will be tremendous. The whole plan of parliamentary government in England will be changed. The House of Commons will be able to veto the proposals of a minority of the House only if it is willing thereby to decree its own annihilation. But if any check is to be placed on frequent and futile elections, it is likely to come by agreement in Parliament and not from the refusal to exercise the royal prerogative on the advice of the Ministry. The responsibility for dissolving or refusing to dissolve should rest on the Cabinet rather than on the Crown.

3. *The Cabinet's Control of the Commons.*—One of the most striking and generally regretted tendencies of parliamentary government in recent years has been the increasing power of the Cabinet over the House of Commons. Thirty years ago Lord Salisbury wrote that "the power which the Cabinet has of acting upon the various motives which guide members of Parliament is so great that the majority is more and more becoming a blind machine." Members have voted not on the merits of measures and their individual convictions, but to keep the Government in. And knowing this, Cabinets, in order to get business completed and carry out their programmes, are inclined to put the Whips on and rarely allow the House a free decision. Formerly the House of Commons controlled the Cabinet. Latterly the Cabinet has controlled the House. The great function of the House

as the maker and unmaker of Ministries has been taken over by the electorate; it is in the polling booth rather than the division lobby that the fate of Governments has been decided. The House of Commons has come to be a machine through which the will of the constituencies may be expressed in the shape which is determined upon by the Cabinet. Discussions in Parliament had, therefore, a large element of unreality. The minority was never in a majority; debate was useless, for it failed in its principal purpose, which is to convince. It had a function in affecting opinion outside of the House and in offering some criticism, but the Cabinet could count on a certain majority.

The three party system will work a material change in this balance of power. The first effect, Mr. MacDonald thinks, will be to loosen party bonds. Members will be able to use their own judgment more frequently. Tenure of Cabinets may be determined by administrative success rather than by party force. Such a tendency will "curb the partisanship of parties and make them, like Cabinets, more public servants than public dictators. This can be put in another way. It will weaken organization, but strengthen reason; it will make Ministers more the instruments of the general will than the captains of party horse." And in another article Mr. MacDonald regretted the growth of the doctrine that the Government must always win on a division and that if it listens to criticism and modifies its proposals it thereby loses in prestige. Some loss of prestige there must of course be, but there is no reason why a Cabinet can not fight, suffer defeat, and live to fight further. Thus the Labour Government was defeated on April 7 by a vote of 221 to 212. The issue was a clause preventing the eviction of tenants who, on account of unemployment, were unable to pay their rent. Such unemployed tenants would in effect have been relieved of the necessity of paying any rent, and the provision in question, sponsored by Mr. MacDonald on account of pressure from the Left Wing of his party, failed to secure the support of the House of Commons. The only consequence was the withdrawal of the clause, and, as I have suggested, some loss of prestige. The Cabinet still retained the confidence of the Commons. Such defeats of the Government in a full House or in Committee of

the Whole (that is, on votes which were not "snap" votes) occurred several times a session in the 'seventies and 'eighties. But more recently party discipline and the fear of a dissolution have made such defeats extremely rare, and when they occur it is easy to attach to them a purely fictitious importance. Under a three-party system they will indicate not a lack of confidence, but simply an unwillingness to accept a particular item in a general programme.

This will be in line with the suggestion frequently made under the two-party system, that at the beginning of a session certain laws could be designated as party measures, and that the Government stand or fall on them. On other questions, including even expenditure, the House might be permitted to exercise an independent judgment. Certain it is that the House of Commons is going to gain some of the importance that it has lost. Mr. MacDonald, for example, will not propose a Capital Levy or Nationalization except as an election issue. To this extent at once, and to a greater extent as the Labour Cabinet attempts to govern, will the House of Commons control the policy of the Cabinet. Concessions to the House of Commons could never have been wrung from a Cabinet which had a clear majority; and minority Government, objectionable as it is on many grounds, will at least have one merit. It will check the decline of the House of Commons as a factor in the government of the country.

But in this connection the problem of dissolution is also important. The threat of an election is the only adequate method of limiting the caprice of legislative bodies. A cabinet-choosing assembly may make and remake Governments, as is the case in France, unless the Government can threaten to unmake the assembly. Some arrangement may be necessary, as I have suggested, to determine when dissolution will be legitimate. It would be absurd, for example, for Mr. MacDonald to ask for a dissolution within a short period after taking office. But the responsibility would have to be his and not the King's. Perhaps a minimum life could be fixed for Parliament; but then its maximum life would probably have to be reduced from the present five years. Perhaps the House of Commons could be permitted to decree its own dissolution. Changes of opinion as shown in by-elec-

tions, advocacy by one of the parties, and pressure from the country, would probably be sufficient to persuade members to submit themselves to the voters and not to hold on after their mandates had been exhausted. There may be a frank acceptance of the three-party system and experimentation with proportional representation to reduce the vagarious results which plurality voting makes possible. A party having a minority in the country may now have a majority in the House, or *vice versa*. Or the present electoral system of single member constituencies may be retained in the hope that there will be new party alignments: that the Liberals may divide between the Conservative and Labour groups. However these matters are settled, there will be some material changes in the English Constitution.

That Constitution, in the present situation, has the immense advantage of being flexible and of working by understandings and conventions. The King and the parliamentary protagonists in England will try to play the political game as it should be played, even though now there are three teams instead of two. We in the United States are more inclined to rely on the umpire—the Supreme Court—and ask for the interpretation of a written rule. In England the ultimate umpire is public opinion, and the rules are unwritten; they are chiefly custom. Their sanctions are largely moral. The King has undisputed power to summon anyone he chooses to be Prime Minister. His power to refuse a dissolution is unquestioned. But he is a *constitutional* monarch as well. That means that he must play the game without regard to party. In playing the present game, some new customs are likely to be developed.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

THE DAWES PLAN AND THE EUROPEAN PROBLEM

BY GUY GREER

A SPLENDID start has been made toward a solution of the economic side of the European problem. The psychological and political side remains practically untouched. Moreover, it must be remembered that the plan of the Dawes Committee, even though it be unreservedly accepted by Germany and the Allies, is only a start. It must be made to function successfully; and this will only be possible if a solution be found for the political side of the problem as well. Politics and economics in Europe are so entangled that any attempt to satisfy the requirements of the one while neglecting the other is foredoomed to failure.

The Dawes report provides for the stabilization of German currency simultaneously with the balancing of the budget. This is to be accomplished through a new Bank of Issue and by means of reformed and reorganized taxation. Included in the anticipated expenditures of the German Government are increasingly large items for treaty fulfillment, primarily reparation payments. Just at first none of these items is to be paid from ordinary budgetary funds, but it is estimated that at the end of five years the budgetary surplus available for treaty fulfillment will amount to 1,250 million gold marks a year. The scheme for reparation payments is concerned almost exclusively with the raising of funds *in Germany*. These are to be secured: (1) from the interest on 16,000 million gold marks' worth of railway and industrial bonds; (2) from the sale of additional railway bonds in Germany; (3) from railway revenues; and (4) from budgetary surpluses obtained by means of taxation. The experts estimate that after five years of operation the plan will make possible an annual payment of 2,500 million gold marks in German currency, with certain variations above or below this figure to be determined by an index of prosperity. A partial moratorium is to be granted

for the first five years, the payments to be gradually increased from 1,000 million gold marks the first year, to be raised from railway bonds and revenues and from an external loan, to the standard payment of 2,500 millions at the end of the moratorium.

Provision is made only for the payment of these sums in Germany. The funds made available are to be deposited in the Bank of Issue to the credit of the Reparation Commission, but the transfer of this money in a form acceptable to the Allies is a task which is merely shifted by the experts' plan from the Reparation Commission to a new Transfer Committee, to be composed of representatives of the Allied Powers and presided over by an American if possible. Probably the most significant provision of the scheme is that the entire responsibility for the transfer of funds devolves on the Allies. It is specifically stated in the report that once Germany has deposited the stipulated sums in the Bank of Issue *in German currency* she shall be deemed to have completely fulfilled her obligations.

The general impression conveyed by the Dawes plan is that it is an exceedingly clever document, dictated to a considerable extent by political and psychological considerations. The most serious criticism of the scheme as a workable settlement of the European problem is that its most vital provision—the provision for the transfer of funds—is buried in the detail of the report, so that it will probably not be understood by the general public. The chief value of the document should lie in its effect on public opinion. It should tend to bring the public, particularly in France, to a realization of what may reasonably be expected from Germany in effective reparation payments. This the report does not do, for in spite of the explanatory reserves it implies that the funds to be raised in Germany can be transferred to the Allied countries. Something of the possible consequences and dangers of this shortcoming of the Dawes plan will be made clear further on. Even this criticism, however, is perhaps undeserved, for it must be borne in mind that the most perfect plan would be useless if unacceptable to the interested parties.

No total has been fixed for Germany's reparation debt, but since the experts were expressly forbidden to deal with this it is obvious that their report is not open to criticism on this

score. However, it should be pointed out immediately that the fixing of the total obligation will be an indispensable preliminary to the successful application of the Dawes plan. To expect Germany to make a genuine effort to pay a debt that might merely grow larger as her paying capacity increased would be as senseless as the London schedule of payments, which stipulated in effect that the more she paid the greater her debt. Such procedure would only offer an incentive to Germany to keep her effective payments as low as possible.

I

Of the provisions for stabilizing the currency and balancing the budget only a brief discussion will be required. The new Bank of Issue will meet the requirements for stabilization, provided (1) that the necessary foreign loans are forthcoming, and (2) that sufficient confidence can be restored to attract the return of German funds deposited in foreign banks. The latter condition must be met if the new bank is to expand enough to satisfy the commercial requirements of Germany. It is obvious that if the gold standard is to be established and maintained, a reserve of from two to three billion gold marks will have to be provided to support the eight or ten billion marks necessary to transact the business of the country when full productive capacity is restored. This condition can be realized only if the whole scheme outlined in the report can be made to function successfully.

Given a stable currency and a reasonably efficient system of taxation, the balancing of the ordinary German budget should not be difficult, in view of the fact that the service of the public debt has been practically eliminated through repudiation of the debt itself by inflation.

It would be useless to attempt any detailed discussion of the scheme for raising funds from the sale in Germany of railway bonds or from railway revenues, except to point out that the estimated earnings are based on the assumption that traffic, and consequently the economic life of the country, will resume something like pre-war status. Needless to say, this presupposes a very considerable increase in industrial activity, which in turn

will necessitate enormously increased imports of food and raw materials. The same remark applies to the provision of the plan for increased revenue from taxation. Even though the taxes in Germany are made as heavy as in Allied countries, as nearly every one agrees they should be, they will nevertheless still be based on the national income, and unless this also is brought back to the pre-war level the estimates of the experts will probably never be attained.

Considered as an internal problem, the balancing of the German budget and even the raising of funds for reparation payments involve nothing inherently impossible. It must be remembered, however, that inevitably an external problem is involved: Germany's indispensable import requirements. The success of the entire scheme is postulated on the recovery of her productive capacity, and we shall see presently that this, as well as the problem of transferring funds to the Allies, is intimately connected with the problem of Germany's foreign trade.

The experts of the Dawes Committee recognize the principle that while a budgetary surplus is absolutely necessary to enable a government to pay a foreign debt, the existence of a budgetary surplus alone does not ensure ability to pay the debt. They state further and without equivocation that in the long run transfers can be effectively made to the Allies only when Germany has an excess of exports over imports, and to the extent of such excess. This means that the entire scheme for reparation payments hinges on Germany's ability to export more goods and services (visible and invisible exports) than she imports.

II

No comprehensive estimate of the economic significance of the Dawes plan can be made without considering the implications of the transfer problem, which is essentially a problem in foreign trade. A thoroughly scientific and at the same time readable study of what is involved in reparation payments has been made by Moulton and McGuire, in *Germany's Capacity to Pay*, a publication of the Institute of Economics. That book has been the subject of much controversy both in America and in Europe, but

no convincing criticism has ever been made of the main contentions of the study. The Dawes report, far from being a refutation as some hasty newspaper editors have implied, is in its essence a striking confirmation of the principal arguments of Moulton and McGuire.

To evaluate the possibility that Germany will in fact have available a balance of international payments with which to meet her obligations to the Allies and which will make possible the transfer of the funds to be deposited in the Bank of Issue, it will be necessary to consider, first, the amount of imports indispensable for the recovery of German productive capacity; and secondly, the probability of Germany's being able to export sufficient goods and services not only to pay for her necessary imports but to meet the reparation payments as well.

With respect to international trade there are two general classes of nations: those that have a favorable balance of visible trade, and those that have an unfavorable balance. The latter import more goods than they export, paying for the difference by means of so-called invisible exports—interest on foreign securities (usually owned in countries with a favorable balance of visible trade), earnings from shipping, banking and insurance, and the like. The United States, up to the time of the war, has long been a typical example of the first class, and Great Britain of the second. Germany also, both before and since the war, has been typical of the second class: she has consistently imported more goods than she has exported.

Germany's imports of food in 1913, exclusive of all luxuries such as wines, liqueurs, and even tea, coffee and tobacco, amounted to 2,274 million gold marks.[1] Her present agricultural production is much lower than before the war. She has lost through the peace settlement some seven per cent. of her population, but she has lost the territory with the people, and the lost territory produced in the aggregate more food than its inhabitants consumed. It is therefore safe to assert that in order to maintain the mere human efficiency of her labor power Germany must now import at least as much food as before the war.

Imports of raw materials and semi-finished products amounted

[1] German official (pre-war) statistics.

in 1913 to 6,242 million gold marks.[1] But Germany has lost as a result of the war nearly all her iron ore and a considerable part of her coal production. In order to regain her pre-war productive capacity she will be obliged now to import not only the same amount of raw materials as before the war but more, to make up for her loss of iron ore and coal. Moulton and McGuire have estimated, in the study above referred to, that the increased imports necessary to make up for this loss will amount at pre-war prices to 900 million gold marks in the case of coal and to 220 millions in the case of iron ore. Germany imported in 1913 in addition 1,479 million gold marks' worth of manufactured commodities, exclusive of all luxuries, and 290 million gold marks' worth of live animals. Certainly she will be obliged to import some manufactured goods in the future, for the reason that she is not equipped to produce for herself many necessary articles. Moreover, the Allied countries may be expected to insist, as they already have in the post-war years, upon selling manufactured goods to her. Let it be assumed, however, that she will import no live animals and only half the pre-war volume of manufactured goods, or 740 million gold marks' worth.

Summing up these items, it is clear that Germany, if she is to regain her productive capacity and her export capacity, must import a volume of goods which cost at pre-war prices not less than 10,376 million gold marks. Present prices in the world market, however, are at least fifty per cent. higher on a gold basis than in 1913, so that the same volume of goods would now cost not less than 15,564 million gold marks. Germany will also have to import some gold bullion, but if this is to be secured through a loan it may be left out of account for the time being, although it should not be forgotten that the loan must eventually be repaid.

Germany's total exports before the war were consistently less than her imports. In the five year period 1909–1913 she exported goods and gold and silver amounting to an average of 8,360 million gold marks a year and imported during the same period an average of 10,080 million gold marks a year. The difference she made up by means of invisible exports, chiefly interest on foreign investments, earnings of her shipping, and so

[1] German official (pre-war) statistics.

on. The interest on foreign investments was by far the most important item. The Second Experts Committee have estimated that these amounted in 1914 to about 28,000 million gold marks, but what is here of particular interest in their report is that Germany's foreign investments were reduced by the end of the war to a very low figure. The experts estimate that German citizens now own abroad about 6,750 million gold marks' worth of bank balances and foreign securities, but they are careful to note that this is partly offset by property owned in Germany by foreigners. If we assume that the latter is sufficient to offset the remnants of Germany's foreign securities, only the bank balances remain, and these draw a very low rate of interest.

Since the war there has been a startling drop in Germany's imports and exports, but her imports have still been considerably greater than her exports. In the three years 1920–1922 her average imports have amounted to 5,321 million gold marks and her average exports to 4,294 millions a year.[1] Two questions are immediately raised: How has Germany managed to exist as a nation on so much less than before the war? And how has she paid for the excess of imports? The answer to the first question is that the standard of living of the German people (apart from the war and inflation profiteers who are relatively few in numbers) has been enormously lowered; that Germany's capacity to produce and export goods has been greatly reduced, as is clearly shown by her export figures. She has made up the difference mainly by the following methods: to a limited extent by the sacrifice of remnants of her foreign investments; by the export of most of her gold reserve; by the sale to foreigners of property in Germany; and very largely by the sale abroad of paper marks. All this except the last item represents the dissipation of capital assets.

III

If the foregoing analysis is even approximately correct, the conclusion is inescapable that Germany, if she is to regain her productive capacity, must export goods amounting to more than

[1] Post-war foreign trade figures taken from German official statistics checked and revised at the instance of the experts of the Reparation Commission.

15,000 million gold marks a year in order merely to pay for her indispensable imports. We have seen that her foreign investments have practically disappeared, and her shipping and other invisible items are not likely to bring in any considerable revenue. Germany is probably paying more abroad for banking and insurance than she is earning, and the shipping business is not making money for anybody. But if transfers are to be made of the funds deposited to the credit of the Reparation Commission in the Bank of Issue, Germany will have to export still more goods than she imports.

This leads directly to the heart of the reparation problem. Who is going to buy from Germany every year more than 15,000 million gold marks' worth of goods? She has been exporting since the war little more than a quarter of this amount, and yet her principal customers—Great Britain, France, the United States, and so on—have considered it necessary to build tariff walls against her and to take energetic measures to limit her alleged dumping. All of Germany's potential customers seem determined to reduce rather than increase their imports of foreign goods. Russia will perhaps eventually become an important market, but most competent observers agree that it will be many years before that country can buy even as much as before the war. It should be remembered, moreover, that Great Britain and other countries dependent on imported food are going to offer keen competition for the Russian market.

In the last analysis the whole reparation problem may be reduced to a formula: Either the Allies and the rest of the world will have to buy enormously greater quantities of German goods than at any time since the war, or they must renounce all hope of receiving, apart from deliveries in kind, any effective payments from Germany.

IV

The question might be asked, Could not Germany manage somehow to secure an export surplus with a much smaller volume of imports than 15,000 million gold marks a year? It is hardly conceivable, for her ability to produce goods for export depends very largely on her ability to procure raw materials, while the

efficiency of her labor power depends upon imported food. Even though it were possible, however, to secure a surplus by perpetuating her present lowered standard of living, what incentive would Germany have to keep down her imports? According to the provisions of the Dawes plan her responsibility ends when she has deposited the stipulated sums in the Bank of Issue in her own currency. She claims that she has been starving for years, and that her industries have been seriously hampered for lack of raw materials. Will the Allies care to take the responsibility of deciding how much Germany shall be allowed to consume in the form of food and raw materials? If her total debt is not fixed, naturally she will have even less incentive to make effective payments which are likely only to increase her indebtedness.

The only restraining force will be the power of the Transfer Committee to ruin her financial system; but this will indeed be a two-edged weapon, for by its use the entire scheme of currency stabilization and budget balancing would be destroyed. Moreover, the Allied countries themselves are anxious to sell goods in Germany. In practice it will be well nigh impossible to prevent her, if she wishes, from deliberately buying enough goods abroad to swallow up any export surplus that she otherwise might have.

But what of the possibility of realizing immediately large sums from the sale of the sixteen billion gold marks' worth of railway and industrial bonds which are to be turned over to the Reparation Commission? A partial answer to that question is that the Allies have had a similar possibility with bonds of the German Government amounting to fifty billion gold marks ever since the adoption of the London schedule of payments in the spring of 1921. The proof that the experts of the Dawes Committee do not consider the bonds of German individuals more valuable than those of the German Government lies in the stipulation of their report that in case the interest on the railway and industrial bonds is not paid the Government shall be held responsible. The collection of the interest on these new bonds would depend upon the existence of an export surplus, so that the net result would be merely a shifting of creditors.

The experts have foreseen the necessity of reinvesting in Germany a certain amount of the funds to be collected and deposited

in the Bank of Issue, but they have been cautious in relying upon this as a method of effective reparation payments. The reinvestment of funds might indeed go on indefinitely, but no tangible benefit could be realized from this procedure until Germany obtained a balance of payments which would make transfers possible. The Allies or the buyers of the bonds might go on reinvesting until they owned the whole of Germany, but unless they decided to move over and enjoy their property they would have only the satisfaction of holding worthless paper.

V

Until Germany has enormously increased both her productive capacity and her ability to sell goods abroad, not only will it be impossible to transfer funds to the Allies, but the possibility of raising revenue even in Germany will be strictly limited. Increased productive capacity inevitably will mean greatly increased imports of food and raw materials, which will have to be paid for by means of exports before any funds are available for transfer. The conclusion is inescapable that France, unless she expects to use reparation payments exclusively for the purpose of paying her foreign debts, can in the long run be paid only in goods, either bought directly from Germany or from some other country. But the possibility of buying German or other goods will hardly satisfy France: she has had that possibility ever since the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. In 1922, for example, she actually had a credit in Germany for this purpose of 950 million gold marks, but she only ordered goods amounting to about 300 millions, and even this was mostly in coal and coke. It is true that she can utilize as much coal and coke as Germany can deliver, but we have seen that in order to regain her productive capacity Germany will need increased quantities of fuel, so that the effective payments in this form will be limited. It thus becomes clear that France and the other Allies are themselves in the last analysis the virtual arbiters of how much reparation Germany can effectively pay. Their own capacity to receive is to a great extent the measure of Germany's capacity to pay.

The danger in the application of the Dawes plan lies in the

difficulty of making the French public understand why it is impossible to withdraw the money deposited to the credit of the Reparation Commission in the Bank of Issue. The French Government is in desperate need of funds and will be for years to come, and the French people are groaning under a tax burden that is well nigh unbearable. The pressure of public opinion on the Government to insist on the transfer of funds, whether it is possible or not, may become irresistible. The influence of French industry will make it impossible to receive more than a limited amount of goods, and the public, as usual, will be taught to lay all the blame on Germany.

In providing machinery to cope with all the purely economic contingencies that can possibly arise out of the application of their plan, the experts have produced an admirable document. It is true that in its essence the new scheme is similar to the plan contemplated in the Treaty of Versailles, since the Reparation Commission was theoretically empowered to do everything now required of the new Transfer Committee, but the great advantage of the Dawes plan lies in the precision with which the functions of the new organization are defined. However, a word of warning against undue optimism seems necessary. The Reparation Commission, in spite of its theoretical power, has been in practice subject to the will of the Governments upon which it depends; and these in turn have been at the mercy of the public opinion which they themselves have fostered. The Transfer Committee will inevitably be in somewhat the same predicament; the best that can be hoped is that the Allied public will learn from time and experience something of the true possibility of effective payments.

VI

It was asserted at the beginning of this article that no solution of the economic side of the European problem can be made to function until a solution is found for the political side as well. The dilemma of France referred to above is political as well as economic. Closely allied to the reparation question, so closely in fact as to be inseparable from it, is the question of French security. Many Frenchmen have been able to see that a Ger-

many strong enough to pay the reparation debt would be potentially strong enough to crush her enemy of yesterday. They are convinced that without strong allies France will be at Germany's mercy, in spite of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, so long as there is no evidence in the world of a new spirit in international relationships. To France at least, no such evidence has been discernible: the contrary has been the case. The Peace Conference itself, apart from the idealism of the American Delegation, was a scarcely disguised scramble for selfish advantage, according to the old rules of the diplomatic game; and the apparent unwillingness of the American nation to back up the idealistic schemes of its President has been enough to convince the French people that France must look out for her own safety in the only way that a nation has ever been able to feel itself secure—by having a stronger fighting force than its potential enemy.

It will be remembered that during the Peace Conference France renounced her intention to annex the left bank of the Rhine and to dismember still further the German Empire, only on the promise of a double guarantee: that of a Three-Power agreement in which the United States and Great Britain bound themselves to protect her, on the one hand; and that of the League of Nations on the other. Few of us in America realize how keen was the disappointment, not to say resentment, of the French people, when the United States refused to ratify this Three-Power treaty. But when we also refused to join the League of Nations, and Great Britain refused to ratify the Three-Power treaty, the logic of the future course of action of France was clear and inescapable: she must look to her own safety.

France has come to feel that her allies of the Great War have abandoned her. England, by the peculiar nature of her geographical and economic position rather than by any inherent superiority in the political and economic judgment of her people, has come to realize the practical impossibility of collecting from Germany the enormous sums demanded by the Treaty of Versailles. But the insistence of Great Britain, almost four years after the drafting of the treaty that she herself had hitherto most energetically supported, on a workable solution of the reparation

problem which would permit Germany to recover her old economic strength, seems to the French nation only the cowardly and selfish abandonment of an ally.

A great many people in France, and these among the most important of the leaders, have become convinced that they must choose between reparation and security. Some of them at least, are prepared deliberately to sacrifice the first if they can gain the second. Some, perhaps, are blind enough to believe that they can destroy Germany and collect reparation at the same time. But whatever their divergence of views on this question, they are all agreed that France must have security at any cost. She must keep a strong army, and mobilize and arm as many allies as she can, against the day of German aggression. If we keep in mind these facts and this logic, which are beyond dispute so long as the French nation is convinced that it cannot trust the promises of Germany, it will be difficult to quarrel with the foreign policy of France. The maintenance of a great armed force; the arming and training of black troops in Africa; the loaning of huge sums of money (which are in reality merely credits permitting the purchase of French goods) to Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia for the purpose of strengthening their military establishments, even when no effort is made to pay the war debts to the United States—these are the necessary consequences of the French state of mind.

VII

The feeling of the German people is unfortunately not such as to facilitate a solution of the European problem. They believe that they have been persecuted and betrayed by the Allies. They are convinced, moreover, that they have not been given adequate credit for the reparation payments they have actually made—payments which have dissipated a very large part of their capital assets, whatever their value to the Allies.

But the most serious as well as the most dangerous element in the German state of mind is the belief that France has systematically made it impossible for Germany to meet her obligations; that France has never really meant to collect reparations at all, but that her intention has been from the beginning to destroy

the German nation. It is argued by all classes of people in Germany that they are ready to undertake the restoration of the devastated regions, but that France has always refused their offers, even when the inhabitants of the war-torn districts have urged the French Government to accept them. The Germans point to the devastated regions which are unrestored, and then to the loans made by France to her Little Entente allies for the purpose of building up a huge military machine; they argue that every gold mark paid to France on the reparation account is simply swallowed up in the support of a militarism worse than anything ever seen in all the history of the world.

Rightly or wrongly, the German people believe these things. They believe them just as fervently as the French people believe in Germany's absolute guiltiness of having caused the war; just as fanatically as the French people believe that Germany has wickedly refused to pay her just debts and is already planning a war of revenge. The psychological deadlock seems absolute. And yet, it must be broken if any genuine solution of the European problem is to be hoped for.

Many of the most eminent of French economists and statesmen—even some of the politicians—thoroughly understand the European problem and the position of France at the heart of it. Whether France accepts unreservedly the Dawes plan, or whether she insists upon modifications which some of the other Allies and Germany believe will make it unworkable, she is still face to face with the problem of her security. Her financial situation is so desperate that she will find it almost impossible to refuse the offer of immediate relief held out by the plan, even though the relief should in the end turn out to be largely visionary. On the other hand her politicians and statesmen may fear, and it will be exceedingly difficult to disprove the existence of the danger, that Germany will merely utilize the relief offered her by the experts' scheme to recover her economic strength and prepare for a war of revenge. If fear and distrust prevail, France is likely to insist upon precautionary measures that may make the successful functioning of the Dawes plan an impossible dream.

GUY GREER.

THE PASSING OF POLITICS

BY WILLIAM KAY WALLACE

I

THE economy of the new age is bursting the bonds of the political organization of society, and demands a new scheme of social arrangements. The study of social psychology has revealed that politics can no longer offer an adequate channel of approach, much less serve as a basis for the settlement of the problems of our times. Modern politics is based on a social organization in which town economy was the prevailing type, the middle class viewpoint the accepted standard, where any enfranchised man in the community might rightfully aspire, and be able, to represent adequately the interests of his community without requiring special knowledge or special training. But this is admittedly no longer the case. Not only is the middle class viewpoint being discarded, but the demand for special knowledge is daily increasing, with the result that the best that the political State can devise is for government to extend its functions, first in one direction, then in another, in order to meet the emergencies of the situation as they may arise. This renders effective control impossible.

Thus we see that the State instead of assuming far-seeing direction and leadership, initiative and a constructive plan of action which good government implies,—and by "good" we mean no more than that suited to the needs of the times,—is constantly being harassed, constantly giving ground before the organized assault of those determined to bring about changes in the existing order.

The rise of the great associations of trade unions, such as the C. G. T.[1] in France, the Triple Alliance of mine, railway and transport workers' unions in England, or the American Federation of Labor and the Labor Leagues of Australia; of defensive as-

[1] *Confédération Général du Travail.*

sociations of employers, and industrial combinations such as the International Harvester Company, the United States Steel Corporation, or the Stinnes Konzern, present phenomena of singular, historical importance. It is an error to suppose, as is so often done, that trade unions, employers' associations and industrial combinations, are to be looked upon as integral parts of the modern State. They are on the contrary negations of the State, politically conceived, and are powerful agencies working for the disintegration of politics.

While, on the one side, the trade union organizations with their enormous membership have the power of the ballot, they have the far greater weapon of the strike. Here it is no longer a question of rights that are at stake; but the life of the State itself may be paralyzed by the concerted action of a few trade union leaders, against which the mechanism of politics, in its accepted sense, is powerless to act. On the other side, capital may mobilize the military power of the State in its defense, and make use of injunctions or lockouts, supported by the full force of the law; but in so doing, the confidence of the vast majority of the working classes, in the State system, is by degrees undermined. Politics and political methods come to be looked upon by them with suspicion as weapons used to keep the workers in subjection.

The efforts made by the workers to gain political control of the State through regular parliamentary channels has, in certain instances, met with some success, and the influence of labor parties as political units to secure by legal enactment improved working conditions has been attended with good results. But these are mere palliatives. The State remains the enemy. It is beginning to be dimly realized that the political system that supports it rests on the continued good-will of the working classes. Tradition and the habit of obedience here play their part, and the advocates of revolution are always at hand to preach and teach methods of violence.

The parties in the new social order thus appear as capital and labor, which replace the older political parties. Capital is represented as the Conservative party, made up of those who desire the continuance of the present status of property and its attendant system of government; Labor as the Radicals who

desire the development of a system which will insure for them an adequate share of the wealth which they produce. But neither capital nor labor is in fact interested in politics in the sense of the enforcement of abstract rights of the individual or the will of the majority. They are both concerned solely with questions of industrial efficiency, of organization and management, of wages and profits. Political ethics, the middle class moral code of right and wrong in business and elsewhere, a narrow, limited, national viewpoint, have in themselves little influence in the councils of either capital or labor. The problems arising from the new functional economy are of far greater importance. Manufacture for exchange, migratory populations and increasing delocalization, mobility of capital and easy access to places of production, emphasis on social solidarity rather than individual privilege, on material advantages and not on legal rights, are some of the factors of the new industrialism. These cannot be adjusted by political methods belonging to the older geographical type of a society rooted to one spot where a national boundary seems a wide horizon, hoarding and accumulating, high virtues, individual exclusiveness a mark of distinction, and where the vast majority of the population, producers of wealth, live from hand to mouth, often in direst misery, as hired labor.

II

The demand for social reorganization has manifested itself in all spheres of human society. With the growth of industrialism the individual laborer was no longer in a position of isolation and subservience. As a result of efficient organization and active propaganda, a new sense of class-consciousness was awakened among the workers which was primarily social and not political, though many leaders of the labor movement sought to exploit it for political advantage.

Industry is no longer considered a field of battle between capital and labor. Though in some instances the individual capitalist may look upon himself as a general of armies of coined wealth, pitted against the armies of workers, in the main this is no longer the case. There is a growing feeling of social solidarity.

Both capital and labor have become impersonal; the two great industrial forces of more or less equal strength, working towards a common goal.

In the same way, poverty is no longer left at that—a puzzle, a nuisance, or a necessary evil. It is no longer dealt with by individual effort, and pompous, soft-hearted interest in the suffering of the poor, which identified the philanthropic methods of the last century. The personal element in the relations between master and man, between rich and poor, which made for a galling sense of social inferiority among the recipients of wages as well as of public assistance, is being replaced by impersonal methods based on a careful and sometimes scientific analysis of prevailing conditions. The idea of the infallibility of the law of the struggle for survival, and that a man can survive only by getting the better of his neighbor, is as obsolete as Mill's notorious "wage fund". In brief, the competitive ideal, based on an individualist view of life and political methods, is being supplanted by a coöperative ideal which characterizes the new industrialism. It is this corporate purpose which, as we have seen, is the significant factor.

The change from individualist to social standards is arduous. It implies nothing less than the abandonment of a political viewpoint, of politics in all of its accepted forms as a valid technique of social adjustment. The foundations of politics are not to be sought in the social order, but in the self-developed individual. This self-development has, on the one side, reached a stage above which it cannot for the present rise; on the other, the vast majority now admitted to a share in political affairs, are not capable of the self-development which politics demands. Problems of greater urgency require attention.

A complete revision of social standards is necessary; a vaster social perspective is required. The individual, in a middle class sense of the term, if he has emerged above his fellows, must be prepared to sink himself in the mass, to return to the group out of which he sprang. He must be prepared to sacrifice his ethical values as an individual, and his metaphysical concepts of liberty, for new economic values and material advantages. He must be prepared to seek a wider spiritual horizon in materialism by the

contribution of his intellectual attainments to the development of a new moral code in keeping with the materialist temper of the age. It must be admitted with all frankness that the middle class has in the new order less social and no economic value.

Half measures are destined to fail. The unrest that prevails is not due to the fact that the proletariat has become politically conscious, but that it has become socially conscious. Political liberty and equality are looked upon as of no value when compared with economic liberty, or social equality. The slogans of politics offer a tissue of unrealities which, from a materialist standpoint, have no concrete or tangible *raison d'être*. The current tendency to approach industrialism as though it were a political movement is fraught with extreme danger. The emphasis on social as distinguished from political factors, shows clearly that industrialism differs from all previous movements.

Most of the labor leaders are as much in the dark as the capitalists or middle class politicians as to the nature of the new orientation. To all concerned, it seems the easiest way out for the time being, to adapt political methods to industrial needs. From the side of labor, we have plans for economic world federation, and elaborate, economic constitutions, modelled, for the most part, on the old worn-out political pattern and thought out in terms of an individualist organization of society to which new labels are affixed. In most instances, it is assumed that a capitalist class of robbers and social parasites exists which must be swept out of existence. It is not realized that this so-called capitalist class has already grown socially impersonal and from an industrial standpoint is as integral a part of the new society as labor itself. The capitalists are in point of fact carrying on the work of the destruction of the middle class organization of society as dexterously and efficiently as the workers themselves. They may be compared to the *condottieri* of the fifteenth century. As at the close of the Middle Ages, the small and enfeebled city republics of the Italian peninsula hired their fighting men to protect them, so today, the capitalists are engaged by the middle class to make the best use of its accumulated savings, to protect its members, who have in a large measure become economically worthless, from being immediately submerged by the proletariat

and crushed by the new economy, which they do not understand, and in which they have no proper place.

Whitley Reports, or a search after a true law of wages, profit-sharing schemes or plans for conciliation and arbitration of industrial disputes, which occupy so much of middle class energy, are only temporary measures. The real reason why industrialism has not developed more rapidly, is that both capital and labor are still largely under the domination of the ideals of politics. Few realize that the tendency to judge industrial and social problems by the norm of political standards, leads into an impasse from which there is no escape.

III

As long as there were sound political institutions to be made use of, and the limits of political freedom and equality had not been attained, as long as politics remained a means of spreading cultural ideas, it may have been advisable to make use of the political mechanism to achieve economic ends. But with the rise of a political party that coincided with a social class, such as is the case with the labor parties, the discipline that it imposed on its members, and the compulsive elements this tended to introduce, while still retaining the outward form of politics, has in reality already gone far beyond the scope of politics which finds its sole support in the exclusive interpretation it gives to individualism.[1]

What becomes of government by discussion and compromise, the basis of the constitutional system, under such conditions, is revealed in the rapid decline of parliamentary authority, directly traceable to this source. Those compulsive tendencies which in politics soon invaded all parties and became known as party loyalty and discipline to hide their true significance, gradually replaced the ideas of freedom and individual rights and privileges,

[1] The compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes such as was first tried out in Australia is avowedly a method of bringing about a more equal distribution of wealth, and thus attacks the cardinal tenet of political society, private property. All compulsive enactments of this nature must be looked upon as subversive of the political control of the State and aim at a transformation of the social order along lines of industrialism. Whether the methods used are those of the syndicalists, who prefer violent measures, or those of a parliamentary labor party, which seek to bring about changes without a violent dislocation of the social fabric, the end sought is identical.

upon which the exercise of political functions depends. The position of the individual was by degrees encroached upon, his special privileges were disregarded, when not in accord with the new economic needs of the community. Politics was, step by step, giving way to industrialism.

In the process the fortunes of capital and labor are linked together. While labor is making use of politics to further its ends, compelling by legal enactment the enforcement of its current demands, and by gradually expropriating the property owning class, is transforming the social order, capital has long since realized that politics can be corrupted to serve its needs and that democracy, as the rule of the many, is an empty phrase, a sign of decadence, a symptom of the fast-ebbing vitality and social virtue of the middle class which capitalism purports to serve, but which it is seeking to master.

Between the two, the middle class, the repository of the integrity of politics as of the culture of the political age, the class that furnished the faithful public servants, the staunch party politicians, the students of politics, the theorists of political economy, the propagandists of nationalism, and the hierophants of capitalism, are being crowded out. The plodding virtues of respectability of this class, so highly prized, are rapidly becoming curiosities of historical interest to a few specialists. Yet the organization of the social order, based on this integrity and these virtues, still persists.

The passing of the middle class is the healthiest symptom of the possibility of peaceable readjustment of social problems in the near future. It is no mere phrase that the middle class is the back-bone of the political State system. Until this class is scattered and disappears, no gradual and peaceable growth of new arrangements is possible. This is the more difficult in view of the fact that the middle class has everywhere identified itself with the State, has divested itself of class consciousness and assumed a national viewpoint. Nationalism still appears as a virile, constructive force, which has been handed on to peoples who have no conception of individualism or the political doctrines it implies, but to whom nationalism makes a direct emotional quasi-religious appeal.

IV

It must not be forgotten that the middle class gained its first successes by violence. The religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were middle class revolutionary movements, as were the purely political French and American Revolutions of the eighteenth century. As a result of these struggles the middle class gave to the world religious toleration, and offered a doctrine of political liberty and equality, as the inalienable rights of man. On the other hand, it devised the competitive system which led to a form of industrial slavery not equalled since the days of Rome. Withal its members present a picture, at the highest stage of development which we may take as the middle of the nineteenth century, of dignity, honesty, and uprightness, in accordance with their lights. Politics was their natural standard, constitutional government and the modern State their creation. They raised work and industry from a position of subservience to that of high social importance. They dignified labor in the sense of production, but they knew nothing about handling questions of distribution. They had full sympathy with the man who saves, but little understanding for the man who labors. They gave to labor an individualist interpretation, in accordance with their philosophy of exclusive egoism and self-interest, which labor in the past had never possessed. In so doing, they isolated the individual and burdened him with a load of work that, as time went on, became intolerable. They apparently never realized that all work is fundamentally coöperative; a social function to be performed in part by all.

The middle class devised the division of labor to increase production, but failed to arrive at any adequate conception of distribution. The best it could do was to speed up production in order to meet competition. The idea that all wealth is the product of labor was readily admitted, yet it was denied that the laborer himself was anything more than a commodity, a part of the wealth-producing mechanism. But above all, the middle class saddled the world with ideas of parsimony and thrift, and taught the magic of money. In the words of Benjamin Franklin

Money is of the prolific, germinating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more and so on. . . . The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. . . .

"Get what you can, and what you get hold
'Tis the stone that will turn your lead into gold."

It is not to be wondered at that when, by organization, the workers were able to assert their combined strength, they should demand not merely a share of this wealth, but rally to the cry of the abolition of private property, and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

V

Simple ideas are the most revolutionary. The abolition of private property, of the exploitation of man by man and the dictatorship of the proletariat, are the popular watchwords of the social revolutionary movement. As long as the political organization of society remains intact, as long as politics remains the dynamic agency of the social order, these terms are destined to remain the rallying cry of the revolutionists. But if the pivotal factors of the social order are replaced by new factors, what is now called private property, and the exploitation of man by man, may be expected to have in some altered form their counterpart; just as the exploitation of man by the lord of the manor during the Middle Ages and feudal property rights were abolished and replaced by what is now called the exploitation of man by man, and private property. In other words, human nature, or better the psycho-physical factor of the life process, is not materially altered by changes of social organization.

Today, when the social order is confronted by a new revolution, we find for the first time that the greatest emphasis is placed on purely economic factors. The fact that these play such a preponderant part is due to the prestige conferred upon industry by the middle class, the magical qualities with which wealth was endowed, and above all the high perfection that industrial technique has attained. In comparison political methods seem archaic and wasteful. It is not to be wondered at that, in the belief of benefiting mankind in general, we should seek to

adapt this technique to the major problems of social life, and supplant the methods of politics and the egoism of its moral code by the scientific methods of industrialism and a materialist moral code.

In the first phases of the struggle, undue emphasis is being placed on purely physical factors as though the whole process were concerned solely with these factors. But the object in view is to replace the exclusive individualism of political society—and politics, be it remembered, can exist on no other basis—by a collective, or as we say social, viewpoint. It is sought to make the individual feel that he is part and parcel of the social order to which he belongs. In political society, the individual is constantly confronted with a series of choices with which he is unable and unequipped to deal. In the new economy, it is assumed that he is part of the social order; that he belongs to it, and not it to him. There is no question of choice.

The difficulty of abandoning the individualist standards of politics, owing to the advantages that individualism appears to confer, is self-evident. From the standpoint of history, we may see in the change from feudal to political organization, and from political to industrial, a gradual tendency to eliminate the idea of the will, and the emphasis that volition places upon the future. As life lived and guided by another worldly way of thinking was replaced by a worldly way of thinking, a world of tomorrow, we now are approaching a step nearer to the living of life in the present, freed from the incubus of the future. This is the high gift which the new technique of industrialism has to offer.

William Kay Wallace.

A BRITISH VIEW OF REPARATIONS

SOME LEGAL CONSIDERATIONS

BY "BRITANNICUS"

THE courtesy of the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW permits me to offer to its readers a few considerations in reply to the article of Mr. Chas. Robinson Smith which appeared under the title of *Reparations and Sanctions* in the February number. At the same time I cannot disguise from myself that it is hard to expect the readers of THE REVIEW to follow with close attention and at an interval of some four months conflicting legal arguments based upon the text of the Treaty of Versailles. The most appropriate forum for such a discussion would be the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague—that great Court of which a distinguished American citizen is one of the judges and before which the British Commonwealth of Nations, speaking through the mouth of the British Foreign Secretary, has already invited the French and Belgian Governments to discuss the point in difference. But that forum is not yet open, and while the doors of the Court are shut, the case inevitably is debated out of doors.

Few students of international politics after the experience of the last fifteen months would deny that the occupation of the Ruhr is one of the great events of history the results of which are by no means exhausted. In its political aspect the occupation has made a breach between the British Commonwealth of Nations and France which it is doubtful whether statesmanship will succeed in bridging; it has embittered feeling in Germany and threatens at the time of writing to give rise to a nationalist and militarist reaction when the prevalence of more reasonable sentiments is of first importance for the peace of the world. More than

any one event it has increased the probability of a new war. In its economic aspect the occupation has so far greatly impoverished Germany without yielding to either France or Belgium results as favorable as those which in previous years were obtained by another policy, and if the tendencies which it embodies are carried out to the full and the occupation persists until those Greek Kalends when Germany has paid the uttermost farthing, it will involve a complete regrouping of the economic forces of Europe and of the world. There is in some quarters a tendency, in view of these tremendous political and economic issues, to attach comparatively small importance to the question whether the occupation is or is not permitted by the Treaty of Versailles. I do not share this view and I gather that here Mr. Robinson Smith and a great part of American public opinion would agree with me. It is of the first importance to ascertain whether this tremendous event does or does not conform to the rules of international law.

If civilization is to be saved, the rule of law must be defined and established; it is only if we are pessimistic enough to admit that force alone governs international relations that we can afford to dismiss as unimportant the question of the legality of a great international act. In the Great War the Allies fought, as I have always understood, primarily to vindicate the rule of international law which Germany violated when she invaded Belgium—this at least is true of the British Commonwealth. It is a matter of primary concern to all the Allies that international law should with peculiar care be observed in the carrying into effect of the terms of peace.

In what follows I write in support of the British view: I believe it to be the right view. But no lawyer is infallible: I may be mistaken. The British Commonwealth has asked at any rate that the point may be decided by law and not by force, and on the issue that we raise, we are willing to abide judgment.

What is the nature of the point at issue? It is a dispute as to the interpretation of a treaty. As to such disputes the world has progressed since 1543, when on behalf of Henry VIII an English knight told the most powerful monarch in the world that "the Treaty is plain enough and should have none other in-

terpretation than the words bear. You may take it as it please you, and there is no other judge between you two but honor here and God above".[1] We now have Article 13 of the Treaty of Versailles (which happens also to be Article 13 of the Covenant of the League of Nations), and by that Article both France and all the constituent nations of the British Commonwealth in the presence of Germany have declared "disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty" to be "generally suitable for submission to arbitration". What the particular reasons are for which this great dispute is to be excepted from the general rule I know not, for no adequate explanation has ever been given by the French Government of its refusal to accept the invitation to The Hague.[2] One can only conjecture that the French Government may be unwilling to submit to legal decision a question which is obviously of high political importance. If this suspicion is justified, an international lawyer can only deplore an attitude which treats law, even in the sphere recognized as peculiarly appropriate to its action, as something to which an overriding loyalty is not due. These were not the conceptions which in the Great War rallied a great part of the world to the side of Belgium and France.

Before embarking on the consideration of the relevant clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, there are one or two general rules for the interpretation of treaties to which the attention of the reader should be called.

A rule which for international purposes is at least as old as Grotius prescribes that a treaty should in any case of doubt be interpreted in favor of the Power which had nothing to do with the drafting—in this case Germany. A very similar rule incorporated in Article 1162 of the French Civil Code prescribes that in case of doubt a contract is interpreted against the party which

[1] Froude's *History of England*, Ch. XXII. The monarch addressed was Charles V.

[2] The statement in the French Yellow Book of 20th August 1923: "We have no need to refer to any jurisdiction a difference as to the interpretation of Article 18. We need only refer to the opinions previously uttered by the British Government itself", is at the best a retort *ad homines*. If the case is so good, why not submit it? The only other allusion in the Yellow Book to a reference to arbitration is on page 13, where it is argued that Clause 18 is clear and "if it were permitted with regard to a measure taken under it, to refer to the League of Nations on the pretext that there was a threat of war, clearly the result would be to suppress the clause purely and simply". This passage seems to be written under a misapprehension. The British Government never proposed reference to the League of Nations under Article 11 of the Covenant which deals with threats of war.

made the stipulation and in favor of the party which has contracted the obligation. Again, to use the language of the German-American Mixed Claims Commission, in its opinion on the Lusitania cases:

> Treaty provisions must be so construed as to best conform to accepted principles of international law rather than in derogation of them. Penal clauses in Treaties are odious and must be construed most strictly against those asserting them.

Much to the same effect is the observation of the majority of the Permanent Court of International Justice in the case of the steamship *Wimbledon:*

> Germany has to submit to an important limitation of the exercise of sovereign rights . . . that fact constitutes a sufficient reason for the restrictive interpretation in case of doubt of the clause which produces such a limitation.

And let me recall one observation of capital importance to which advocates of particular interpretations often render lip service only, namely, that—to take again the words of the Permanent Court of International Justice in another case[1]—

> The Treaty must be read as a whole and its meaning is not to be determined merely upon particular phrases, which if detached from the text may be interpreted in more than one sense.

Further, although I am at one with Mr. Robinson Smith in thinking that in Anglo-Saxon law as a general rule the only question in the interpretation of a written instrument is what the language of the final document means, still in the interpretation of treaties the common practice of the world is, I believe, to look at the diplomatic correspondence which has passed between the High Contracting Parties; indeed it would be shocking to be told that when one Power immediately before the signature of a treaty declares to the Power which is about to sign what in the opinion of the former Power is the meaning of the instrument, the latter Power is, after the signature, not entitled to rely upon the explanation upon the faith of which it signed.[2] Thus I conceive that Germany is entitled to pray in aid the reply of the Allied and

[1] Advisory Opinion, No. II, page 23. Question as to the International Labour Organisation.

[2] I do not for myself believe that in analogous circumstances Anglo-Saxon law would be disarmed.

Associated Powers to the German observations on the conditions of peace which was sent to the German negotiators on the 16th June, 1919, under cover of a letter signed by M. Clemenceau,[1] and there is one passage in that reply to which I shall have to call attention.

What then in the light of these rules is the answer which a Court of International Law might be expected to give to the question whether the Treaty of Versailles authorizes the military occupation of German territory outside the particular districts for whose occupation special provision is made in that instrument, the institution in that territory of a military government, the erection of a customs barrier and the seizure both of public and private property, by one or two of the Allied and Associated Powers acting separately, upon a majority report of the Reparation Commission of a voluntary default by Germany in the performance of an obligation under Part VIII of the Treaty? It is submitted with confidence—and the writer only regrets that there seems little probability of putting this confidence to the test—that the answer of the Court would be in the negative.

What are the relevant passages of the Treaty of Versailles? We turn first naturally to Part VIII of the Treaty—the Part headed "Reparations";[2] it is there that one would expect to find the provisions available for the recovery of the reparation debt. In that Part by Article 232 Germany undertakes to make "compensation for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers and to their property" during the War; the following Article (233) constitutes "a Reparation Commission which is to determine the amount of the damage for which compensation is to be made by Germany and to draw up a Schedule of Payments for securing and discharging the entire obligation"; this Commission is to be "the exclusive agency of the Governments" (Paragraph 12 of Annex II to Part VIII of the Treaty) "for receiving, selling, holding and distributing the

[1] But not, as the French Government's note of the 20th August, 1923, suggests, to what are known as the "*travaux préparatoires*", i.e., the Allied discussions not communicated to the Germans.

[2] The Treaty of Versailles is divided into no less than 15 Parts: the 8th Part alone, comprising 17 Articles (with seven annexes) out of a total of 440 Articles, is devoted to reparations—a distribution which *prima facie* throws some little doubt upon Mr. Robinson Smith's view that reparation was "one of the great aims of the War and perhaps the principal aim of the Peace".

reparation payments of Germany". A later Article (237) prescribes that the German payments are to be "divided by the Allied and Associated Governments in proportions which have been determined upon by them in advance on a basis of general equity and of the rights of each".

We thus have—and this is a point of capital importance in the interpretation of the Treaty—a clear recognition of the fact that the German reparation debt is a debt which is owed jointly to all the Allied and Associated Powers or rather to all of them who establish a claim to have suffered civilian damage by the act of Germany or her Allies during the War, and not a series of several debts owing by Germany to France, the British Empire, Belgium and other Allied Powers separately. Germany has no official knowledge of the percentages in which the Allied Powers have agreed to share their reparation payments. There is in strictness no such thing as a reparation debt due by Germany to France; Germany is not entitled to make payments directly to France without the authority of the Reparation Commission, and France is not entitled, without that authority, to claim payments direct from Germany. A clause therefore which should confer upon any one Allied Power unlimited authority to take what separate action it pleased against Germany and German property for the recovery of the joint debt would be out of harmony with the general scheme of the Treaty.

The second Annex to Part VIII (an Annex intended according to Articles 233 and 240 to give the form, the powers and the constitution of the Reparation Commission and therefore *prima facie* not the place where one would expect to find an all-important clause giving unlimited rights against Germany)[1] contains the two clauses Nos. 17 and 18 round which the controversy rages. They must be quoted in full—italicizing No. 18 as the kernel of the whole controversy:

[1] The function of an annex is normally to give the details of some general principle or statement contained in the main document, not to introduce new and revolutionary provisions. That the general scope of Annex II was intended to be confined to the powers and constitution of the Reparation Commission is confirmed by the fact that the Allied Governments represented on the Commission have by Clause 22 the right to amend it.

Those who argue that the clauses of the Annex should be interpreted literally and without limitation should reflect on the consequences of applying such a principle to Article 22.

17. In case of default by Germany in the performance of any obligation under this Part of the present Treaty, the Commission will forthwith give notice of such default to each of the interested Powers and may make such recommendations as to the action to be taken in consequence of such default as it may think necessary.

18. *The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances.*

These are the relevant passages of Part VIII "Reparations". There are, however, two other passages of the Treaty to which attention has been and must be directed. One of these is Article 248, the first of the "Financial Clauses" of the Treaty, which runs:

Subject to such exceptions as the Reparation Commission may approve, a first charge (*privilège de premier rang*) upon all the assets and revenues of the German Empire and its constituent States shall be the cost of reparation and all other costs arising under the present Treaty or any treaties or agreements supplementary thereto or under arrangements concluded between Germany and the Allied and Associated Powers during the Armistice or its extensions.

Up to May 1, 1921, the German Government shall not export or dispose of, and shall forbid the export or disposal of, gold without the previous approval of the Allied and Associated Powers acting through the Reparation Commission.

The other passage is a small group of clauses in Part XIV of the Treaty, headed "Guarantees", where Article 428 provides thus for the occupation of German territory:

As a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty by Germany, the German territory situated to the west of the Rhine, together with the bridge-heads, will be occupied by Allied and Associated troops for a period of fifteen years from the coming into force of the present Treaty;

and Article 430 continues:

In case either during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years referred to above the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present Treaty, with regard to reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will be re-occupied immediately by the Allied and Associated forces.

Let us leave aside for the moment—we will return to it later—

Article 248 and its "charge", and look at Clauses 17 and 18 of Annex II and Articles 428 and 430. Do the critical words in Clause 18, "economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances," give, as the French and Belgian Governments assert,[1] to each individual Allied and Associated Government the right to do anything it pleases, including the right of military occupation of territory?

The first observation that naturally occurs is that if this is so, the consequences are so remarkable that one can justly say that it was a singularly improvident agreement not only for Germany but also for every Allied and Associated Power. Mr. Robinson Smith brushes this argument aside by saying "the British lawyers paint a lurid picture of the confusion to result if each Power interested were to act alone". The writer has no wish to be "lurid", but he cannot help thinking that it is a legitimate form of argument to see what are the conclusions to which any particular construction of a document carries one; what, that is to say, are the acts which such an interpretation would justify. He is comforted on this point to find himself supported by a decision[2] of the American-German Mixed Claims Commission; having been asked to interpret in a very rich sense the words "or otherwise" in the phrase "or in consequence of hostilities or in any operations of war or otherwise" and as entirely free from limitation, the Commission observe that

> the mere statement of the extreme lengths to which the interpretation which we are asked to adopt carries us demonstrates its unsoundness.

Now on the French construction, Great Britain and the President of the United States (subject of course to ratification) must be taken to have agreed that it should be lawful for any one Power interested in reparation, to whom the Commission has given notice of a German default, to do anything it pleases to Germany and to that German property to which every Power interested in reparation must look for payment; it would, for example, be open on this construction to Czecho-Slovakia to

[1] I omit the Italian Government, for so far as I know Italy has never declared herself on the point, though Mr. Robinson Smith treats her as committed to the Franco-Belgian thesis.

[2] Administrative Decision No. II, page 13.

seize Dresden and to Belgium to occupy Berlin. This would mean that each Allied Power hands over vital national interests and the interest of European peace to the unrestrained arbitrament of a foreign Power. If such is the right construction, the British Prime Minister who signed the Treaty would deserve impeachment.

Nor can it be supposed that the Germans could ever have understood the Treaty in this way. If they so understood it, they were signing away in certain not improbable events, and that without protest, the sovereign rights and economic independence of their nation. Can it seriously be argued that, if we apply the test which a great judge (Lord Blackburn) once laid down when he said —

> In all deeds and instruments the language used by one party is to be construed in the sense in which it would be reasonably understood by the other,

the general words in Clause 19 were not limited to the class of measures which the sentence itself indicates when it speaks of "economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals"?[1]

Let the reader reflect on the nature, the purpose and the scope of the Treaty. It is a contract between two parties, the Allied and Associated Powers of the one part and Germany of the other. It creates a single debt owing to the Allies jointly. It provides a joint Allied body for the collection of that debt. That joint Allied body is to give notice of a default in payment of the debt and may recommend such action as it thinks necessary. Is it reasonable to suppose that upon such notice any one Allied Power acting by itself may do what it pleases to the debtor? If the language were explicit, one could only submit. But if it is not explicit, if some other construction is possible, must not that other construction be preferred?

If the reader still hesitates, let him consult the admirable exposition of the intention of the reparation clauses of the Treaty given in August, 1919, by the Supreme Council, under the presidency of M. Clemenceau, when one of the smaller Powers proposed to help itself to the assets of one of the ex-enemy States:

[1] Evidence of what the words meant to the Germans is to be found in the fact that in their long and vehement protest against the Reparation Clauses of the Treaty they never referred to Clause 18 of Annex II.

The Peace Conference has received news, the accuracy of which unfortunately it seems impossible to dispute, that the Roumanian forces in Hungary are continuing systematically to seize and carry off Hungarian property.

In view of the correspondence exchanged recently between the Peace Conference and the Roumanian Government, such action by the Roumanian Government can with difficulty be understood except on the hypothesis that the Roumanian Government is ignorant of the accepted principles of reparation. . . . If the principle of compensation for loss had depended merely upon such factors as the proximity of enemy property or on the result of a competition between the Allied States to obtain possession of that property, flagrant injustice and serious quarrels would have been the inevitable result. . . . *The action of the Roumanian forces can only be considered as an infringement of the principle of solidarity.* . . . The Peace Conference expects the Roumanian Government to furnish immediately and without equivocation the following declaration:

1. The Roumanian Government recognises the principle *that the property of the enemy States constitutes a common security for all the Allied and Associated Powers.* . . .

In face of this exposition it would be strange if all the time there lurked in a corner of the Treaty which the Peace Conference had just procured to be signed a provision permitting the "common security for all the Allied and Associated Powers" to be dealt with, in a not improbable event, by any one Power in any way that it thought proper.[1]

It is, however, said that all these considerations are swept away by the word "respective" when it occurs in Clause 18—"respective Governments". Surely since the days of the Athanasian controversy no single adjective has had to bear so heavy a burden. When the whole context is read and the general scheme of the Treaty is borne in mind, the word "respective" creates no difficulty. Its obvious reference is to the Allied and Associated Powers, and in itself the adjective does nothing more than indicate that the Governments are the Governments of those Powers. The utmost that can properly be said as to the word "respective" is that it may serve as a reminder of the cardinal principle of international law, that a Power is not in the absence of a very clear and express agreement

[1] It is true that the French and Belgian Governments offer to account for their takings in the Ruhr but only after deducting all the expenses and losses in the enterprise. The result up to the end of 1923 and probably later has been the destruction of German assets without profit to any Ally. (See *Le Bilan de la Ruhr*, Georges Barnich, Brussels, 1924.)

taken to surrender its own proper authority or sovereignty. From this principle as applied to the passage under discussion two results arise:

(a) No Allied and Associated Power is bound to comply with the wishes of another Power or group of Powers; in the absence of agreement for common action each Allied Power must ultimately decide for itself what it will do or not do, but always within the scope of its own authority, and

(b) There is a proper sphere for the action of each and all the Allied Powers, and that sphere does not comprise what lies within the sovereignty of Germany.

To the view that the language of Clause 18 cannot be read as without restriction it has been sometimes objected—and Mr. Robinson Smith adopts to a certain extent the argument—that it involves the application of a rather technical doctrine known as the *ejusdem generis* rule, which is said to be falling, or to have fallen, into disfavor. But the *ejusdem generis* rule, so called, the rule that when a series of words all belonging to one class are followed by some general words introduced by "other" or "otherwise",[1] these latter expressions must be limited to the class indicated by the earlier words—this rule is merely one illustration of the wide general principle that an instrument must be construed as a whole and with reference to its dominant principles and purpose. Even if (as is not the case here) a general word stands alone and is not preceded by any specific enumeration of objects falling within one class, the document may be of such a nature that the general work must be limited. This principle has been applied by the English Courts in more than one case—"All we have to do," said on one occasion the Court of Appeal, "is to interpret an Act of Parliament which uses a general word, and we have to say how that word is to be limited, *when of necessity there must be some limitation*" (e.g. Blain (1875) 12 Ch. D, p. 531).

Is any one bold enough to say that in Clause 18 there must not "of necessity be some limitation"? Even Mr. Robinson Smith seems to hesitate—for he tells us that "an intelligent appreciation of self-interest should prevent the dire conse-

[1] *Cf.* the decision of the German-American Mixed Claims Commission, above.

quences imagined"; "should" is not "would", and it may be that a Power seeking the mirage of self-guaranteed security would not be swayed by economic considerations[1] alone if it has a legal right to do anything it pleases. Now the legal right for any one of several joint-creditor Powers of its own will without the approval of its co-creditors to do whatever it pleases and without any limitation to the debtor State and its property, is a right which it is impossible to bring into harmony with the general framework and intention of the Treaty of Versailles or of any other treaty of peace. The document so construed is not a treaty of peace but a charter of international discord—I had almost said of international licence. There must of necessity be "*some limitation*". But if we agree that there is to be "some limitation", where are we to find it?

The submission of the writer is that the limitation is to be found in this—that the other measures which the Allied Powers are allowed to take are measures which fall within the sphere of their own respective authority. They are in fact such of the measures short of war, recognized by international lawyers[2] under the rather vague name of "reprisals", "retorsion" and "retaliation", as can be taken without a violation of German territorial authority. And the addition of the words "which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war" was a necessary precaution in order to prevent Germany, in face of any such action, taking the course which any great European Power would normally take, of treating the application of such measures as a *casus belli*, declaring war, and thereby incidentally throwing the whole European settlement effected by the Treaties into the melting-pot. For war puts an end to treaties between the belligerents.

It is however argued that the military occupation of territory is in fact one of the forcible measures short of war which would be included in the measures which may be taken under Clause

[1] It is worth noting that the French Government's case is "We did not go into the Ruhr in order to get reparation payments at once but mainly *with a view to creating in the German Government the will to pay.*" It is a dangerous thing to use the economic clause of a treaty with a view to the moral reformation of the other party; the result does not always correspond to the intention. And if you do embark on this task the old fable of the wind and the sun and the traveller's cloak has a moral that should not be disregarded.

[2] See e.g. Westlake, *International Law;* War. Ch. 1.

18. To this there is a twofold reply. In the first place the military occupation of territory is on a wholly different footing from an economic measure; thus a distinguished lawyer[1] says:

> In order to compel their adversary to give them, without discussion, the satisfaction which they ask, certain Powers have had recourse to the military occupation of territory as a pledge. In 1914 American forces occupied for several months the town of Vera Cruz in order to obtain from the Government of General Huerta reparation for certain offences against the United States (the arbitrary arrest of sailors of the American Fleet). Although this measure was taken under a resolution of Congress which expressly declared that it involved no act of war or any intention to make war on Mexico, still, considered in itself, it was an act of hostility which was prevented from degenerating into war strictly so-called by nothing except the weakness of Mexico. American writers themselves have been criticising it (Cheney Hyde, *International Law*, Vol. II, Section 591). Since the institution of the League of Nations this question has entered on a new phase. Speaking generally, there is no doubt that the use of coercive measures characterised by the use of armed force involves always at any rate a threat of war or of a rupture which under the Covenant of the League (Articles 11, 12 to 15) falls within the authority of the League of Nations. The case is, however, different with measures of retorsion or reprisals which by their very character (e.g. economic measures) do not involve such a danger.

And in the second place, as already stated, a military occupation —and far more the stringent measures taken in the Ruhr—is excluded in the present case because it involves both a violation of the common rights of all the Allied Powers in German assets and a violation and direct limitation of German sovereign rights; as the Permanent Court of International Justice has told us,[2] when there is a question of such an interference with sovereignty we have "a sufficient reason for the restrictive interpretation in case of doubt of the clause which produces such a limitation". But economic and financial measures—such for example as the seizure of German bank balances in the territory of an Allied Power—are in a different class and are free from the objection that they forcibly violate German sovereignty.

These arguments might be thought sufficient to show on a consideration of Clause 18 of Annex II alone, read in the light

[1] Professor de Visscher, of Ghent, a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, lecturing at the Academy of International Law at The Hague in July 1923. *Bibliotheca Visseriana*, Vol. II, p. 117 (Brill, Leyden, 1924).

[2] Case of the S.S. *Wimbledon* as above.

of the general scope of the Treaty, that the military occupation of German territory is inadmissible, at any rate if we confine the point at issue—as the facts of the case confine it—to the question whether separate action by individual Powers can extend to such an occupation. But the case becomes conclusive when we look at Articles 428 and 430. We have there a special, separate and express provision for the occupation of German territory, limited both in time and in space, "as a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty." More than that: we have an express provision defining what is to be done in the matter of the occupation of German territory . . . "in case . . . the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present Treaty with regard to reparation"; in that event "the whole or part of the area specified in Article 429" (i.e. the German territory to the West of the Rhine "will be re-occupied immediately by the Allied and Associated Powers." Mr. Robinson Smith sees in this express provision only an Article "inserted out of abundant caution to prevent the claim being made that because Article 429 required evacuation after part performance, therefore no re-occupation might take place of territory evacuated, even in the event of a subsequent default." But if his construction of Clause 18 of Annex II is right, why should the natural and obvious act of re-occupation be barred, while new occupation of fresh territory is admissible? Could it seriously be held that while Clause 18 allowed you to occupy Berlin, the one thing you must not do is to re-occupy Cologne or Coblentz?

There remains Article 248, to the so-called first charge contained in which Mr. Robinson Smith in his article attaches primary (I had almost said "overwhelming") importance. A very little consideration shows that the word "charge" cannot be understood, as Mr. Robinson Smith understands it, as giving the Allied and Associated Powers what in Anglo-Saxon law would be a security upon German public property. Even if the English text stood alone, according to the principles adopted by the English Courts on more than one occasion,[1] it would not confer any right *in rem*

[1] See the judgment of Sir George Jessel in Twycross v. Dreyfus L. R. 5 Ch. Div. 605, and the decision of Mr. Justice Peterson in Marshall v. Grunbaum 37 Ti. L. R. page 913.

to German State property. But the point is made clear by the use of the word "*privilège*" in the French text of the Treaty—a text which on one occasion M. Poincaré declared alone had validity for a Frenchman, and which indeed, if there is any divergence in meaning between the two texts, the Germans on the general principles of interpretation above stated are entitled to pray in aid. "*Privilège*" in French law[1] does not imply any "security" in the English sense but merely a right to be paid in preference over other creditors. In other words, the right which Article 248 gives is a right for the Allies to be paid reparations and other treaty charges before other creditors of the German Government—"other creditors," that is, whose claims are analogous to those of the Allied and Associated Governments; for it would be preposterous to construe the Treaty as implying that the German Government could not pay its own servants or carry on its own administrative business unless it first settled its current obligations under the Treaty.[2] It follows, therefore, that Article 248 adds nothing to the present discussion. It is no part of the complaint made against the German Government that it has violated the rights which that Article gives the Allies, nor has the Reparation Commission any authority to make any finding of a German default arising under that Article; the power of the Commission to find a default is limited by Clause 17 of Annex II to Part VIII to defaults under Part VIII of the Treaty; Article 248 is not within this part of the Commission's jurisdiction. Indeed that Article is plainly inapplicable to the defaults in deliveries in coal and timber, which were the original occasion for the occupation of the Ruhr. A charge to secure a "payment" is not directly applicable to an obligation to make a delivery in kind. It is significant that the French note of August 20th, 1923, refers only once to Article 248, and then merely to say that its existence renders the French construction of Clause 18 of Annex II "natural".

Further, the whole frame of the Treaty is very different from that of a mortgage deed or mortgage debenture. In any such

[1] See French *Code Civil*, Article 2095:—"*Le privilège est un droit que la qualité de la créance donne à un créancier d'être préféré aux autres créanciers même hypothécaires.*"

[2] The notion of a "floating charge", familiar to English lawyers, is unknown in Continental law and cannot be introduced into the Treaty.

instrument the rights of the secured creditor are not left in obscurity but can be ascertained either from the instrument itself or from the relevant law (whether statutory or common), and the events in which such rights become exercisable are, particularly in modern commercial documents, defined with careful accuracy. The Treaty, on the other hand, nowhere confers on the Allies the remedies of a secured creditor. When in Clause 18 of Annex II and in Article 430 the Treaty deals with the question of the measures which may be taken in the event of German default for reparation payments, it makes no reference to the rights which are supposed, on Mr. Robinson Smith's argument, to flow from Article 248. The "economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals" of which Clause 18 speaks, are not, and cannot, be the exercise of a right of a secured creditor or a mortgagee. Nor in the consideration of Article 248 is it possible wholly to dismiss from our view the soothing reply which the Allied and Associated Powers on June 16th, 1919, gave to the German complaint of the severity of that passage of the Treaty:

> Within the Empire the Allied and Associated Powers have claimed a charge (*privilège*) only on the property and resources of the Empire and the German States. *The right of inspection*[1] *resulting from the financial clauses has been limited as far as possible and an effort has been made to avoid giving it any vexatious character.*

This is a curious method of describing a right which is to entitle a creditor, as soon as there is any default, to occupy the territory of an independent and sovereign State and to seize all or any of its property or the property of its nationals.

Before passing away from this subject let me register some feeling of surprise at the lengths to which Mr. Robinson Smith carries in international law the doctrine of implication. Thus he tells us that

> if it was not a lien in the Treaty itself, it contained the promise and the germs of one. . . . In any suit a receiver could be appointed to impound the

[1] *Le droit de regard.* The published English version "their right in this regard" is different; but the Germans were entitled to rely on the version more favorable to themselves, and in fact the German negotiators appear always to have followed the French text. The writer has found by experience that the German official translation of the Treaty is based on the French text where the English and French texts differ.

revenues. And the sheriff or receiver would take into his possession all the assets whether in the Rhineland or in Saxony or in Bavaria.

Such doctrines appear to be wholly unknown in international law. The authorities already cited abundantly prove that international law has no place for the presumption of powers that diminish the sovereignty of a contracting State. International law has no Court with coercive authority to appoint a "receiver"; there is no super-State with a "sheriff"; there is on these matters no settled statutory law whose provisions are to be read into treaties. And even if we had to do with a contract between individuals, a lawyer may be allowed to distrust what Mr. Robinson Smith calls "the promise and the germs".

The argument indeed as developed by Mr. Robinson Smith carries very far the doctrine of the rights of creditor against debtor States, adopting (surely a bad precedent) some German arguments used in 1871. We are thus told that "occupation of towns and territory may be used to enforce payment of debts" and that "a simple default on a debt in a Treaty giving no first charge . . . could on a default justify what Germany threatened and what France and Belgium have done". This doctrine is surely alarming, and though it would enlarge the rights of creditor Governments it can hardly conduce to the "peace, order and good government" of the world. Would it, I wonder, be popular in France? At the present time France owes both to Great Britain and to the United States large sums of money: Are we really entitled to occupy Paris? Italy, I believe, is in the same position: Would M. Mussolini be bound to recognize as legal the seizure of Naples or an advance up the Tiber to Rome? Mr. Robinson Smith cites instances from the past in which Powers have seized territory with a view to the enforcement of a debt. The instances[1] which he cites were all prior in date to the Covenant of the League of Nations, and they were all cases of action taken by Powers of advanced civilization against Powers whose position was of a more uncertain character. Further, in all the instances given, the action was not taken under any specific clause in a Treaty, but in pursuance of what was then considered to be the

[1] Not all of these, and in particular the British occupation of Egypt, were cases of occupation of territory to enforce payment of debts.

appropriate international practice. But where, as in this case, we have a Treaty expressly regulating the rights of the parties, we are not justified in importing into it what are considered to be general remedies under international law—remedies which would violate the sovereignty of one of the High Contracting Parties and on which the Treaty is silent.

Such then, in outline, are the arguments, or some[1] of the arguments, which may be advanced to show that on the true construction of the Treaty that instrument does not authorize the forcible occupation of German territory outside the German districts to the West of the Rhine. With this question, however, a wholly distinct point is sometimes confused—namely whether there exists something in the nature of a general right to vindicate by military operations the observance of a treaty which has been broken. This point really has no relevance to the present discussion, as neither France nor Belgium has ever claimed, so far as the writer is aware, to have been exercising any such right. And they have had good reason for the course that they have taken. For if they were seeking to enforce any such right, the provisions of Clause 18 of Annex II, which forbid Germany to regard action thereunder as "acts of war", would not apply; Germany would be at liberty to treat such an act as an act of war—and war puts an end to treaties. If and so soon as there is regular war between Germany and France, then for those Powers the greater part at any rate of the Treaty of Versailles will have ceased to exist.

Normally therefore it would be out of place here to say more of this supposed general right to enforce a treaty by war than that international law, except in so far as the Covenant of the League of Nations or arbitration treaties apply, allows any Power to declare war for any reason which seems good to it. But in this case the point has this special interest, that on a confusion between the exercise of this general right and the exercise of the powers under the Treaty is based a charge of inconsist-

[1] The writer has not developed the argument, to which many British authorities attach importance, that positive independent action by a single Power or group of Powers, even within the limits of their own jurisdiction, is not permissible under Clause 18; if unanimous agreement as to the action to be taken cannot be had, there must be a reference back to the Reparation Commission to suggest a plan of action.

ency against the British Commonwealth. The British, we are told, cannot complain of French and Belgian action in the Valley of the Ruhr because they themselves on more than one occasion threatened to join in an invasion of that district. Now this is a point at most *ad homines* and cannot affect the true construction of the Treaty nor German rights thereunder—which after all are the essential things for a lawyer. It is, however, a bad point. The action threatened by the British Government in conjunction with the Allies, as was explained by the present Lord Chief Justice of England, then Attorney-General, in the House of Commons on March 18th, 1921, the occasion when the threat was most acute, was not to be taken in pursuance of the specific clauses of the Treaty (there was in fact at that date no report by the Reparation Commission under Clause 17) but in pursuance of this general right to maintain the sanctity of a Treaty against a party to it who displays a manifest intention "to ignore, to fail, to flaunt and to defy".

No one indeed is better able than M. Poincaré to appreciate the distinction between action taken under international law for the general maintenance of the Treaty on the one hand and action on Paragraph 18 on the other. In May, 1922, he explained this point to M. Klotz. M. Klotz had been alarmed by a statement of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's in the House of Commons to the effect that the French Government in the spring of 1920, after the occupation of Frankfort, had undertaken that it would in future take no separate action for enforcing the Treaty of Versailles. M. Klotz complained to M. Poincaré that there seemed to have been some misunderstanding, as the French Government could not in this way have agreed to an interpretation of Paragraph 18 of Annex II which would have fettered what was generally understood in France to be the French right to take independent action under that paragraph. M. Poincaré replied to M. Klotz that the undertaking which France gave in April, 1920, related to action which she had taken "in isolation, in the common interest, in virtue of international law, and which was not expressly provided for by the Treaty"; the undertaking had no connection with any action which might in future be taken under Paragraph 18.

The explanation—even though the British Government may

have regretted that the undertaking of April, 1920, was not explicit in its reproduction of what is now known to have been the French Government's intention—has at any rate the merit of showing that wholly different considerations apply to action under, and to action outside, the terms of the Treaty.

One other point—closely akin to the last: It is sought (and the argument is again merely *ad homines*) to convict the British Government of inconsistency in its view of the true construction of Clause 18 by referring to the fact that in 1920 the British Government without consulting its Allies announced that it would not apply Clause 18 by seizing certain German property, such as bank balances, in Great Britain. The announcement was in itself innocent enough, it did not claim a right to take separate action, but a right not to accept dictation for joint action, and no one has ever held that an Allied Government could be forced by a majority of its Allies to take positive action of which it disapproved. The French Government, however, protested against the announcement and the *Temps* newspaper published an article by the late M. Edouard Clunet, the distinguished jurist, emphasizing the impropriety—nay, the illegality—of separate action. Such was then the French view, and if any useful purpose were served by these charges of inconsistency, a retort courteous, but merely *ad homines*, would be appropriate. It is true that Mr. Austen Chamberlain in October, 1920, when questioned in the House of Commons went further, saying that under Paragraph 18 each Power was entitled to act separately. Now if this statement be understood, as in fairness it must be, as relating to action such as the seizure of German bank balances in Great Britain, there is nothing in it opposed to the present view of the British Government. The British Government has always held that within the limits of economic and financial and similar measures each Power had in the last resort the right, in the absence of that common agreement which would be most desirable, to choose its own course. This is all that is claimed in the British note of 11th August, 1923.

These things, however, have only the transitory interest of passing diplomatic controversies: the main point of the construction of the Treaty remains unaffected.

The argument may be summed up thus:

The Treaty creates a joint debt and contemplates joint action by the Allies with a view to its recovery, to be taken on a report by the Reparation Commission.

The principle that joint measures should be taken by the Allies is, however, limited by the necessary conditions of the action of independent and sovereign Powers—viz., that every Power is its own master, and except in so far as it has bound itself by treaty is subject to no superior authority within the sphere of its own jurisdiction. The British Commonwealth cannot force a policy on France and Belgium, nor France and Belgium on the British Commonwealth.

As between the Allies and Germany, the measures that can be taken for recovery of the joint debt do not include the forcible occupation of German territory outside the limits which the Treaty itself prescribes, and still less do they include a separate occupation by one or more creditor Powers, and the dilapidation of the assets of the debtor Power, against the will of the other creditor Powers. This proposition follows from the general sense of the Treaty read as a whole and from the application to it (a) of well-settled rules for the construction of written instruments—including but not confined to the *ejusdem generis* rule and the rule that express provisions for a definite purpose exclude general inferences of similar provisions—and (b) of universally recognised principles of international law to the effect that violations of sovereignty are not presumed, and that treaties are in case of doubt (if indeed in this case doubt there be) construed against those who draw them up.

Such in general outline the writer believes to be the case of the British Commonwealth. But that Commonwealth does not seek to lay down dogmatically the law; it asks for a legal decision of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

"BRITANNICUS."

LETTER TO A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

Former United States Senator from California

I RECALL pleasantly the luncheon at which I was a guest, given two years ago by the Chamber of Commerce in Tokio. You may remember that the venerable president, Fugiama, in summing up our discussion, said that the Japanese understood quite well the objection America made to mass immigration of Orientals, nor did they favor it, but that they were concerned about the treatment accorded to their countrymen now domiciled in the United States. They desired that they should be given equal rights with the Americans.

While I explained that so far as the safety of their persons and property, legally acquired, was concerned, they had the equal protection of the laws, and, under the treaty, no burden could or would be put upon them as aliens which citizens did not also have to bear. There was, then, an equality of civil rights, as commonly understood. But I was not unaware of the purpose of the demand, because Fugiama and his colleagues that day had in mind not civil rights so much as political rights. They wanted all the rights which inhere in American citizenship—the elective franchise, land owning and leasing, intermarriage, and freedom of locomotion, to go and to come.

So when Ambassador Hanihara entered recently into a mild conspiracy—it is sometimes called an understanding, or *modus vivendi* or *entente*, in diplomacy—with the State Department in in Washington, it was to forestall or to influence the action of the Congress, and it was, indeed, cleverly devised.

You know, of course, that Immigration is conceded to be a domestic question and is not a proper subject for international discussion, nor has the United States any treaty with any other nation affecting immigration. The so-called "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan is wholly exceptional. To one who had long

studied the question, I saw in these events the hand and heard the voice of Baron Makino, who, at the session of the plenary peace council at Paris, in April, 1919, demanded a recognition of "Racial Equality", which was denied by the votes or non-concurrence of America, and Great Britain and her Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Of course, biologically, there is no such thing as racial equality. Some people are brown, others yellow, or white, or red, or black. They are all different, and do not profitably blend; nor can they live in the same community in harmony for reasons affecting ages-old habits, morals, temperament and economic standards. Intermarriage is held undesirable by the several races, as tending to mongrelization, and, unless there is potentially an opportunity for marriage, encouraged by the State among its members, there can be no equality. Yet equality is the foundation of a democracy. If not assimilated, a foreign "bloc" presents another danger—internal racial conflict and strife. All history attests this.

So the Secretary of State and the Ambassador were treading on dangerous ground without, apparently, the knowledge of the distinguished and unsuspecting former Justice of the Supreme Court, who had had no experience in the maze of diplomatic intrigue. It was he, you will recall, who surrendered American superiority on the seas to the superiority of Oriental diplomacy, and permitted you to extend your line two thousand miles nearer the American shore, by ratifying your secret acquisition of the German islands, in the name of "peace." Your well-known national policy ultimately to dominate the Pacific has not apparently reached his Intelligence Bureau. You have cleverly bottled up the American radio concession negotiated with China by some of our enterprising citizens, and indeed you have always shown, may I say, unusual skill in intercepting messages important to your country.

So the Secretary of State, falling into Ambassador Hanihara's scheme, as innocently as Little Red Ridinghood, recommended to Congress, as a measure to maintain good relations, which were strained and beginning to squeak—(Japan, you know, always has a stock of squeaks)—that the "gentlemen's agreement" be given safe conduct and that the European quota be also applied

to Japan. If the "agreement" were saved, Japan would continue to enjoy not equal but preferential treatment over all other countries, and if the quota were granted, she would have won legislative acknowledgment of "racial equality", and all the benefits which she had sought for the Japanese coolies in America would have logically followed. And I will presently tell you how. As we will see the conspiracy, or diplomatic *coup*, was foiled by the Congress. As an astute observer you can now understand and appreciate your Ambassador who, however, over-played his hand and his "dummy".

Did not Herbert Spencer, in 1892, advise you not to encourage intercourse with foreigners? And you have kept them out and prospered and exalted Japan. But it is a poor rule that does not work both ways; and our interest is to keep you out.

Under our Constitution the treaty making power is practically omnipotent. It consists of the President and two-thirds of the Senate. It can take away the jurisdiction of the Congress over immigration and the rights, exclusively reserved by the States, over land, schools and marriage. For instance, the last negotiations for a treaty made by Ambassadors Morris and Shidehara gave the coveted rights to the coolies resident in California, but the Secretary of State at that time, Mr. Colby, scrapped it on a protest from Pacific Coast Senators. Secretary Hughes asked the House Committee to make the new Immigration Bill "subject to treaty", but the alert Chairman, Albert Johnson, would consent to make it only subject to an existing treaty, that is, the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation negotiated by President Taft in 1911. But in spite of every precaution, the treaty making power may quietly function. If unwisely, it may bring upon its head the wrath of the lower House, which, at any rate, still holds "the power of the purse". A treaty cannot appropriate money, but it can, I believe, obligate the country and embarrass it.

You will recall that I was greatly impressed by the courtesy of your people when I sojourned in Japan, and how I admired their high intelligence and industry. To have created a modern nation in seventy years appeared to me a marvelous achievement, unparalleled, I believe, by anything that has ever happened in the history of nations. You have responded so quickly to the

touch of civilization that the world took cognizance as quickly of the extraordinary birth of a new State—a star of magnitude, a rising sun! You burst your swaddling clothes and reached out at once for Empire. You mastered the arts of peace, and, taking up the sword, beat down the pretensions of China and Russia, countries—one white—more ancient than your own. You faced the Pacific and attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt, the fighting and strenuous President of the United States, who, in a diplomatic sense, capitulated, as you had yielded to Commodore Perry, who made a fatal mistake to have disturbed you. Your organized and triumphant armies, by land and sea, made an interesting background for your spokesman, who had his way. Hence the "gentlemen's agreement".

Let me also recall that after the Chinese had been warned by the United States to cease augmenting their army of workers, which had swarmed our Pacific Coast, the Northern Pacific Railroad, operating at that time four steamers on the Pacific, took Japanese laborers for return cargo after transporting our troops to the Philippines; and so your people, so aided, were introduced in the agricultural fields of the West. We took you in to make up a deficiency in the ranks of labor, which had been called away to fight for the honor of their country. Strange to observe, this expedition accidentally resulted for the first time in giving us Oriental possessions, which aroused your suspicions. So far as Asia was concerned, it resembled a "balance of trade" transaction.

Which was the debtor? We assumed a new Eastern obligation and we opened the gates to fill up the void made by our departing men, who represented to us real worth and undiluted loyalty; who stood for the home,—the man of family, the field, the creator of wealth, the National defense,—the patriot and soldier. I think upon the whole it was an unfortunate trade.

In the United States the Census, notorious in this matter for deficient enumeration, showed in 1900 that there were in the United States 24,000, and, in 1920, 110,000 of your race. These are located almost exclusively in the Pacific States, whence most complaint has naturally come, and which may account for the

lack of understanding in the Eastern States of America, as revealed by the press in its criticism of the Congress.

But why should there be complaints?

A simple fact is often more convincing to the mind than a long argument; and so it came to me when Dr. John Lothrop, a Christian divine, a member of a Board of Directors of a California reformatory for youthful offenders, told me this story:

> When attending the monthly sessions in the country—where the school is located—at Preston, it was my custom to call after adjournment on a typical American family for afternoon tea, and a discussion of current events. There were in the household three boys and a girl, who attended school, and worked between times in the orchard. The father, mother, children and maiden aunt composed a happy group. One day I called to find the house vacant. The orchard was well cultivated, but there was no evidence of life. I entered to find bunks everywhere in disorder and then learned from neighbors of the "Japanese invasion", or as it is called "silent penetration". What became of the family I never learned. They had gone away. They had been underbid. I fain would have followed their fortunes, but it was needless, for I saw plainly the passing of our American unit, whose many duplications was the true greatness of the country.

When I heard this narrative I conjured up, from my own observation, the number of missing families, and, in some localities, the entire disappearance of the white population. I saw with prophetic eye the destruction of an American State. Not the cry of *Delenda est Carthago*—"Japan must be destroyed"—came to my lips, but "California shall not be destroyed", "Keep California White"—these were the slogans. I enlisted for the campaign with a burning ardor. The little brown men, busy as bees, working and sleeping, meant nothing to me—I saw only the absent ones. I heard only the voice that was still.

Of course, cultivation, even more intensively, went on, and California continued to proclaim proudly to the world, in stately statistical tables, her increased production of fruits and beans. But the real wealth, as though by war, had perished from the earth. The school—the lodge—the church—the theatre—the mass meeting—the joyous celebration of National holidays for that community—let us call it Florin, a real case in point—had passed into history. But did not these Japanese intermarry,

and like Tennyson's dream of ease, rear for the white man "a dusky race"—Eurasian—combining the best elements of Europe and Asia? No; for only the worst endure wherever assimilation —mutually repugnant—is so attempted. No; the brown man sent for and wedded the brown lady—"picture bride" by mail order—who not only, with mechanical regularity, produced children, but working by his side as a "laborer"—(forbidden to come by the "agreement")— produced also fruits and beans— combining competitive factors difficult to meet.

One day I met in the San Joaquin Valley, at a crossroads store, a man and child. I saw everywhere extensive fields without homes. I engaged him in conversation and this was his story:

> I came from Massachusetts with my family and settled on a piece of land not far from here. The land was as represented and the weather salubrious, but I was not aware of the fact that there is no social life here. I am surrounded by Japanese and I come to the crossroads to speak English with the storekeeper and his wife. I am going back. I would not bring up my children in such an environment.

I thought of the vacant home at Preston and the desolate streets of Florin. And now let it be understood that when the Japanese come, we go! Is it not race unassimilability as well as economic pressure, exerted by a foreign country? If the United States, Canada and Mexico are complacent and indifferent, might not the Japanese wisely conclude that a silent invasion is less costly than the acquisition of colonial possessions? Do they not therefore, and for that reason, seek "equal rights" with the native population? Manifestly.

Immigration of unassimilable races must be checked and checked now, to save, for example, California for American civilization, ideals and institutions, as the hope of the world; otherwise the cancerous growth will spread;

> The fell disease which must destroy at length
> Grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength.

What would it avail the backward nations if America were destroyed, unless, in their conceit, they think that they can supplant it with an equally good civilization? But is not its rule beneficent—certainly not rapacious nor envious of others? Think of the folly of Japanese arming against American aggres-

sion, as though America would ever think of extending its dominion to Asia. The acquisition of the Philippines has not, certainly, branded us as imperialistic. But on the other hand, has not the suspicion some foundation that Japan has made the California question a smoke screen, or a trading factor, to cover its own aggressive and imperialistic policies in Asia?

But, my friend, what a delightful field opens upon the possibility of intellectual communion and generous rivalries in science and art; in the exchange of ideas and the glory of achievement! If the peasant class, the basic stock,—the breeders,—are barred, the men of parts, the aristocracy of the brain, will find the doors of all lands open to them for intellectual conquest, but not for territorial settlement. As St. Paul said to the Athenians, "The Lord made the people of the earth all of one blood, but determined the bounds of their habitation." Said Christ, "There are many mansions in My Father's Kingdom."

You will see now by what processes of thought I have arrived at my conclusions—that a sovereign and independent nation should regulate or forbid immigration for settlement, and at the same time offer welcome for the visitation of savants and students, for artists and teachers. In other words, to allow, as a policy, the fullest and freest intercourse and concede nothing for agrarian colonization.

But you say that Roosevelt provided a workable "gentlemen's agreement" in 1908, which met all the exigencies of the situation, and that its abrogation by Congress and the substitution of the exclusion of coolies was "an affront." It certainly was a condemnation of a one-sided agreement, but it was not an affront until your own representatives called it so. The United States simply determined to settle this domestic question which had caused much irritation, by the enactment, definitely, of a law, which permitted the same exempt privileges. In the circumstances, was it not surely indelicate, and if we have "susceptibilities" perhaps offensive, for Japan to intimate that "grave consequences", no matter of what character, displeasure or disaster, would ensue? Did not Japan realize that the "gentlemen's agreement" was irregular among nations in handling the immigration problem? It was not taking away something which we

had also given to others, and which Japan might claim under the "favored nation" clause of its treaty. The agreement was a mere gratuity and the reason for it had ceased. To harmonize our relations with other lands, it was necessary to have uniform law applicable to all of the same class. Under the naturalization laws of the United States, since 1790,—the wisdom of which time has fully confirmed,—no persons other than of the white race are eligible to citizenship, and manifestly and legally, as determined by our Supreme Court, the Japanese fall into the classification of "ineligible". As a war measure, the Negro race was given the protection of citizenship; it was an atonement for the sin of slavery. But to favor the Japanese it would be a voluntary act involving a discrimination against sensitive, proud and cultured peoples inhabiting the Asiatic barred zone—the Hindoos, Chinese, Javanese and Siamese. And furthermore, apart from the assumption by the United States of its undoubted right, there is nothing in the new legislation that materially alters the status of the Japanese under the so-called "gentlemen's agreement". Indeed the balance of exemptions is all in their favor. If we have declined the tender of Japan's participation in the enforcement of our laws, it is because we are capable of protecting our ports and our borders without obligation. In point of fact, when Japan, under the agreement, gave a passport, we were in honor bound to accept it without scrutiny. In this lurked constant danger. We were prevented from investigating at the source the extraordinary increase in the Japanese population in California, for instance, between 1900 and 1923. In the former year the census population was 10,000 and in the latter 79,000! Is it not a part of statesmanship to avert danger? Is it less perilous to challenge "the honor" of a nation than to tread upon its fancied "susceptibilities"?

If we have innocently offended, it is because Japanese susceptibilities had been created and coddled by the pampering policy of our State Department, which out of timidity more than courtesy allowed Japan, like a spoiled child, always to have her own way, and for which we are really to blame. It would have been more complimentary to have treated her like a grown person, as it would have been more tactful for Japan to have re-

frained, in her extremity, from an appeal to the commercialism of America and to threaten loss of trade, in order to recover from what appears to be a diplomatic reverse. She would, she thought, terrify the American Congress by sabre-rattling or coin-jingling, and that seems to have been with the approval of the Department of State. America is really a sentimental nation and does unexpected and, at times, unaccountable things which cannot be explained on any other theory. When there is suffering she gives. When threat or menace is expressed, or intimated, even our "commercial resources" bristle with patriotism—yes, even Wall Street becomes an impregnable wall! This, the dominant note in our character, should be guarded, as the Ark of the Covenant, and should not be allowed to deteriorate by official subserviency, any more than by the dilution of our National spirit by the infiltration of discordant strains.

Will you not accept this view as a frank statement of the present conditions in America, justifying America, and why and how no illiberal or unfair critic reconciles his country's action with Japanese dignity and *amour propre?* It was my pleasure and satisfaction in returning the courtesies shown me in Japan by Fugiama, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Tokio, when he and his companions visited me in my own home in California, to tell them that Americans found in the association of cultivated men of all nations, Oriental as well as Occidental, much to learn and appreciate, and, indeed, have experienced, as well, genuine enjoyment in hospitably greeting, as equals and friends, the representatives of an ancient race from whom America, and the world, have derived so much that is good and permanent.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

OUR COLLEGES AND LITERARY DISCIPLINES

BY LINDSEY BLAYNEY

It might seem to the casual observer that severe competition among the courses offered and methods pursued in our institutions of higher learning in America, each claiming the virtue either of modernity, scientific efficiency, or traditional recognition, would have necessarily resulted in an evolutionary survival of the fittest. Cosmic processes of the college and university world seem, however, laws unto themselves. For we find, especially in the academic curriculum, not a survival of the fittest, but of the apparently fittest—quite a different thing. With unprecedented competition in American life producing unparalleled forces of competency, with countless industries and businesses, each a veritable dynamo of practical efficiency, of practical intelligence, of practical skill and inventiveness, many of them equipped with extensive research laboratories which can command the services of many of the best scholars of the university world, we have nevertheless thought that our age needed yet more of the practical and scientific in college education. Although our age is surfeited by opportunities for training along practical and specialized lines, though our universities in their graduate departments and our technical and vocational schools offer endless courses of this type, we have seen fit to permit the undergraduate curriculum—the last refuge in our educational system for liberal culture—to be invaded by the same spirit. Our academic departments, organized primarily for the purpose of giving the student that breadth of vision which will tend to make him a better citizen irrespective of his future calling, now attempt to compete with these great industrial forces and with graduate vocational courses in the cultivation of yet more practical and specialized attainments. It is no exaggeration to assert that, so far as the true purpose of the undergraduate course is concerned—the ac-

quisition of liberal culture—we might just as well carve over the portals of many academic halls the famous inscription of Dante; "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here." If the student stumbles by chance into truly liberalizing courses, I mean courses frankly conducted as such by instructors of vision, it will be more often in spite of the college atmosphere rather than by reason of it, or of any requirements of the curriculum.

We of the Occident believe that spiritual and material things can be reconciled. We are grateful to science and industry for their countless contributions to our well-being. We recognize the existence of that strange and compellingly gripping abstract thing that some one has called "the modern beauty of power and dynamic force". But to permit the substitution of it in higher education for that other conception of beauty—form, rhythm, faith, justice, truth—from which man through the ages has derived his most ennobling impulses, would mean to construct human engines, not create human souls. In the midst of the mighty accomplishments of our age are we not beginning to appreciate more fully that, whether we travel twenty or two hundred and twenty miles an hour, in the air or under the waters, whether we dwell on the first or fifty-first floor, whether an Einstein's theories are correct or incorrect, the cares, hopes, joys, problems, aspirations, of life remain fundamentally the same? Is it surprising that many feel that if the "liberal arts"—history, philosophy including religion, literature, art, sociology—taught as the reflection of the inspiring drama of human development through the ages, are capable of awakening in the mind of the student the vision of the profound significance of mortal effort, the trustees of our colleges and universities should bring their influence to bear and see to it that these liberal disciplines be made the fixed stars in the firmament of undergraduate education? That they insist that the time for hesitation and equivocation is past? That they urge that educational institutions should be honest with themselves, with their students, with the public? It seems neither just, wise nor expedient to confer longer the academic degree upon students who have passed through our institutions of higher learning virtually without any of the so-called humanities—unless, by severe stretch of imagination, we conceive

of elementary instruction in English and the modern languages as being "literature", often almost the sole representatives of the liberal disciplines taken by the student.

In only a few of our institutions has the effort as yet been made to remedy partially this defect by offering in the departments of history or comparative literature a general survey of man's cultural development. It is the belief of the writer that in every institution of collegiate rank, including even technological schools, a junior or senior course should be offered, call it what you will —say the History of Civilization—interpreting the spirit of the great outstanding ages in man's spiritual development and their mutual relationship—the important literary, artistic, historic and religious traditions of humanity—but with special emphasis upon their influence upon *our* life, *our* time, *our* ideals, and consequently upon *our* responsibilities to future generations of men. Without generalized training of this kind, specialized college disciplines have scarcely any cultural value in the highest acceptation of the term. It should be at once added, that the so-called "orienting course" offered to Freshmen in some institutions, and intended to afford a general survey of human knowledge, does not supply the deficiency. Not only are such courses about equally divided between the sciences and the humanities, but they are addressed to immature minds wholly unprepared for, and uninterested in, the wider horizon and the profounder problems involved.

What now, in the welter of courses and patch-work of aims in college life, has been, and should be, the function of literature either in our own or foreign languages? The so-called modernizing of the college curriculum began with the rapid substitution of the modern languages for Greek and Latin. Even the best friends of the ancient disciplines are constrained to admit that they did not give the full measure of literary culture that was claimed for them. They were too largely linguistic, not literary, disciplines. But if we agree with thoughtful educators that true education in a liberal sense is not so much the imbibing of facts as the acquisition of an attitude of mind, then we must admit that the classics were valuable in that they tended at least toward fostering a respect for the traditions of literary culture. The practical elimination of the ancient languages had deprived us,

therefore, of even this gesture, however slight, of appreciation for literary ideals of the past. When now, to make matters worse, the stampede toward the natural sciences set in, little was left in the college world of the glory and grandeur that was once Greece and Rome. The modern languages that have replaced them are frankly taught largely from a utilitarian point of view. Instead of continuing the literary traditions of the classics and becoming the standard bearers in academic life of spiritual idealism, they have served in general to accelerate the drift toward the utilitarian conception of higher education. The modern literary disciplines, especially the modern languages, find themselves, therefore, in the rather anomalous and unenviable position of having ridden in, as it were, upon the tidal-wave of a movement which, first, has been destructive to true evaluation of literary culture, secondly, has transformed our colleges from laboratories of enlightened citizenship into more nearly preparatories for narrow professional or vocational training, and finally, which bears in itself consequently the germ of the final collapse of the literary disciplines as vital forces in American education.

It might seem a trite statement to assert that the first duty of higher education in America lies in the undergraduate courses. Yet many in responsible positions seem to fail to realize this. When more instructors for undergraduate departments are requested for the more efficient teaching of smaller groups of students, when objection is raised in some institutions to mere boys being placed in charge of important departments or courses, the plea of lack of funds is made. And yet in some of these same institutions a comparatively large appropriation will be made for a mere handful of graduate students. The overwhelming majority of our universities so-called and all of our colleges could well eliminate the costly appropriations for men and material that are made for the benefit frequently of less than a half dozen graduate students all told, who with advantage to themselves and to the institution could, and should, go elsewhere. I am not referring here to struggling, so-called "freshwater," colleges merely, but to many of our better endowed institutions as well. Considering the number of wealthy universities in our country, admirably equipped and manned to do real research work, it is truly pitiable

to see in so many of our institutions the interests and intellectual future of hundreds of undergraduates sacrificed through short-sightedness in this regard. Befuddled by the words "pure science", "scholarship", and "research", and seemingly unaware that a tower cannot be built by beginning at the top, institutions will come dangerously near making a cult of its few graduate students and two or three "research professors", as they term them. It occurs all too often that for these few students and professors sacrifices are made wholly disproportionate to needs and returns, and which are little short of being criminally unfair to the wider and more urgent interests of the great body of undergraduates. No theorizing, no building of air-castles, can replace hard common sense in connection with a matter of such vital concern to the nation at large.

Our departments of literature are suffering from a somewhat similar malady, but with "complications". While a field of important educational service lies invitingly before them, success in it will depend upon healthy organs and steady nerves. If they are to play a more important and more dignified rôle in the academic curriculum than in the recent past, they should, in the first place, clearly distinguish between the three-fold character of the instruction they may impart—in other words, between the practical, the "humanistic" and professional demands made upon language departments. Ideally, the practical instruction in the rudiments of a language belongs in the lower schools, the humanistic or literary instruction in the academic departments, and the professional or philological training in the graduate departments of a university. If this careful distinction is not carried into practice, spiritual values will be crushed out of the literary disciplines between the upper and nether millstones—the reaching down of graduate subjects and research methods, at the expense of spiritual and literary aims of the academic course, on the one hand, and the reaching up of mere language teaching from the secondary schools on the other. That this may not come about, and in the interest of liberal studies in general, the literary departments of our colleges need the coöperation of all educators, the sympathetic support of all trustees of broad vision, and the active interest of all those among the public

who are far-seeing citizens and supporters of the ideal of liberal training.

As a second step toward greater efficiency in the liberal arts, I should suggest a somewhat drastic departure from those methods of literary instruction to which colleges have become increasingly addicted in recent years—the growing tendency in undergraduate departments to take a certain pride in "lecturing" and to be just a little ashamed of the word "teach". The German universities through the Americans who studied there (their name is legion) gave the original impulse in this direction. The writer, having taken his graduate degree in a German university, will escape, I trust, any charge of bias in expressing the fear that a serious mistake has been made in the tendency toward a wholesale introduction of the lecture system into academic courses, especially into the lower classes. To depend largely upon lectures in instructing immature youth is to risk not merely "putting the message over" but the training of receptive, not productive, minds. True education is suggestive, not instructive. It is a pressing out, not a planting in. The work must be done by the student, not by the instructor. However important the inspiring and directing word of the teacher, no method can replace: first the text-book—the systematic treatment of the subject by the highest available authority; secondly, much reading of the masterpieces themselves under skilled and inspiring guidance; and, thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, the constant oral interchange of ideas by means of suggestive questioning and discussion in small groups as a continual incentive to independent, constructive thinking. No return is suggested to the antiquated "quiz" system of blessed memory to test the application of the student, but rather the wise employment of suggestive oral questioning to stimulate the latent productive faculty of the student, and so prepare him by wise counsel and personal stimulation for the give and take which is the life of the world.

The sooner, therefore, it is realized by both educators and the public, that instruction in a college, or academic department of an university, is in no true sense vocational training either in content, method, or scope, the sooner we open our eyes and see the amount of buncombe, slow dictation, anæsthetic tediousness, and peda-

gogic mediocrity which is being perpetrated in the name of "lecturing", "scholarship", and "university method" upon very sleepy classes of undergraduates, very far removed from being anything like university material either in age, vision, maturity or interest, the sooner will our colleges become what they were intended to be (and a good part of the public think they are)—training schools for high-minded citizenship, sending out alert men and women of broad vision ready to enter any walk of life, or to proceed to the professional or technical school, and, in either case, prepared to get the most out of life.

A third suggestion might be made, in reference to the content of academic instruction in literature. Here it seems to me that undergraduate departments have been led into a two-fold error—the imitation again of university specialization, and in addition the adoption of methods and ideals proper to the natural sciences. The discovery of "new" elements, categories, forces, laws, in connection with the natural sciences, summed up as the "productive scholarship" of these departments of learning, has stimulated an excusable, but unfortunate, demand for productivity, not so much of quality as of quantity, in the literary departments. To add to the confusion, at least one scientist, so-called, has referred to literary departments, intimating that they are mere "conduits" of learning, not "productive" sources. Must such a person be reminded that the most copious artesian flow is useless, unless converged, contained, and directed by the strong and accurately constructed conduit which translates and distributes it to many necessary human uses? The men who have influenced human history in profoundest spiritual sense have been teachers. The true teacher, who with broad culture, wide scholarship, tactful discrimination, high vision, warmth of personality and boundless human sympathy, builds through many years and wide experience this conduit of his mind, so that it collects the limpid waters of the ever-living message of the past from many scattered sources and pours it into open hearts, thirsting, more than we realize, for something beyond mere facts or formulas, however useful, renders in the present age a more exalted service to his country and to humanity than in any other form of literary work he could engage. Great teachers of humanity, for whom men in every age and

clime have stood ready to lay down their lives, have done their work through their pupils, their disciples; great literary lights through their pens. The American college world is calling for devoted teachers, not writers. It needs at the present hour, as it perhaps never needed before, men of personality, interested primarily in their students (in all, not a few), and only secondarily in their own literary production.

The sooner it is realized both inside and outside of college halls that the greater part of so-called research work in literature does not measure up in any sense with the investigative work in the natural sciences which it is imitating, the better for all concerned. It should be understood that it is one thing to venture a hypothesis for the explanation of a chemical reaction or for some phenomenon of physics, necessary to the development of these sciences, and the truth or falsity of which may one day be proven, but quite another thing to venture hypotheses under the ægis of "productive scholarship" as to the source or genesis of this or that drama, poem or form which, while doing honor to the imagination of an investigator, never can be proven, and which even if proven would not add to or detract from the value of the work in question, and certainly would not contribute one scintilla toward the formation of new writers, but rather the contrary. We are inclined to forget that the overwhelming majority of college students are quite youthful, particularly in the lower classes, with little vision, cultural background or settled aim, and that it is the function of the academic department to transform this youthful material into men and women of vision with broad human sympathies. For this purpose literature rightly employed is a most powerful and effective medium. But only through its living soul, not bleached bones, can we speak to the young heart of America.

It was no less a person than Goethe who, living long enough to see scholars begin the dissection of his works, pronounced the searching out of "sources" of a literary masterpiece "ridiculous." Archæology in history and the archæological spirit in philology—the attempt in graduate work to collect and explain historical and linguistic remains in order to reconstruct the human past—is of distinct value; but it cannot be stated too emphatically that the archæological spirit in literature in our academic courses is wholly

out of place, contributing in no wise toward the appreciation or to the spiritual value, of great literary monuments of human genius, but rather to the contrary.

It is often forgotten in this connection that mere tyros in scholarship just winning their academic spurs, who are gifted with imagination, diligence and temerity, could, in the name of pseudo-scholarship, develop in many pages the fancied relationship, say of a portion of the plot of Romeo and Juliet to some Esquimau love-song, which the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare in the universities of the world could not, and certainly would not, take the trouble, to refute. It is the too frequent presence of pedantry of this type, sometimes termed "scholarship" by the unreflecting, together with the fact that so much time is devoted to rhetoric and linguistic instruction, which is making the literary departments of our colleges ineffective as representatives of the liberal disciplines.

What has been said is not to be understood as advocating "pleasant" reading courses in literature on the one hand, nor yet the approaching of the great messages of the human intellect in the "spirit-deadening" and discouraging manner that destroys all interest. It is not as monuments of the past, but as living, inspiring messages to the present that they should be interpreted. The important question, therefore, is not whether the literature, art or history that American colleges present to their students be of the near or of the remote past; the supreme question in connection with these subjects in the undergraduate, as distinguished from the graduate course of an university, is whether they have that within them which can be made to awaken in the student an enthusiasm for, or to open his vision to, other than daily routine and to translate him out of the narrow confines of class, creedal or racial prejudice into the broader, sun-lit world of tolerance, human sympathy and goodwill.

Higher education possesses in its departments of literature properly conducted and equipped not what are too often considered centers of mere "refinement", but rather laboratories for training in straight thinking, sober judgment, and objective criticism, all so necessary for citizens of a democracy in our day and time. With its almost boundless horizon, great literature offers, as

scarcely any other subject can, the opportunity for the cultivation of that sense of appreciation for the relative value and cultural importance of all higher human endeavor, past and present, without which the ambition, or even the ability, to span the oceans, transmute the metals, or fathom the physical laws of the universe, will move man no nearer to the ultimate higher goal of human effort, will make him no wiser in regard to the inner meaning of life, no richer in all those things which, in last analysis, make life really worth while.

We are beginning to see with increasing clearness that it is an educational outrage, especially in a democracy where individual opinion carries such weight, to send out from our colleges future engineers, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, educators, editors and others, however skilled in their several callings, yet deprived, by the exigencies of the curriculum or by their youthful short-sightedness, of the broader intellectual horizon which is the right of every college-trained man. Sad indeed it would be if, caught in the strong current of modern life and interests, our colleges should overlook the value of the clear pæan that rings, now more loudly, now more faintly, but ever true, from out the great literature of the past, above the turmoil, the hate, the destruction, and the selfish ambitions of history—the eternal message of the worth of the individual soul, man's true freedom through the integrating force of the all-embracing moral law.

No, let us announce it fearlessly; in great literature there are no theorems that can be mathematically proven, no laws that can be scientifically demonstrated, none of those countless truths of nature that the chemist and the physicist discover (or sometimes stumble upon by what Robinson has good-naturedly called "monkeying" with things and substances), none of that quasi-scientific method by which pseudo-literary scholarship undertakes to imitate the methods of the exact sciences. And yet, strange as it may seem to the materialists, literature properly taught to young men and women does give—to use a word which is becoming unfashionable in the atmosphere of certain institutions—"inspiration". I risk the term and even the assertion that the educator, who does not appreciate the existence and value of inspiration in education as distinguished from instruction, belongs in some-

thing more like a machine-shop, not in the laboratory of human souls. It was no less a person than Goethe, the realist, who could yet say:

> In zealous searching days of Science, youth
> A doubting faith accepts but things we view.
> But Wisdom proves the seen is no more truth
> Than is the seeming hidden less the true.

To the ultra-scientific mind those great abstract pulsations of the human "heart"—hope, faith, aspiration, sympathy, justice, and all the rest—may appear more or less negligible quantities in higher education. None the less certain, however, is it that an increasing number of thoughtful American parents expect at least some near approach to these idealities, however intangible they may appear to rationalizing minds, to be taught to, or shall I say imbibed by, their sons and daughters during their college years. It is just here that great literature, if given the chance and the proper teacher, stands ready to fill the serious breach. For it teaches the eternal laws of human nature, counteracts illusory individualism and provincialism, and assigns each to his or her own place or part in the very real unity of all human endeavor. It can be made to symbolize, as scarcely any other college subject can, the eternal life of the spirit. Through its imperishableness it all but proves the deathlessness of the human soul.

There are indications that a no small part of the intelligent public is becoming alarmed at the present drift in academic education, and is preparing to ask our colleges through the wise foresight of alert trustees some very pertinent questions. And when it poses its first searching and embarrassing question, "Show us definite examples and results of this efficient, scientific scholarship in undergraduate courses for which you make such high claims and which you permit often to be substituted almost exclusively, both as practical training and as ideal values, for the 'intangible generalities' of the so-called liberal disciplines", the curtain will be rung down, and with little delay, I believe, upon this, the second act, in the stirring drama of higher education in America. In the first act the chief rôle was played by the classics; in the one we are just witnessing by the mathematical, natural and applied sciences. The third act, if I mistake not, will consist in a more careful selec-

tion of students and the dedication of our best colleges to a more definitely planned liberal arts course. Spiritual and material interests will be harmonized. The sciences and the spirit of research scholarship (but not the dedication of the student to narrow research) will come in for due regard, but only as a part of the wisely planned general course. The absurd and disgraceful practice of placing mere boys in charge of important courses will be rendered impossible. And finally, the humanities in the accepted meaning of the term—among them the message of the good, the beautiful and the true as reflected in great ages of world literature —will be the *sine qua non* for the attainment of the bachelor of arts degree. The bachelor's degree in science will then probably be given in independent institutions, or in distinct colleges of a university; otherwise the unhappy conditions resulting from the present uncertainty and confusion as to the purpose and value of the respective degrees can only become worse.

It seems to me that present conditions render at least one great institution in each of our States frankly dedicated to the ideals of liberal learning imperatively necessary. Not until then will the educational fog be dispelled that lowers densely over our institutions of higher learning in America. Not until the line of demarcation is clearly drawn will the young men and women of America know just what they are receiving under the hall-mark of "liberal education".

Those who bespeak a re-vitalizing, a re-spiritualizing, a re-humanizing of the college course are in no sense "behind the times" or "reactionary". In no sense do those who appreciate the importance of literature hope for a return to the old spiritless instruction in languages, dead or living. But the public has the right to expect that colleges exhibit more than a theoretical appreciation of the study not of language, but of *literature* as the reflection of social and spiritual forces of great ages, which translated into deeds may endow, not a select few, but the great body of our college graduates with those high characteristics of courage, vision, generosity, appreciation, devotion, faith, and respect, which are the irradicable hallmarks of a truly liberal education.

LINDSEY BLAYNEY.

SHADOW TO SHADOW

BY HERVEY ALLEN

If it would walk at all,
This was the very night.
I leaned out of the window while the moon
Threw down the tunneled walk a shadow-pall
Of black magnolia shade; I heard the tune
A wind sang by the ivy-mantled wall.
The West was dark but for a wisp of light,
And yet no night-birds had begun to call—
If it would walk at all, this was the night.

The quiet street lay dim beyond the gate,
And quietly its bars
Slid past each other like a gliding grate
Of ribs across the stars.

Yet, not a sound, no reassuring click
Of metal latch, and not a bird would scold,
Only the swirling darkness growing thick,
And I—more cold.

The whirling darkness folded in to drape
And shroud the shape of nothing, till it stood
With bone-white moonbeams glimmering in its cape
And shadows for a hood.

Right well I knew that if it spoke my name
How they would find me by the window there;
I guessed the grisly angle of the jaw,
The teeth below no nostrils, and the stare.

But not a whisper froze the waiting shadows;
No voice was added to the choir of care,
Until I croaked into a world of silence,
"How are they over there?"

Then like the last priest of a vanished nation,
The shadow drew the cowl about its head,
And with a web-like hand made salutation,
And went back to the dead.

A SONNET

BY ALICE BROWN

My twilight garden waits me in a hush
More poignant than the silvery lighted moon,
Or when each plant becomes a burning bush
Reflected from the climbing tide of noon.
I walk therein, I prop and water them,
These miracles in leafy spur and hood.
Sometimes they seem to brush my garment's hem
With an unspoken meaning: gratitude,
A sense of homely memories we share,
The days we fought and worsted flood or drouth,
Our sadness when November stalks blow bare
Or wilting winds are sultry from the south.
A leaf—is it a finger?—touches me,
As I move past, dumb yet remindingly.

JUNE NIGHT

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

If that be silence there which here is song,
What echoes shall prolong
These cadences?—
Will those pure pauses be
Soft as this music is,
When time falls mute upon eternity?

Where all is fair forever, will white dreams
Lift like the lilies in some garden bed
The petals of perpetual flowers—
Untarnished gleams to shed
For us who plucked these roses and these hours
Pale peace instead?

There is no darkness on the destiny
Of yonder years;
They move
Lit by some far fidelity
Of unimaginable love.
Will never any shadows fall like these
To break our hearts with memories
Who knew the tides of passion and the tears
Drawn by this moon's inconstancy?

THE GENIUS OF STYLE

BY W. C. BROWNELL

One of the perennial subjects of philosophical discussion, being important, indeterminate, inexhaustible and, above all, intrinsically interesting, style is at the present time as lively a theme as it ever was. The wealth of existing treatment of it, instead of discouraging further consideration, invites and warrants it, by no means possessing in the mass or reaching in the reduction the finality affected in occasional dogmatic detail. At the present time such consideration seems particularly pertinent because the general subject has developed a new phase. Novelty today resides in phase rather than in fact and this in itself involves reopening cases already amply adjudicated, since the facts are forgotten and precedents consequently precluded. Everything but axioms calls for re-argument, and even axioms must walk delicately under penalty of being stigmatized as conventions. The phase here in question is the curious coincidence of a rather pointed neglect of style in practice with a frequently exhibited propensity to speculate about it. Books, reviews, lectures, the newspapers, discuss it copiously. And though still more curiously the tendency of the time is also theoretically to minimize its significance, to treat it in trituration as a matter of taste and therefore facultative, to reduce it to its lowest terms as an incidental of rhetoric or other technic, to sidestep it as a natural gift about which there is no more to be said (however much may be said around it), and finally to deny its existence altogether as the common denominator of its various nevertheless palpable embodiments, this is perhaps due to the inveteracy with which, everywhere, practice seeks to justify itself by theory. And theory once established, practice receives from it reciprocal reinforcement. In practice, assuredly, in spite of much "good writing" as well as less good "fine writing", one rather phlegmatic and the other decidedly febrile, we have no surplusage of intelligently conceived style.

We are thus more and more coming comfortably to ignore in practice and disparage in theory what nevertheless we find it academically interesting to discuss—forgetting to look for it as readers, as observers of æsthetic phenomena in the mass, forgetting as writers, as artists, to make it an aim or an instrument, as a public forgetting to savor it. From this largely passive attitude to active distaste is but a step—a step we have yet to take perhaps before we enter upon the back track of retreat all along the line, from the deserts of "listlessness and mad endeavor" and "all that is at enmity with joy" to the mapped lands and charted waters of orderly development. Very likely on the other hand we are already on the verge of recoil—the only untried open road to so many among us, and as such beckoning alluringly, it may be, to the generous spirit of adventure characteristic of the present day. Certain signs may be interpreted to indicate it. But the moment of crisis in movements of this kind is difficult to identify. Apparently so far as style is concerned our Canaan is yet in the distance.

Attempts to define style have been numerous, much more numerous than successful. Failures however have not been fruitless. They have served to keep the subject alive and, at least on Lessing's principle of preferring the pursuit to the attainment of truth, it is a subject profitable to study. The by-products of its pursuit have been found interesting or the pursuers would have been fewer. Still there is something so thoroughly satisfactory about the capture of one of the elusive sprites that people the air of the critical imagination, in order to confine it within a compass narrow enough for comfortable contemplation, that it is small wonder their pursuit should in itself be popular—that so many, less impatient than Pilate regarding a similar quest, after asking what one of these radiant appearances really is, should "stay for an answer."

What, however, we cannot quite seize in the abstract, we can often describe in the concrete. Have you not, in fact, observed that what eludes definition is apt to accumulate description in proportional luxuriance? Such description may occasionally be even more illuminating than a definition—especially an imperfect one. To call anything an ultimate, for example, is a kind of

vague definition narrowing the field of examination and a check on loose thinking, but to do so is clearly to convey a less vivid idea of it than a comprehensive description may succeed in doing—most of our knowledge being, I suppose, phenomenal rather than essential. In any case it seems a useful preliminary in considering, however approximately, this shyest of the sprites I spoke of to fix at the outset its status as an ultimate æsthetic factor legitimately figuring in various fields of mental activity and entering into all combinations for which it has innate affinities. The spirit of style, if not the secret, we can have no difficulty in recognizing—as to distinguish music from mere sound it is needless to know its vibrational peculiarity. But as to the value or the practicality of preaching it, we are decidedly more sceptical. And it seems to me that if we considered a little more closely and extensively this abstraction which we recognize when we see its operation and effect but so often consider either casually or unsympathetically, its substantial interest should more clearly appear. There is obviously an æsthetic element common to both literature and art in general and life itself that is very much to be reckoned with. And of this element style is a central factor.

Few writers have become so identified with a subject so general in its nature as Buffon has with style. His Discourse is a model exposition and has made of the author the most cited authority on its theme, nowhere else, perhaps, treated with the same explicitness or more suggestion, in more varied detail or with greater breadth of view. And while considered as the order and movement that we put into our thoughts, as he declares it to be, style can hardly be conceived concretely as a compositional part of the substance it qualifies, it may be abstracted from this as an element—not a created feature but a constructive factor, integral not incidental. An informing spirit running through a composition, a theme through variations, it realizes relations as well as formulates statements and is the agent that organizes variety into unity. It is, in truth, the organic factor in art of any kind, the factor in virtue of which every part of any whole becomes at once a means and an end, each detail contributory as well as in itself significant. There is nothing abstruse or recondite about this description. Everyone who has ever put

together a puzzle picture has only to imagine its parts possessed of some individual interest in order to comprehend an organism, or, for that matter, need only consider his own anatomy.

The genius of style therefore is easily discriminated from that of mere individual expression, of which cogency and energy or other personal traits are conspicuous characteristics. Concentration on the intrinsic interest of any detail tends naturally to a diversion if not to the discord integrally hostile to style, however it may compensate for supplanting it by emphasis and contrast. It may indeed compromise with style in an *entente* of mutual modification and reinforcement. Discord assuredly has its uses—even in music. Meanwhile during discord as a rule style marks time. Within the limits of harmony it modifies the native form of the concrete individual thing it is stating with reference to what has preceded and what is to follow it. Nothing could be less individual than its operation. Consciousness recognizes it, I think, as belonging in the domain of the not-ourselves. And analysis confirms consciousness as to the external character of its agency in influencing, for either impetus or restraint, any compositional effort. This is so clearly true that its happiest analogy is furnished by Nature herself ceaselessly at work in harmonizing the object with its environment and abhorring in her evolution "sports" almost as much as vacuums. There is no logical step to be taken between denying the universality of style as a principle and affirming as fact the phenomena of its operation—which does not prevent the taking of an illogical one. "The lion on the flag," says the Persian poet, "is but a painted lion, but in the wind it moves and marches." Quite as real and similarly dynamic in its invisible agency is the genius of style.

That it should be negated or vilipended by the spirit—or rather, let us say, the temper—of the present day is natural enough, the keynote of the day being not so much expression, even, as self-expression. Nothing objective can very well attract the egoistic complex. But one suspects that the hostility or indifference to style as generally understood is inveterate rather than altogether transitional, and arises from a misconception of it as connoting not a principle of art but the prescription of some method. Perhaps it is reasonable that in a time

when so many teach, not only should there be so few that learn, but that there should also be so general a revolt against the didactic. It is possibly imagined that to celebrate style is to inculcate an ideal of self-suppression, with inherently sinister designs on the freedom of the individual—the individual who nowadays is more disposed than a generation that admired Poe more temperately, to echo Poe's avowal: "My whole nature utterly revolts at the idea that there is any being in the Universe superior to myself". Possibly when style is commended or even encountered the traditional, the classic, the consecrated are discerned behind the mask, and style which, it is true, does suggest these categories of the conventional, as they have come to be more or less widely and very conventionally considered, incurs the obloquy of the company it keeps. The individual is, in any case, needlessly concerned. He is in no danger from the professors, of whom a very considerable and articulate radical contingent—the pedants of progress, they might perhaps be called, not too paradoxically—are on his side, and themselves prescribe liberty in large doses, perhaps for the same reason that their predecessors preached restraint, namely, to meet general expectations. Style would perhaps have fewer enemies if it were more universally understood that, though a universal principle which could only salutarily enter into any composition of real importance, it has no means of intruding where it is not wanted since it must wait to be invited; that even if more of a virus than a virtue, it would be insignificant as a menace to the deliberately casual and designedly miscellaneous; and that, like other abstractions, it has no concrete "norm" of operation which *could* be prescribed as a formula for introducing order and movement into the most disorderly and dead-locked of chaotic cases. It does indeed wherever manifest preach by example. But it has neither a system nor a method involving conformity to any particular programme, and the sceptical practitioner born again in its spirit would probably feel possessed of a new instrument of expression instead of fettered with old chains—with results in time not displeasing to the most unconventional.

For the effect of the spirit of style in a work of art is precisely to add wings to it. The effect of following any objective ideal is

elevation. Uplift means first of all getting out of one's self. It appeals in this way to the imagination as adventure does. But it also involves what adventure does not, definite aspiration rather than vague enthusiasm. And this aspiration to achieve rather than to experience, to reach a goal rather than to explore the unknown, to attain the normal rather than invent the novel, springs from perceiving the existence in the ideal sphere of a quality for which we have no other word so apt as perfection. Perfection in any work of art implies correspondence with the standard set by its ideal. It is accordingly something external and universal, something which one may more rationally swear allegiance to than set out to subvert. Compared with the expression of restive personal feeling, revolutionary enthusiasm, the satisfaction of natural impulse—to all of which original conception owes so much—the pursuit of perfection in technical execution is artificial, or at least, unlike the "profuse strains" of the sky-lark's "art", premeditated. It involves the discipline and restraint, as well as guidance and instruction, necessary to secure conformity to the *laws* of perfection. Artistic aspiration, indeed, is rather for law than for fact. It seeks a secret of which it has preliminarily felt the need and perceived the operation and which it would make its own—the secret of grouping, governing and directing such experiences and imaginings as it has already had, in such a way as to endue them with the coherence of character.

This secret is in fact the secret of creative art. Through its possession the creative artist creates—his *own* character to begin with. Some ideal connected with duty, decorum, ambition, or at any rate consistency, welds his impulses and hesitations, his tendencies and inhibitions into an individuality that counts for itself apart from the sum of these. By giving rein to the natural impulse a certain character may be acquired, a certain course run, but we may be sure that without a certain constraint converging the vagrom variations of natural impulse toward the accent and emphasis of a unified entity—intimations of which are recognizable all along the chain of the acts and words that compose it—not even such distinction as that of Alcibiades or Alva can be attained, to say nothing of exemplary examples. As Arnold, in one of his most funda-

mental essays, cites Cicero as saying, man alone of created beings has an impulse to establish some other law to control the law of his nature, and this impulse to exteriorize our effort in accord with some ideal that we feel to be universal—the *lingua franca* of elevated endeavor—and constraining us on the hither side of impertinent self-assertion, may quite justifiably be called the artistic as distinguished from the natural impulse. It is unlikely that in the sphere of æsthetics either abstract or technical—where I have heard a new moulding has long been sought in vain—the most enthusiastic innovator will invent many additions to the known laws of perfection. But if his curiosity can be aroused he may perhaps discover those already ascertained and hitherto held in honor; and he may perhaps end by feeling their force. And in all activity that is at all sustained the influence which chiefly imposes upon the operation of the artistic impulse the direction and guidance of the laws of perfection, to the end of abiding interest and authority, is the spirit that unifies it in harmony and vivifies it in rhythm—the spirit of style. "The bust outlasts the throne, the coin, Tiberius" in virtue of their art, but their art survives in virtue of its style. The (Capitoline) bust of Julian, the coin of Justinian, survive as curios.

Under the influence of style the mechanism of rhetoric, the picture's lines and masses, the sculptor's planes and profiles, the architect's thrusts and supports, *pleins et vides*, function organically and the interrelations of parts count as structural members of the larger whole. And while engaged in transaction of this quality, and especially of this difficulty, though sustained by his sense of the beauty of the result if successful, the artist's concentration upon his task of realizing his ideal is likely to monopolize his attention—at any rate to the exclusion of egoistic impulse. I remember a remark of Quincy Ward's that has always seemed to me particularly illuminating. We were speaking of purpose in art. "If it's a work of any importance," said Ward, "I fancy the artist is fully occupied in trying to pull it off." Truly. And the artist thus absorbed is—ultimate purpose already formed and elementary difficulties overcome—in proportion to his own seriousness occupied with the style of his work, its order and movement, its unity in

variety, its stream of harmonious but accented continuity, its totality of effect. He is absorbed, I should imagine, in feeling and executing this complicated but fascinating task in a kind of controlled excitement and directed purpose, endeavoring to embody his ideal of how the subject should be treated as well as in love with the subject itself. Indeed, his treatment is part of the subject, and as art has been called the interpenetration of the object with its ideal, style may be taken as that of the treatment with *its* ideal, with which also he is in love. In the widest sense, thus, style would be the art of technic, that element of technical expression which makes an art of what otherwise is at best but skill.

It is particularly salient in sculpture, in which style is often as clearly marked as a style in architecture. Often indeed, sculpture succeeds so well in expressing its defining idiosyncrasy, in being sculpture, that it is nothing else; so well, that is, that its style is the first and last thing about it. Bartholomé's beautiful tomb at Père Lachaise is universally admired, yet Boutet de Monvel, praising it to me once, remarked, "It's not sculpture, but it's art." He meant perhaps that it was too personal for so abstract an art. Its style is in some degree subverted to the personal expression which is indeed poignant enough to justify its excursus from the prescription of its own canons. On the other hand, a great decorative genius like Jean Goujon expresses himself chiefly, perhaps, in elements of surface and contour, design and pattern, conceived as factors of pure style. The material of sculpture is so uncompromisingly, so defiantly, concrete that its art becomes correspondingly abstract. The perfect union of the two elements prevailing in the Periclean epoch has been difficult to recapture. Personal expression in it often gets little farther than the style thus imposed by the art itself. The academic sculpture of France is condemned for this reason by a vigorous personality like Rodin, but it is in its own way delightful in consequence of its possession of this delightful æsthetic element. Chapu and Dubois get successfully far away from the palpability of their material into a region where what counts most is the generalized effect of style. "*Faut voir le profil*" is, I believe, the constantly reiterated injunction of the sculptor-

instructors at the Beaux-Arts, and certainly no one could succeed in sculpture who did not constantly bear the outline in mind. This unremitting checking of the detail by the contour secures its correspondence to the *ensemble*, secures style, in a word. Any undue individual accent thus appears as a jar, and the whole composition is modelled by the details functioning as forces of which the whole is the actual resultant as well as ideally the origin. Nothing, accordingly, can be a better demonstration of the value as well as the character of style than any merely competent example of this highly abstract yet concretely tactile art. Everyone realizes that to call anything sculptural is to credit it with style.

But the same is true of all the visual arts. Reflection would supply endless instances which in illustrating common principles perform for these the service of a diagram in a demonstration. In Raphael's Saint Cecilia, a signal as well as a superb example of style, it has been remarked by a romantic critic that the figures "pose well". They do. If they did not the large canvas they fill would lose its style. They are few in number and stand absorbed in listening to the celestial choiring above them, an act which is only suggested action and which relaxing their pose would stultify. The movement is concentrated and, as in general with Raphael—always, in the sense of exemplifying the genius of style—spiritualized. The same is true of his miniature Vision of Ezekiel in which though the interrelation of the figures is tranquil, the whole remarkable group is in animated action. Almost everything of Fra Bartolommeo, whose sense of style may very well have quickened Raphael's undoubtedly congenital endowment, has the same kind of effect —the effect of presenting to the beholder the idea of style as well as the subject of the picture. The beautiful Visitation of his friend Albertinelli has it, too, in a distinguished degree. So, too, does Andrea del Sarto's masterpiece, the Madonna del Sacco, with an even greater simplification, the movement being so blandly pictorial as to secure an exquisite equilibrium unmarked by either stasis or emphasis of direction. In Donatello's Judith, a composition in which his art most clearly sublimates his material and expresses his idea with a stiff singleness austerely detached from any but purely artistic feeling for the tragic sub-

ject, movement is suggested still more strongly by arrested action. Such works are supreme examples of style, not only because of their abstract order and movement but because their order and movement are the means through which in a supreme degree the genius of style vivifies their concrete representation. In all the larger elements there is a sense — not indeed an image — of the whole, and as it were a consciousness of subserving the general effect rather more than of displaying individual qualities; beside the explicitness of the *ensemble* its elements seem almost incidental.

Less illustrious and more general illustrations are as exact. A play of any length without the larger relations of acts would merely assemble successive detail. The architect who conceives design as pattern, or his art as decorated planning, is lost—an articled apprentice to the prince of this world. A picture without mass values would (if well done) count ocularly as a Persian rug; the more detail, the greater the miscellaneity calling for simplification into organic relation. The composer who, like Debussy, composes relations only, without letting us miss the missing parts, achieves pure style if not "absolute music". The Claude Lorraine mirror puts style into the landscape, the kaleidoscope puts it into a few bits of glass. It is the genius of style that transmutes life into art. Madame Sans Gêne must rather conspicuously have lacked it, but it is as certain that Madame Réjane did not. Formality has indubitably more than freedom, the pictorial more than the picturesque, the race horse more than the runaway, the piston more than the flail, the flight of the swallow more than the flutter of the fledgling. It is what keeps artistic forces in play or in poise, but always free of stagnation. "As you were" subtracts style from the activity of drill. A masterpiece mutilated has plainly lost its perfection, but as plainly, though not, of course, as fully, preserves its style. A note struck on the piano is style-less; the pedal supplies style; the chord still more. It is the sense of style that stiffens the soldier under the drill-sergeant's command: "Attention!"; that makes a walk a march; that attends the change from the trot to the canter. And inevitably it exacts tension, whatever the suavity of the effect. The actor representing relaxation itself may not aimlessly slouch or sprawl.

The tension of style—or what the French call *tenue*—is needed to make emotion count—that is, for anyone but the actor, writer, orator, singer himself. If the artist does it all, none gets to the audience save as spectacle. Appreciative perception in the house cannot participate with uncontrolled susceptibility on the stage, and must merely absorb its display like blotting-paper. When the true artist feels anything so fundamentally and persistently as, thinking of it and not of himself, to regard it impersonally instead of egoistically, he tends to poetize it, to express it with a detached sense of form consonant with its dignity. Depth of feeling, purified of transitory intensities, finds style, thus, a natural reliance for elevated expression. In the preface to his *Last Poems*, Mr. Housman speaks of the "continuous excitement" under which most of his early ones were written. The words happily describe one of the conditions under which works eminent for their style, like Mr. Housman's poems, have in general been successfully composed. No depth of feeling can be too great for the pertinence of this condition to a work of art. In *In Memoriam*, for instance, the grief of bereavement, half assuaged, is transmuted into the prolonged excitement of endeavoring adequately to express it in consonance with its dignity of origin and its depth. This is the normal process in elegy. The mind at first overborne, struggles out of its paralysis into effusion, but effusion too exalted for purely personal expression, which would, however sincere, be too incoherent for communication or even for relief. Therefore it seeks almost automatically the objective constraints of style. The elegist must "know himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme". Nothing melts us like nobility of thought caught up into style. Nobility stirs us more exquisitely than exquisiteness. Imagination, however sympathetic, warms us but superficially compared with the high disinterestedness of personal detachment exhibited in impersonal exaltation. This moves us like music that strings the sensibility taut and affirms its capacity for forgetfulness of self. Style, in fine, has a play of interrelations and a sustained rhythm when in combination with adequate substance that stanch the personal preoccupation of self-pity and stimulate the generous fervor of self-abandonment to the ideal. Exaltation, indeed, is so different

from, as to be practically the converse of, the currently so much admired ecstasy, which Mr. Arthur Machen would make the characterizing trait of great, as distinguished from merely interesting, literature—the ecstatic Dickens in this way outshining the photographic Thackeray. Curious conclusion for a stylist, even an ecstatic one.

The sense, less sensitive with us than the sensibility, nevertheless readily responds to pain or pleasure, as the case may be, produced by the various phenomena belonging in the domain of style. The staccato note and the drawl, born one of impulse and the other of vacuity, are equally displeasing as equally without style. Monotony is its negation, lacking the interactions of which it is the emphasis. There is no emphasis so complete, so conclusive, so effective, as the synthesis that style involves. The periodic sentence has inevitably and obviously an effect of style which the loose sentence lacks. Perhaps that is the reason it has so generally disappeared. The German prose sentence, being invariably periodic—with its rigidly pre-established sequence of "subject, first part of the predicate, object, adverb (time, place, action) second part of the predicate"—has the totality of style, but a style reduced to routine, the prolonged and regular iteration of which a caricaturist might almost recover in the Prussian goose-step. Both illustrate style as petrified by system. German poetry is so much another affair than German prose largely because its style is not mechanical. A style may certainly be marked without being marked by style—a truth haply concealed from the wise and prudent but notoriously revealed to tailors, who simply would not stand for qualities often tolerated in letters and art. I remember an experience related with much gusto by an eminent New Yorker of past days who in London on some occasion presented the obligatory letter of introduction to the still more eminent and obligatory Poole. Poole looked at his coat with great contempt, and threw it aside with contumely. "What's the matter with it?" asked Marbury. "No life in it," returned the artist who knew style-less style when he saw it. Perhaps style may be considered as vivification. At least in any work where it is altogether lacking the lifelessness of the work acquires additional relief.

In thus quickening the composition, the spirit of style operates through a fusion of order and movement so intimate that separating the two strands often eludes quantitative analysis. It does not matter, if we recognize them in combination converged upon their work of vitalizing the parts by permeating them with a sense of the whole, and thus giving everywhere the feeling of completeness, of forces in the repose of equipoise in contrast to stagnation or even stasis. The element of order is most apparent wherever the order is most conspicuously organic. In Lemaitre's characterization of Maupassant, for instance, as: "Author well-nigh irreproachable, in a kind of writing that is not," the last words endue the sentence with style as it were under our eyes, recalling without repeating the first ones and thus making a complete organic whole of interdependent parts with a happy economy of means. Lemaitre is notably happy in this way, establishing his relations not only in epigram but in sustained composition, and giving them a certain inevitability which minimizes them as transitions. It is true, however, that mass counts more largely than line, juxtaposition than interweaving. Articulations have at least more energy than obscure transitions. Lemaitre quarrels with those of Brunetière who, he says, is as careful to make his transitions plain as others are to disguise them. No doubt to so fluid a writer as Lemaitre, Brunetière's seem to dislocate the style. And if Brunetière had possessed the native grace and charm of his critic, whose style achieves its effect through curves and waves, one may say, rather than through the fretted chain of closer-woven logic, he might no doubt have marked his transitions less emphatically. Yet one can but feel that Lemaitre had something to learn from the sharpnesses of his less romantic contemporary, though if the detail of his thought had greater definition we should perhaps, having perceived more quickly and remembering more distinctly, not re-read him as often—whereby we should be the losers in the end. The same remark may be made of Sainte-Beuve's celebrated "sinuosity", also so plain and so attractive a feature of his style as to replace greater organic accent of which I for one, I confess, should be glad, occasionally, none the less. And in any case, imperceptible, the value of transitions as an element of style is sacrificed unless

such personal force and charm as Lemaitre's or such play of illumination as Sainte-Beuve's replace them. Obviously they emphasize the strand of order, rendering it more clearly organic.

At the same time organic order blends insensibly into movement under the influence of the spirit of style which of mere concatenation makes a current. Doubtless order is nature's and art's as well as Heaven's first law. It is certainly a first necessity in composition. As the English judge observed, pointing out its desirability to confused counsel presenting a case chaotically, "Any kind will do; take the alphabetical if you like". Yet order without movement is hardly conceivable in style of any moment, and indeed it is only when movement supervenes and rhythm undulates through harmony that its character as style becomes clear. Movement discloses the growth instead of merely marking the phases of a composition, defines the directing line of development and emphasizes the unity of the grand construction in lieu of lingering over purely decorative tags and tinsel. Rhythm has not only the intrinsic value of quasi-musical quality, as organic order has that of completeness, of perfection. It is also compositional, and the interplay of its elements may very well express mere equilibrium and none the less have the value of continuity within the composition, already organically disposed. And this sense of continuity resident in rhythm is rhythm's chief stylistic contribution. It prolongs the mood, colors it with repose, security and permanence, and guarantees it against the shock of discord and distortion, against uneasiness and uncertainty.

Poe's poetry, for instance, as also his important prose, is saturated with the sense of continuity, and his philosophy of brevity was doubtless due to the difficulty of sustaining indefinitely the tone he made so pervasive and the mood he made so intense. Mrs. Bacon's Sons of Sleep, beginning with nature and rising through man to "the great and tireless Heart of all", prolonging the vibration of a single string with stanzaic nodes, is a remarkable piece of sustained symmetry and significance as well—a veritable passport to Parnassus, which alas! she visits with unaccountable infrequency. The more miscellaneous the illustrations one instances, the more illustrative: a child practising on the piano and, on making an error, beginning over again *da capo*, betrays

a vague feeling for style by clinging to continuity. It is the sense of continuity that prolongs the skater's glide, the dancer's swing, that tempts the tyro to sway in singing, that leads the orator to eke out his words with flowing gesture, that makes everyone in citing the last clause of the Gettysburg address stress senselessly the "of" in "of the people", that made Lincoln himself "loath to close" the First Inaugural without the moving sweep of style that ends it, that makes the clinging endings of Beethoven so noteworthy that Mr. Henderson devotes a lecture to them.

Suggested as well as actual context furnishes continuity and is in itself an increment of style. And though in this way the sense is extended beyond the limits of such units as the phrase, the paragraph and the page, indeed beyond the limits of the entire composition, it is hardly fanciful, I think, to ascribe to this sense of continuity—more or less in subconsciousness, at least, if not explicitly realized—the phenomena of style that are due to association and even to what we know as atmosphere. Both association and atmosphere continue the rhythm into the mental confines of a reader sensitive to such reverberations. Both deeply affect also, if at times they do not originate, the mood, which is such a powerful adjunct of art in producing its effect. Atmosphere anticipates as association recalls. In Musset's comedies the atmosphere is heralded at the outset and to an extent that unifies and even inspires, yet is as independent as an envelope of, the subsequent detail—which appears almost as the result rather than the reason of the atmosphere. The first scene of *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* establishes the tone of the piece as the twang of the tuning-fork the pitch of the song.

Brevity is no bar to style. The words, "Said Abner": coming at the outset of Browning's *Saul*, a piece of style if there ever was one, share by anticipation the vibrations they set going by their position and inversion. The style of sentences like "Jesus wept", "Felix trembled", Keats's "Cold pastoral", Arnold's (of Keats) "He is; he is with Shakespeare", relies, of course, on the continuity of the immediate context, but it also derives from the echo which, after the physical effect has ceased, its reverberations awake in the reader's associated memories. Through association and atmosphere, even single words sustain thought and prolong

feeling, and are thus factors of style. After John Bright, during the Crimean War, had profoundly stirred the Commons by declaring that the Angel of Death hovered over them, and they had only to listen to hear the beating of his wings, an opponent observed: "If you had said 'flapping' we should have laughed." Ruskin's "writhed columns" cheat the romantic till Mr. Beerbohm's "twisted pillars" make their meretriciousness manifest. The growing substitution of "me" for "I" in the predicate after the verb "to be" is a trifle that betrays the modern leaning toward the prosaic. Prose becoming pedestrian naturally lays aside the stilts of style. Perhaps French, the prose tongue *par excellence*, for this reason is the only tongue whose grammar imposes this usage. "I", of course, connoting the originator and "me" the object, the former possesses the greater dignity. "It is me, be not afraid", would out-do the Revised Version in taking the style out of the Authorized, and color the text with Arianism at once. The rubric followed by his tribe in their most solemn religious service, as described by Friday's father to Robinson Crusoe, which consisted in the ascent of a high mountain and the exclamation, "Oh!", connotes an entire chapter on ceremonial style, and certainly is false local color for savagery.

Coleridge's reference, regarding Dante—perhaps the artist of all others supreme in style—to "that soul of universal significance in a true poet's composition in addition to the specific meaning" notes another extension of association through which overtones become audible. The strain in which they, too, blend, thus reinforced with the suggestion of a greater whole, unifies the specific statements of the text as parts, phases, states and stages of a new and larger completeness. This phenomenon is probably felt oftener than it is analyzed, but there can be few reflective observers who have not noted, as determining factors of their aesthetic judgments in any of the seven arts, their impressions as to the power and quality of the author of any specific work gained from what the work itself has adumbrated rather than directly disclosed. And these impressions are cardinal. "I am so constituted," says Sainte-Beuve, "that the intellectual form and the character of their authors preoccupies me more than the aim of the works themselves"—searching declaration of the first

of literary critics, however simple the formula may seem, and one that puts its finger on the most intimate and indispensable and at the same time far reaching and therefore most richly rewarding interest among the many that solicit the scrutiny of the student, not to say the spectator, of the drama staged upon the æsthetic scene. What else could the artist do, what else is he? one asks in the presence of the work itself.

His attitude toward style certainly in part provides the answer. Nothing else indicates so plainly the elevation of the ideal and *impersonal* aim and inspiration, as nothing else shows so fully whether or no the artist's material is under his control. Too much may undoubtedly be made of style, too disproportionate homage paid to it. Divorced from the pressure of substance it betrays that insipid effect of pedantry parading as power which stamps the mind behind the work as mediocre. As Rodin once exclaimed, "At the Institute they have formulas for sentiments". Style sterilized, however, is still style and exposes the weakness of its associated substance rather than its own. Without it some of the French *universitaires*, counting for nothing else, would not count at all. To make too little of it, at all events, to neglect and decry it, as clearly involves that lack of development in virtue of which the artist rises out of his own temperamental impulses far enough to measure these impulses by, and permeate them with, those universal and ultimate forces which have inspired and informed the outstanding historic achievements consecrated as exemplars of expression by the common consciousness of mankind.

W. C. Brownell.

BOLINGBROKE OF BARDS

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

It is venturesome but not impossible to point out that contemporary American poetry manifests itself in certain well-defined trends. But when any precise limitations and enumerations of these trends or group-movements is undertaken, the critic is apt to find himself beset on all sides by arguments either wholly or partially nullifying whatever he has asserted. Either he has left out one or half a dozen groups or badly classified poets. The truth is that most groups overlap and that all poets partake of certain common characteristics. It would not be difficult, for instance, to find certain urges in common between Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Ezra Pound, although as totalities these two writers are actually antagonistic in their dissimilarities. The rash critic will paste his labels indifferently and rest satisfied with an approximation. But one more canny knows that all poets are individualities, and that groups are but fluctuating phenomena at best. However, it is less rash than venturesome to note that certain American writers, possibly because of their freedom from conservative verse-forms and commas, have been classified as the Left Wing. Such a Bolshevistic dismissal (and, for the most part, the term is used as a dismissal) may convey much or little according to one's predilections.

Now there has always been a Left Wing in poetry in spite of the fact that heretofore it has rarely manifested itself by manhandling the established rhythmical forms. Shelley belonged to the Left Wing of his day; Swinburne was an *enfant terrible* when our grandmothers wore bustles; only yesterday Edwin Arlington Robinson was a radical. So fast does time travel and so quickly do modes shift that it is possible to assert that the radicals of today are the conservatives of tomorrow. It is quite reasonable to imagine that twenty years from now younger men than we are will be referring to our bristling (with temperament, not

whiskers) Left Wing with a sort of contemptuous tolerance, dubbing Mr. Ezra Pound a poky old fellow and wittily twitting Mr. T. S. Eliot on his senility. There is no reason to feel alarmed about this. It is a way that Art has.

Art, like life, refuses to stand still, but as there has been brave and astonishing life in the past, so has there been brave and astonishing art. To be young always one must run swiftly by the side of Time. How many poets reach a certain maturity and then, remaining at that point, repeat themselves again and again? What is there to be found in all of Swinburne that is not to be found in essence in the first *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs Before Sunrise?* There is a danger, of course, in striving to run too consistently with the advance-guard, for actually a poet possesses no more than one youth, and the ardor of the race is apt to dissipate it in little ways, ways that are immeasurably important to the era but which sink to no lasting foundation. It is this danger that continually threatens Mr. Ezra Pound. His amazing vitality is almost wholly consumed in the speed of his progress. For more than a decade he has sped before his compatriots, eagerly grasping at potentialities, lifting a prophetic voice, urging, cajoling, hacking at obstacles, weighing and measuring extreme experimentations, flinging open new vistas only to rush off to still more nascent objectives. He has built up movements and then destroyed them with newer movements. He has been called a Bolingbroke of bards, a Kingmaker among poets; his accolade has established more than one figure. He is the hierarch of the Left Wing.

So much may be stated as generalization. To be more specific, one must divide the activities of Pound into various categories. There should be especial interest and instruction in this, for Pound is a microcosm of this restless and experimenting era which is striving so furiously toward the ultimate goals of complete self-expression. He has dominated it from the very beginning, for his first book, *A Lume Spento*, appeared as long ago as 1908. He was an anarch among conservative forms before the Jazz Age cut its teeth. Men knew of him in that almost forgotten and misty period before the Great War. Both *Personæ* and *Exultations* appeared in 1909. So old is Pound!

Any succinct analysis of contemporary American letters cannot escape an emphasis on theory. All of the younger men are theorizers, and they are continually putting their theories into practice by means of experimentations of varying value. Pound is, of course, a notable leader in theory. Yet if we search his work for a rounded exposition of his æsthetic, we shall not find it. Occasionally he admits a clew, as in the following sentences from *The Spirit of Romance.*

> Poetry is a sort of inspired mathematics, which gives us equations, not for abstract figures, triangles, spheres and the like, but equations for the human emotions. If one have a mind which inclines to magic rather than science, one will prefer to speak of these equations as spells or incantations; it sounds more arcane, mysterious, recondite.

But this really does not get very far. One must go to Pound's own poetry to find the most satisfying exposition of his theories. And even there they are jumbled, inchoate, revolving back in upon themselves with distinct antagonisms. The truth is that the nimble brain of Pound will not hold a conviction long enough to solidify it into a standard or a tradition. Like most of the younger Americans, he possesses a terrific fear of tradition of any sort. Convictions are prisons so far as he is concerned, and it is quite possible that his only conviction is to have no convictions. That is one reason why he flits from movement to movement, why one year he is an Imagist and the next a Vorticist. An intense cerebral curiosity possesses him and, courageously enough, he is willing to put his reputation to the test time and again in tentative and unstable ventures. An instinctive and rare intuition for literary values preserves him from self-demolition, just as a keen irony and intimated humor lift his undoubted pose from charlatanism. The personality of Pound is defiant, and he deliberately adjusts this personality to attitudes that in a weaker individuality would posit an inferiority complex. However, he attains a necessary completeness from this surface-expression of dynamics. He achieves himself through the emphatic reiteration of his unity and independence. Engulfed by European cultures, he draws their tattered days about him and makes a Joseph's coat of many colors from it, but the cut is peculiar to him and the American is recognizable in it. I

think it is arguable as to whether he stands more distinct as a poet or a personality.

His poetry, when we turn to it, appears to be a continual series of divagations. Influences and frank appropriations and something that is peculiarly Pound are discoverable. But all of these apparently contradictory elements fuse into an integral personage. Whether one is reading the translations from the Provençal poets, from Guido Cavalcanti, from the Chinese, or efforts more individualistic such as the early lyrics and the later satiric poems and the still later inexplicable *Cantos*, the reader is always tremendously aware of Ezra Pound himself, of his deft and disquieting mind and his sudden-flaring streak of sheer poetry. In spite of his obvious indebtedness to other writers (the reader of his early work will note both Yeats and Browning as models), he never quite loses that peculiarly robust suggestion that emanates from his own mind alone. A virility that never rings hollow is contained in his work from beginning to end, and this virility which would, in most other writers, smash disciplined restraint to pieces, does nothing of the sort in Pound's work. His curiosity swings him in a wide arc from intricate Provençal verse-forms to the elliptical allusions in the *Cantos;* nevertheless it is practically impossible to place one's finger on any particular diffusiveness in this bulk of work. The unity of a personality assembles it into a whole. One must, of course, allow for growth in this personality, for the gradual evolution of intellect into maturity. With this in mind Pound's progress is consistent enough. The history of poetry shows us that nearly all writers pass through a lyric stage that inevitably deepens into a more cerebral comprehension of values. This has happened to Pound, but unlike most of the older poets he has not rested satisfied with the technical devices of his youth. Together with his steadily maturing mind has travelled a meticulous adjustment of technical media to the mood of the moment. Indeed, the entire history of his verse is an explanation of the adaptation of technic to the mood.

Certain high points mark the progress of Pound as a poet. He has left many good things behind him, more, perhaps, than the average reader realizes, and, although personal choice can be

no more than the expression of an impertinent Ego, it may be slightly instructive to note a few of these poems. *Provença* is the American volume that contains selected pieces from *Personæ* and *Exultations*, and much may be found in it of authentic poetic merit. *La Fraisne*, so suggestive of William Butler Yeats, opens the volume, and it is assuredly a revealing introduction to a poet whose last book of verse ends with the *Seventh Canto*. There is beauty and passion in *Provença*, a reasonableness in form and language, and a praiseworthy achievement in such efforts as *Ballad for Gloom*, *An Idyl for Glaucus*, *Night Litany*, *Ballad of the Goodly Fere*, *Laudantes*, *Planh*, and *Canzon: Of Incense*. The *Ballad of the Goodly Fere* may be set down as typical of the earlier Pound:

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE

Simon Zelotes Speaketh it Somewhat After The Crucifixion

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows tree?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man
His smile was good to see,
"First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears,
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
They are fools to the last degree.
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Though I go to the gallows tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,
And wake the dead," says he,
"Ye shall see one thing to master all:
'Tis how a brave man died on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
And the blood gushed hot and free,
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Galilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' twey words spoke' suddently.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
A mate of the wind and sea,
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

There are more reasons than one for offering this *Ballad of the Goodly Fere* as evidence of Pound's talent. As has already been

intimated, it shows the earlier poet, his clean-cut aptitude for phrase and the unquestioned virility of the imagination. Besides this it is peculiarly apposite as an illustration of certain threads of Pound's talent which have remained unbroken and which are as strong in his later work as they were in his earlier endeavors. First of all, there is that inclination for a slightly archaic language, a language removed from clichés but also removed from the casual tongue. In the Provençal poems and in the later Chinese translations it is present, although less noticeable. Pound's poetry is nearly always conscious poetry, his phrases are the phrases of a literary man who employs book-magic to reveal the magic of life. We are apt to dismiss him as a derivative poet because of this, and no worse mistake could be made so far as the personality of Pound is concerned. His work, of course, is derivative in so far as it is the conscious moulding of old motifs, but beneath his art it suffers a sea-change into something new and bizarre. The beautiful Chinese translations in *Cathay* are an instance. When we read the following excerpt from *The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter*, we are immediately aware of the creation of an astonishing simplicity through a deliberate adjustment of words:

> At sixteen you departed,
> You went into far Ku-to-Yen, by the river of swirling eddies,
> And you have been gone five months.
> The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
> You dragged your feet when you went out.
> By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
> Too deep to clear them away!
> The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
> The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
> Over the grass in the West garden;
> They hurt me.
> I grow older.
> If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
> Please let me know beforehand,
> And I will come out to meet you
> As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

The original Chinese thought is said to be here still, but it is impossible not to believe that the magic of these lines is wholly

due to Pound himself. He has recreated an old mood in a new *milieu*. Such a line as "The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead" is sheer inspiration.

Returning to the *Ballad of the Goodly Fere* and its intimations of consistently apparent threads of Pound's talent, we find another in the aspect of trenchant abruptness. Pound can circumscribe an emotion beautifully, but he is deathly afraid of sentimentalism in any form. Because of this we find a swinging vigor in passages that could be sentimentalized as in the *Ballad*, or a rare and disarming reticence as in the Chinese poem, or an elliptical indication—almost a poetical shorthand—as in the *Cantos*. He starts back from sentimentalism or sweetness or the poetically poetical. Indeed, his one objective nearly always is to plant a mood in his reader by indicating through sound and the nuances of words the mood through which he, himself, has passed. It is, I believe, his fear of sentimentalism that swings him so readily toward the satiric in verse, and this satiric element is a rapid growth of the last ten years almost coincident with the intense desire of the so-called Left Wing to absolve themselves of any sentimental tendencies. Perhaps the two most important aspects of the mature Pound are his satire and his ability to fashion the flashing phrase which indicates so much more than it actually states. This latter work has troubled some of Pound's well-wishers, and it is with frequency that we hear them bewailing the fact that the poet has eschewed his earlier mannerisms, that his delicacy has departed, that he has become incomprehensible. They do not understand that Pound has grown mature, that he has passed his lyrical period, that he is now in the very midst of that cerebralism to which all of his earlier work pointed both in tendencies and background. Being in the midst of literary warfares and constantly assuming the armor of the embattled *litterateur*, he is bound to be a militant figure. This militancy is as much a part of his expression as his poetry is, and because of this no adequate consideration of Pound may be made without taking into account this intellectual courage. Chronologically speaking, this militancy begins to engulf his work in *Lustra*. In the *Tenzone* which opens that volume he declares:

Will people accept them?
(*i.e.* these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
(or a centurion),
Already they flee, howling in terror.

Will they be touched with the verisimilitudes?
Their virgin stupidity is untemptible.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses

Have heard the echo of my heels,
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

There is ego here. Pound has always been an egoist, but it has been tempered by a sort of mordant humor which has permitted him to smile at himself. It is this mordant humor that vitalizes his satiric poems, lifting them above the category of mere squibs. Then, too, there is a rare delicacy, obviously the result of a sheerly poetic urge that awakens a far-off tenderness in the writer.

Criticism of the satiric pieces has been constant, for the average reader of Pound does not understand that these ironic notations of stupidities, back-broken shibboleths, and mouldly traditions are an essential portion of the temperament that could write the marvelous *Near Perigord*. An intense thirst for beauty is at the back of the epigrams as well as behind *Ortus*, *Dance Figure* and *A Girl*. The attitude is the same, although the attack differs. Always we find this circumscribing of a mood with no obeisances for anything that has ever gone before either in the poet's own work or in the work of other writers. And if readers would understand that the *Cantos* (printed in *Lustra*, *Poems 1918–21*, *The Criterion* and *The Transatlantic Review* and all portions of a huge edifice that it will take years to finish) are to be read merely (for the present at least) as recapitulations of moods, broken renderings of a cultured mind that is emptying its catch, "shiny and silvery as fresh sardines flapping and slipping on the marginal cobbles," they would not be so mystified by

the seeming inconsequentialities. Of course, there is no rhyme or reason to the *Cantos*. Approximating the *Sordello* method with its crabbed succinctness of rich reference Pound is striving to draw a picture of his own mind, a mind filled to overflowing with the barbaric odds and ends of a dozen cultures.

So much scattered comment would seem to call for a paragraph summing up Pound's qualities as a poet, but so inextricably are these qualities intertwined with his prose (although, of course, with a far different purpose and result) that it may be wise to note briefly that large bulk of matter, translation, parody, propaganda, explanation, argumentative coercion, that stands subsidiary to his poetry and is yet an integral part of his personality. Much of this prose is a matter of haste, although in such calculated endeavors as *The Spirit of Romance* and the translations of the dialogues of Fontenelle there is rhythm and beauty. Pound, when he so desires, can master prose in the most distinguished fashion, but for the most part his essays suggest a rapid flinging off of thought without especial discipline or revision. He has something to say; he desires to say it trenchantly and immediately; therefore he flings his sentences upon paper. Because this seems to be so, much of his prose is in the order of an improvisation, a conversation that rises and falls with the intellectual aspect of the minute. And as in conversation, much of it is exposition, the presentation of attitudes, stout defences—how many young poets has Pound fought for with a blithe, strenuous generosity!—and colloquial argumentations.

To gaze back over the varied experimentation of Pound's career is to note something new and valuable in American letters. It is also to note a born poet who has partially destroyed himself for the nonce by a too eager inquisitiveness, an uncautious but laudable delight in divagations to right and left, backward and forward. But this misconception of him that befogs the minds of his observers so that his true values remain hidden is too artificial to last. When a man has written poetry as good as the best of Pound, it is impossible to dismiss him, however much the conservative mind may so desire. It is there now and poetry-lovers will be sure to find it. Its qualities are individual and they are compact of color, brilliant and flashing phrasing, and

the subtle marriage of mood and manner. These things, I should say, are its distinguishing characteristics. There is always the creation of an atmosphere, always the melody of phrasing, always the quick ear for the shy felicities of beautiful words, always the varying of form to suit the emotional content. His later work, as manifested by the *Cantos*, is full of splendid and arresting images, beautiful translations such as the passage about Odysseus in Hades from the *Third Canto*, and piercing philosophical interrogations. I do not mean to imply that Pound is a philosopher, for he is nothing of the sort. His moods and facets shift too rapidly for any such ordered estimation of life. But he is an æsthete, and as such the philosophy of existence is subject-matter for approach and questioning.

His influence over many of the poets of the so-called Left Wing is manifest, and now that a still younger group (may they be called the Left Side of the Left Wing?) is springing into an unassisted impertinency and dismissing him as an oldster, it is time to admit that he was at the head of the procession before the procession was actually formed. He deserves his place at the head of this group for many reasons, but they may all be summed up in his personality. That unresting, charming, and perplexing phenomenon induced many astonishing trifles in versification, art approach, and attitude toward letters. It is, on the whole, a beneficial influence, although it has its dangers. For one thing it is so absolutely itself as to dominate weaker natures and therefore produce imitators. Pound should not be imitated. Indeed, I am sure that he would not want to be imitated. If he found himself a source of serious mimicry, I am sure that he would immediately change his style. He will never be part of any coördinated movement, because he desires too strenuously to be nothing but Ezra Pound. What he should be imitated in is his freedom from the shackles of outworn tradition and prejudice and his resolution to be himself and to profit by himself. He knows that standards are relative, and his artistic existence is a zealous application of this knowledge.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

A MODERN SYMPHONIST

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Bernard Shaw, in an unwonted access of patriotic indignation, unburdened himself of various sombre reflections concerning the neglect of contemporary British music. He wondered "how many people are aware of the fact that the British Isles can put into the field about forty living composers of serious music?"—not counting such older and better-known men as Elgar, Bantock, Delius, etc. And he declared that British music will never have a chance "so long as we continue to be a people of low pleasures"; for it appears that the British gentleman is actually "forced to spend his boyish leisure at cricket and football before he enters an adult society in which he cannot escape hunting, shooting, bridge, and billiards, though he can go through life as a complete gentleman without hearing a Beethoven sonata in any other form than that of a disagreeable noise." One hopes that Mr. Shaw has since taken heart: for the younger school of British composers is decidedly looking up. A good deal of the most significant musical news of the day comes from London, and concerns the doings of such young lions of tonal modernism as Goossens, Holst, Ireland, Baxst, Lord Berners, Vaughan Williams, and others who are both indubitably "serious" and relatively young.

Mr. Shaw proposed, as remedies for the neglect he deplored, "more performances, more publications, and more advertisement," and these remedies are being increasingly applied. Even in Bœotian America (which, as Richard Strauss observed tactfully to an interviewer not long ago, "has no culture" and "no understanding of Europe") the younger Englishmen are being performed and advertised, and some of their published scores are to be had. It was not long ago that Mr. Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony* was introduced to this country, and the score is now available in a superb edition published under the scheme

of the United Kingdom Trust, in the Carnegie Collection of British Music.

It may be that Vaughan Williams, the leader of the contemporary British School of music-makers, has something of the expressional duality which Flaubert discerned in himself. "There are two men in me," remarked the incomparable Frenchman: "one a lyrist, a lover of the . . . haunting, the sonorous; the other desires to make the things he describes felt almost in their material nature." One is aware of a similar dualism at work in the *London Symphony*—or, rather, in Vaughan Williams's apparent attitude toward it. When the work was performed for the first time in America, at a concert of the Symphony Society of New York under the direction of Mr. Albert Coates, the audience was enlightened by a printed exposition of the composer's descriptive purposes. This was signed by Mr. Coates, and it is difficult to suppose that he spoke without authority. Yet the published score of the work contains no programme or descriptive indication whatever, beyond the brief title: *A London Symphony;* and Vaughan Williams himself has been quoted as saying that although "various sights and sounds of London may have influenced the composer, it would not be helpful to describe these. . . . Therefore, if the hearers recognize a few suggestions of such things as the Westminster Chimes, or the 'Lavender Cry,' these must be treated as accidents and not essentials of the music"—all of which involves certain dusty issues of musical psychology and æsthetics which it would be profitless, at the moment, to exhume.

Mr. Edwin Evans, the accomplished London music critic and essayist who acts as literary High Priest to the younger British school, has set the matter in what is probably its true light. The *London Symphony*, he remarks, "is the expression, not of London, but of a Londoner. Its reflective side, which is overwhelmingly predominant, owes its most beautiful moments to its detachment from all that the title might imply on its material side. That is the composer's innate fastidiousness. But the frequent references to the bustling scene in which this inner reflective life has its being are handled with a sympathy so sincere that even occasional vulgarities are touched upon with affection.

Add to that a certain diffident reserve that almost brings the flow of musical communicativeness to a premature stop, and you have the Englishman who feels deeply, but is embarrassed when he suddenly discovers that he has been showing it."

Mr. Evans was exhilarated by the thought that Vaughan Williams had, by the exhibition of these traits, disclosed "a type of personality so frequent in these islands as to be rightly considered national. It is a personality that is intellectually aristocratic—not to say fastidious—and biologically (if that word expresses any meaning) democratic. Using the word 'caste' in a purely intellectual and not social sense, it is a temperament that, without compromising caste, and, above all, without conscious condescension, can be sincerely and whole-heartedly of and with the people. Now that is a combination that I believe to be peculiarly English."

Mr. Evans believes that the breadth of canvas necessitated by the subject of the *London Symphony*, with all its thronging and kaleidoscopic evocations, and also Vaughan Williams's impatience of traditional recipes, have conditioned the scope and form of the work, with its broad spaces filled with a profusion of material, its developments rich in new incident, and its curtailment of the recapitulations—due to the assumption by modern symphonists, in Mr. Evans's view, that the modern listener is a bit fed up on the explicitness of the classic recapitulation, and is more than willing to take it for granted. Vaughan Williams, as compensation, restores his formal balance by an important *Coda* to the first movement, and by the *Coda*-like relation of the *Finale* to the work as a whole. "Much of the material is of purely incidental quality. Especially is this the case with such easily recognizable features as the Westminster Chimes, the Lavender Cry, and the frequent snatches of tunes having the jovial rhythm which, to the man of the London streets, is the quintessence of musical enjoyment."

It was recognized by most observers who listened to the first performances of the *London Symphony* in America that modern music had acquired a new masterpiece in this poetic and commodious score, with its haunting slow movement, its imaginative use of modal effects, its largeness of style, and its mastery of structure. Yet the *London Symphony* maintained its position

as Vaughan Williams's masterpiece only until he composed its successor, the *Pastoral Symphony*. Remarkable as the *London* was and is, the *Pastoral* is still more extraordinary. It has suffered from its proximity to its dramatic and vivid predecessor. Unlike Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, it has no storm music, no imitations of bird songs, none of the obviousness of appeal which has made the meditative loveliness of the best parts of Beethoven's *Pastoral* tolerable to the groundlings who, alas, constitute nine-tenths of any average symphony audience. The *Pastoral Symphony* of Vaughan Williams has none of these aids to popularity. It is all mood, all meditation, all interior loveliness and brooding. It is the English countryside reflected in the heart and spirit of a poet, and that sort of thing is never generally liked.

The *Pastoral Symphony*, the score of which is shortly to be published, has no programme, no subtitles, no motto; the manuscript score bears no opus number, and the word *Pastoral* in the title is not even supplied with quotation marks. It is, for the literary or programmatically-minded, an austerely reticent score, and yields nothing to the prying orb of the seeker after extra-musical meanings. The passionate analyst, remembering Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and its candid subtitles, finds himself, in the presence of Vaughan Williams's score, on a starvation diet, unless he chooses to be satisfied with mere music for sustenance. For, as the critic of *The London Times* observed in his comments on the work, "there is nothing in the *Pastoral Symphony* but music"—though he should perhaps have added that there is plenty of food for the fancy and the imagination to feed upon if the sensitive hearer is content, as he should be, with a profoundly poetical utterance in musical terms of the moods, the atmosphere, the spirit, evoked by the title of the work.

The composer has been quoted as saying that there is no authorized "programme" for the symphony, "though some British commentators concocted one." He preferred, he said, "to let the music suggest whatever images come to the individual mind, and he referred to a programme used in connection with his *London Symphony* as distasteful to him and fallacious in its connotations."

The salient and distinguishing feature of the music of this symphony is the extent to which its melodic and harmonic structure has been influenced by the modal character of much of the English folk-music upon which Vaughan Williams has expended prolonged study and affection. We have been warned, by Mr. J. B. Trend and others, that no "foreign musician" "will ever understand why he moves us so, until an essay is written beginning with *Bushes and Briars* and other modal folk-songs, then with Vaughan Williams's arrangements of them, down to the stuff out of which he made the *Pastoral Symphony*." It does not seem so desperate a situation as that would imply. There are said to be no actual folk-songs used in this symphony; but the influence upon its style of early English music will be felt and savored by any one who has even a bowing acquaintance with the type of folk-song represented, for example, by *Bushes and Briars*. That song, like many others of its kind, is based on the characteristic intervals familiar to us in the music of the mediæval church; and although the precise melodic outlines of the tune are not discernible in the *Pastoral Symphony*, its sweet, quaint, homespun ghost, with its aroma of the ancient English countryside—the drowsy villages, the gray, ivied stone, the slumbrous quiet of the hills and meadows—hovers behind the curtain of lovely sound woven by Vaughan Williams. This is such music as Rupert Brooke might well have dreamed of for his *Grantchester*—for its stillness and old peace,

> Great clouds along pacific skies,
> And men and women with straight eyes,
> Lithe children lovelier than a dream. . . .
> Do hares come out after the corn?
> Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
> Gentle and brown, above the pool?
> And laughs the immortal river still
> Under the mill, under the mill?

The tune of *Bushes and Briars*, "noted by R. Vaughan Williams," was published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* in 1906, in the section entitled "Songs Collected from Essex." The melody was sung to the composer by Mr. Pottipher, shepherd, at Ingrave, near Brentwood, on Dec. 4, 1903. Mr. Potti-

pher, on being asked if he could tell anything about the origin of this and others of his tunes, replied succintly: "If you can get the words, the Almighty will send you the tune." The words sung to the tune by Mr. Pottipher began thus:

> Through bushes and briars of late I took my way,
> All for to hear the small birds sing and the lambs to skip and play;
> I overheard my own true love, her voice it was so clear,
> "Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear."

Mr. Pottipher sang the same tune to *Willy on the Wagon-Train.*

The tune, as noted by Vaughan Williams, is in the Æolian mode (the 9th of the ecclesiastical modes, 5th Authentic[1]). He has spoken of the songs from which his collection was drawn as "that precious heritage of beautiful melody which is being allowed to slip through our hands through mere ignorance and apathy. . . . I could imagine a much less propitious way of spending a long winter evening than in the parlor of a country inn taking one's turn at the mug of 'four-ale' (surely the most innocuous of all beverages[2]), in the rare company of minds imbued with that fine sense which comes from advancing years and a life-long communion with nature—and with the ever-present chance of picking up some rare old ballad or an exquisitely beautiful melody."

The influence of this old modal music is felt again and again in the *Pastoral Symphony:* at the very beginning, where the first theme of the opening movement, the contemplative subject for the basses and harp under the accompanying consecutive fifths of the woodwind, is in the Mixolydian mode, to the dying song of the solo voice at the end of the symphony, which suggests the Æolian. But this idiom is merely the composer's starting-point. He adds to it other elements—a Debussyan use of double-suspensions and consecutive triads and fifths, and a modified,

[1] Vaughan Williams, remarking that many of the tunes in his collection are modal in character —Dorian, Æolian, or Mixolydian—conjectures that "the Mixolydian and Dorian tunes are more characteristic of agrarian districts, while Æolian tunes belong more to towns: but this suggestion is purely empirical and founded on very partial evidence." The first two measures of *Bushes and Briars* are similar to the opening measures of the better known tune, *Green Briars,* though the rest of the air proceeds quite differently from *Green Briars,* which in its more familiar form is in the Mixolydian mode.

[2] With apologies to Mr. Volstead; who will doubtless excuse Mr. Vaughan Williams, as the inhabitant of a land unacquainted with the blessings of civilization.

much mellowed form of the "polytonal" speech of those ultra-moderns beside whom Debussy and his clan are almost pre-classical. Yet this score is richly individual, moving and impressive in a truly personal way, so that it is not easy to think of any one else who might have written it.

There are four movements, the dominant character of which bears out the remark of the composer, that "the mood of this symphony is almost entirely quiet and contemplative." "You think you have had 'contemplation' in the first movement," remarked Herbert Howells; "and, judged by the commoner standards, you have. But what Vaughan Williams means by 'contemplative mood' you will know only when the second [the slow movement] is reached. The beginning of it suggests great distances: it seems to be an easy expression of those vaguer emotions which Fiona Macleod struggled to express in words": over muted and divided strings, sustaining a chord of F minor, a solo horn has a song in C major (with a passing A-natural, sounding cheerfully against the A-flat of the strings, carefully safeguarded in the score). "The music takes us to great heights, emphasizing stillness, remoteness." A fanfare for the trumpet is heard above soft chords of the muted strings, with a "cadenza" that reaches a high B-flat, against which the orchestra breaks in on one of the few *fortissimo* outbursts in the symphony. The mood of remoteness is recovered, a horn plays a reminiscence of the trumpet passage, and the movement ends with high sustained chords for the violins.

Of the scherzo-like third movement the composer has said that it is "of the nature of a slow dance." Mr. Howells thinks that a countryman "could come straight from his fields to it and feel it to be friendly. . . . It seems to me to come much nearer than the rest of the work to being on speaking terms with ordinary man. This is not to imply that its method or manner is more conventional, but merely that of its six or seven different themes, some there are in the first part to which the plain man will be immediately friendly." And Mr. Howells names the subject for three trumpets and trombone; the tune for the flute, accompanied by harp arpeggios and string tremolos (a theme from which the vocal solo of the last movement is in part derived);

and the Mixolydian trumpet tune which comes at the beginning of a kind of trio in quicker tempo. This trio-like section contains direct, frank, clear-cut writing—the poet is superseded for a while by the peasant. The coda is a Presto, elaborately contrapuntal; it ends quietly with a chord of the muted horns and harp harmonics.

The Finale brings us back to the predominant mood of deep quietude and poetic reverie. Some one has spoken of it as "visible silence." It is the feature of the work—one of the remarkable symphonic movements of our time: a thing saturated in the stuff of poetry, full of a kind of speechless and musing beauty, a sense of

evening hush, broken by homing wings

though it has accents of passionate feeling.

Above a pianissimo roll of the timpani, a wordless voice (soprano or tenor solo) sings in the distance—a song of tender and brooding melancholy, a song heard through a dream. The mode is indeterminate—Lydian or Æolian. As the voice dies away, the violins, muted and *pianissimo*, enter with an anticipation of the chief theme of the movement, ascending through the key of F major to a high A, while the low strings hold against them, in succession, chords of E-flat and D-flat major.

Then begins on the horns, woodwind, and harp, the chief theme of the main movement, to which succeeds an agitated episode, calmed by a recurrence of the voice theme, now heard in the orchestra, and rising to a pitch of searching intensity, for the strings and woodwind in unison and octaves—for the most part unharmonized. The movement attains a *fortissimo* climax; then the tension relaxes; the strings meditate on the chief theme, and the violins climb to a high A, very softly held. Under it, the distant voice rises through the orchestral silence, rises and sinks, like a lonely song at twilight, "where the dusk becomes the woods, the woods become the dusk."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE GARLAND OF DIONYSOS: 1923–1924

BY STARK YOUNG

FORTUNE has made New York the centre of the world just now, and the theatre of New York has become the most sought after and abounding anywhere. The stage of London appears to be faded into revivals and fourth-rate entertainments. Paris is said to be poor and Berlin in a state of chaos. Vienna, Rome, Madrid, none are triumphant. The season of 1923–24 in New York on the contrary has roared with visitations from Europe and plunged from one native venture to another. From the American end, however, it has not been phenomenal, but rather lively and thin and a little sold-out to simple conceptions of fame and fortune. Here and there are instances of sincerity or joyous life in a dramatist, and here and there an achievement of beauty and style in production; and now and again the presence in an actor of high and beautiful hopes and imagination and dream. But on the whole we have not much to be proud of as significant or supreme.

If our native theatre was not golden and divine, it was at least active. The record of the season swarms with vivacity and enterprise; and its repertory has been full and, within modest limits, varied. From the past season *Rain* and *Seventh Heaven* have held over and seem to be destined to run through the next year or so. *Rain* converts into good raw theatrical entertainment Somerset Maugham's story, *Miss Thompson*, and profits by the edge and high color of its theme of the prostitute and the missionary in South Sea climes and by the remarkable impersonation that Jeanne Eagels brings to the leading rôle. Austin Strong's *Seventh Heaven* has a calibre that ought to appeal to a child of twelve; but its secure use of sentiment and time-worn theatre tricks manages to thwart any devastations of mere intelligence. *The Show Off*, a comedy by George Kelly, whose *Torch Bearers* was one of the promising pieces of last season, has had a successful

run, and though it is unequal in quality and conviction, is easily one of the best American efforts of the year. Zoe Aiken's *A Royal Fandango*, written for Ethel Barrymore, had a first act that was far ahead of most comedy writing in this country, but the rest of the play went to pieces and merited its quick failure. At the Neighborhood Playhouse, Percy Mackaye had a comedy of mountain life in Kentucky, *This Fine-Pretty World*, in which he attempted to make use of the dialect of that region. The intention here was admirable and some of the phrases of great beauty and pungency, full of ancient flavor and pointed with an old imagination. But there was more intention than fulfilment, and the play ended by being tiresome and monotonous. The use of the extraordinary dialect was too obvious and too crowded. A number of comedies of a burlier type, *The Potters*, *The Nervous Wreck* and half a dozen others enjoyed popular success, and George M. Cohan with his *Song and Dance Man* brought himself and his undistinguished but very real talent to his admiring Broadway. Eugene O'Neill's *Welded*, with Doris Keane and Ben-Ami in the two leading parts, had a fair success. It proved to be an interesting departure from the method of *The Hairy Ape* and *Emperor Jones*, and if less distinctly achieved than those two plays, it had at least the promise of new fields in it, it had sincerity and strength of feeling, and in its general form a firm dramatic pattern. *Beggar on Horseback*, an American comedy modelled on a German original, by Marc Connelly and J. Kaufmann, with Roland Young as the hero, made admirable use for satirical purposes of the expressionistic method. In the first act the caricature of American living and American methods of business was delightful and swift. The rest of the play declined for lack of the ability to think the matter through and so keep the method charged with genuine and significant comment.

The new group of actors and producers at the Cherry Lane Theatre discovered a success with *The Man Who Ate the Popomack*, a fantastic piece of no little pique and charm. The Independent Theatre has to its credit at least two successful plays. *Sun Up* by Lulu Vollmer and her drama of *The Shame Woman* have found a large public. They are plays set in the Carolina mountains and have in them a genuine theatrical instinct and obser-

vation. They are not mastered throughout, and they are not distinguished, but they have often sincerity and real piety of feeling. Miss Vollmer's plays have started off a number of like ventures in the theatre, the best of which is Hatcher Hughes's *Hell-Bent for Heaven*, with a fine piece of acting by Augustin Duncan. At the Provincetown Theatre, Strindberg's *Spook Sonata* began what is avowedly to be an experimental programme. It was followed by a highly successful revival of *Fashion*, Anna Cora Mowatt's comedy of manners, of 1845. The third Provincetown bill presented Molière's *George Dandin* and an arrangement by Eugene O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, the first of a series of ventures in the presentation on our stage of poems, arranged with music, settings, or whatever may appear as contributory to their meaning. *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, Eugene O'Neill's play that has aroused such violent controversy, will conclude the Provincetown Playhouse season.

The first of a good list of importations was Molnar's *Sacred and Profane Love*, which Arthur Hopkins produced under the name of *Launzi*. Pauline Lord in the first half of the play did the finest acting of her career, and the settings of Robert Edmond Jones were distinguished by such superb taste and invention as is rarely seen in the theatre anywhere. The piece failed largely on account of careless attention to details and a lack of precaution in the incidents of the first night. Molnar's *Swan*, beginning early in the autumn, has proved to be one of the favorite plays of the season, a success that is deserved by reason of the beautiful impersonation of the Princess by Eva le Gallienne and the author's suave and even handling of the theme. The Theatre Guild, after Galsworthy's *Windows*, presented *Les Ratés*, by Lenormand, an important and courageous experiment on the part of the Guild, with Ben-Ami in the leading rôle. This play in fourteen scenes traces the decay of a group of failures, doomed from the outset by their natures and ending at last in complete disintegration, each in his separate vein. Ben-Ami played with great pathos and magnificent power in the deeper scenes; and the settings and direction achieved the full quality of the Lenormand method. After *Les Ratés* the Guild produced Bernard

Shaw's *St. Joan*, a somewhat disappointing treatment of a great theme, a play too long in argument, marked here and there with fine theatrical dialectic, but arbitrary, insistent and garrulous. Lenormand's *Time Is a Dream* was given for five performances at the Neighborhood Playhouse. *The Spook Sonata* at the Provincetown attracted much attention, it raised many curious problems of production, and managed to extend as much as any venture of the season the possibilities of our theatre. The Theatre Guild's fourth offering, *Fata Morgana*, by Ernst Vajda, was a deserved triumph. The play is a well-balanced and gracious study of adolescence and maturity, with the mirage, the *fata morgana*, as the symbol of life and its dreams. Emily Stevens played the woman with great wit and expertness and Morgan Farley the youth with remarkable poetic insight and poignancy. The last of the Guild's productions was that of Toller's *Masse Mensch*, a play whose fame has spread far and wide. This play, first given at the theatre of the Volksbühne, the workingman's theatrical organization of Berlin, caused a tumult in Germany. Given at the Garrick, however, *Masse Mensch* proved a dull event, because of the lack of the necessary passion of belief which went into the writing of it and which alone could animate its more or less obvious qualities with a living power.

The important revivals of the season were Jane Cowl's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, Maeterlinck's drama on the Paolo and Francesca theme; her *Antony and Cleopatra*, a failure in most respects; Molière's *George Dandin*, successfully given with Charles Ellis in the part of Dandin; and James K. Hackett's production of *Macbeth*, with Clare Eames as Lady Macbeth. This production of Shakespeare's play, executed carefully and studiously by Mr. Hackett and his designers and directors in the Victorian tradition, served to illustrate very well the fact that for a new generation of thought and art theory a new way of producing Shakespeare must be created. Miss Eames's portrayal of Lady Macbeth, though uneven technically and wholly out of the picture with the rest of the performance, had much distinction and promise and no little of the quality of great tragic poetry. Eva le Gallienne on her own initiative gave three matinées of Hauptmann's *Hannele*, in which she played with beautiful intensity the part of the

dying child whose vision makes up the play. This production of *Hannele* was interesting also as an instance of escape from the hampering of Broadway methods, and suggests for our actors one way at least of counteracting the destructive monotony of our long runs.

Meantime the various revues and follies, of which the *Greenwich Village* and the *Music Box* are the best, began early in the season and continue unabated their nightly stream of color, dance, song, farcicality and opulence. Into their midst there came from London a typical English product, *Charlot's Revue*, and won an equal and perhaps greater success. *Charlot's Revue* contrasts with our own in simplicity and in a sort of old-fashioned freshness and inexpertness and a lack of display of both material and professional accessories. It has more of a sense of *con amore*, too, and of social humor. The future of American revues, however, must arise from their very opposite quality of energy and abundance. They, in so far as they promise anything at all, promise far more than their English rival, very much in the same sense that America may promise more than Europe.

Throughout the season there arise, however, three events of a significance one way or another that dwarfs everything else in our theatre. The Moscow Art Theatre returned in the early autumn, Duse came in November, and Reinhardt produced *The Miracle* at the beginning of the new year. These three instances of theatrical art, and the implications involved in them, serve to illustrate the nature and problems of our season and of our theatre in general.

II

The Moscow Art Theatre came to America last year, heralded beyond words, in books and in the press. It was said to be the greatest theatrical organization in the world; to achieve perfection in every detail and in the ensemble; its methods, its labor, its brotherhood, its omniscience, and especially its moral conscience, were set forth daily in every newspaper and magazine open to publicity. The Moscow Art Theatre arrived in due time and was acclaimed as even more than all this. Its repertory consisted of a poetic play by Leo Tolstoi, a Chekhov group, Gorki's

Lower Depths, arrangements from Dostoievsky's *Brothers Karamazoff*, and various pieces from Ibsen, Goldoni and other dramatists. The large theatre was crowded; it was smart as well as artistic to acclaim the Russian company. No doubt this occasion was the greatest to be found over the world. This year the actors of the Moscow Art Theatre played to more or less empty houses; certainly compared to last year their triumph was almost extinguished. The causes for this are significant.

The Moscow Art Theatre is a group of players of a quarter of a century's endeavor. Many of them are old now, and their effort is remarkable but obvious. What they most brought to us was a spirit, a magnificent belief in art and in a fellowship of artistic creation. In Chekhov they are perfection; their realistic method belongs to Chekhov's generation; it evinces his characteristics to the most exquisite degree and in every sense. In Dostoievsky the playing of the whole company is such as is not seen once in a generation anywhere; such beautiful depths and accuracy as only Russian realism can achieve. In poetic drama they lacked great style; there was realism and study but no lustre, no sweep, and not enough culture in manner and artifice. In Goldoni, and even for Turgeniev's farce in the French manner, they were noisy, heavy, elaborate and joyless. In the matter of settings the supposed faultlessness did not always hold; some of the settings were very worn, outmoded and unsatisfactory in every way; some were admirable. All this, or much of it, these artists themselves know and admit at once; they are sincere and humble; it is not their fault that such popular versions of perfection in art were spread about for the delight of the bourgeois. Their visit to our theatre, the enthusiasm they aroused and the comparative desertion of them later on, are almost equally rich in implications.

What these players meant to individual actors cannot be measured; it was a revelation in the deepest sense. But the absence of their spirit in our New York productions appears almost daily; in the loose management of our productions; in the four weeks' system of preparation; in the ignorant interpretation of plays as a whole; in the star system with its inequalities and crass vanities; in vulgar appeal and display and adolescent and

senile eroticism; in long runs; and in the tampering with the dramatist's intentions.

The extravagant and overdone applause for the Moscow Art Theatre, and the decline in applause, are to no little degree a matter of our publicity methods. The shameless extent to which publicity goes with us and the subjection of the public to it and to the press in general, make our estimate of almost any instance of art a mere matter of foresight and energy on the promoters' part. Last year a foolish and harmful exaggeration was pushed upon the Moscow Art Theatre. New York acclaimed it, and when the chances or the material for publicity declined and the direction of the press agent's energies went elsewhere, New York turned to the newest sensation, which was *The Miracle.* We run to the greatest thing in the world, get our money's worth; get the occasion placed and settled on its pinnacle; and then run to the new greatest thing in the world. That this should puzzle an artist from Russia is only natural; but almost any American can understand perfectly how the thing is done.

What dazzle and megalomania might have been reawakened for the Russians was this season diverted to *The Miracle,* which proved a much better object for such efforts. The Moscow Art Theatre after all had to depend on æsthetic and moral grounds for its eminence; though the middle-class themes of conscientious pains and of long struggle with adverse circumstances, were heavily promulgated. *The Miracle* on the contrary was to be the most expensive thing ever seen in our theatre. Reinhardt was the most famous producer in the world, with a great castle in Austria and five hundred productions to his credit. There were to be seven hundred players in the company of *The Miracle,* though one hears later from the players themselves that there are less than half that number. The theatre will be changed at vast expense to a cathedral; various society leaders will play and some titled persons from abroad. Rehearsals will be endless, all night, delays unavoidable, since nothing but perfection can be thought of. And so by the time the opening arrives, the public mind is lost in a cloud of vulgar exaggeration and display; *The Miracle* establishes itself at once as the greatest thing in our midst, and draws houses that break all stage records.

As a matter of fact *The Miracle* has at its opening moments a beautiful quality of movement and design; and the acting of Kraus as the cripple who is healed by the Virgin is an extraordinary piece of intense style and pantomimic technic. Norman-Bel Geddes's design was colossal in energy and invention, though somewhat excessive. It, too, seemed best at the outset. After that the production, the theme, the emphasis, gets more and more crowded, it loses the thread of the story, it confuses, glares, rushes one effect upon another. There is no pantomimic style in general but only a sort of voiceless acting. As a whole *The Miracle* is vast, opulent, exhibitionistic and somewhat degenerate. It evinces an astonishing management of theatrical resources but lacks centre and spiritual necessity; it has no faith behind it; it springs from little beyond mere show instinct and professional leadership; and above all it lacks distinction. Its appeal rests on beauty to some extent, but more on an excess of every element employed; and the intelligent or sincere judgment of it is prevented constantly by an accumulating mass of press work and insistent publicity. At the same time there is a certain element of pathos in the public's going to *The Miracle*. There are present in it almost every variety of interest and aspiration, even though debased and played upon. That we should have this colossal vulgarization and commercialization of our finest needs and instincts, in romance, religion and décor, is a tragic thing. In spite of its few good spots, *The Miracle* is an immense instance of the betrayal in our theatre of people's best qualities and the cultivation and utilization of their worst. To certain spirits it may well serve as a shock, and as a stimulus in the reverse direction.

What Duse meant to the public and to artists remains and must remain a thing unsaid. With no attempt at a company or an ensemble thoroughness, she brought really herself alone. She made no use of make-up or disguise, but played always as herself. She was able to use her age and the marks of living that showed on her, and to force her artistic expression into the terms of what she was, instead of attempting as all other actresses have done any imitation of what she once had been. She brought to bear on her interpretations a supreme intensity in living, a

marvellous cultivation in the range of all arts, and the fruits of an old civilization. Duse's talent for her own art of acting was great, but what she had to give had as much relation to poetry, to painting, to architecture and music, as it did to the theatre. What she gave our theatre was first and last the reminder of the necessity for beautiful and abundant life in the artist. She had no fixture in any theory or form or school, but felt that life was an unceasing flow that must forever find a new body for itself. The spirit of Duse in our theatre rebukes everything that is not itself profound and intense; her influence on an artist is toward a strange passion of singleness and continuity of soul.

The defects and shortcomings of our American theatre cannot be too much isolated and seen apart from the character of American life and ideas. We have resources and energy and system, we have eagerness and multitudes. What the theatre with us lacks is what our living lacks, which is quality and distinction and pause. What we do is exuberantly imitative and swiftly competitive. Our theatre, as our living does, shows the need for some deeper necessity for what we do and follow after; it needs to lose the naïve conception of success that holds everywhere and is so dependent on mere publicity and general applause. To a society like ours an artist like Duse comes, like Dante's Beatrice—

> My God hath fashioned me
> So that I am not touched by this desire.

She was free of the claims of publicity and raw success; she had the power to discover the hunger of her own soul and to free it and to free all her ideas from characteristics not their own. Her art consisted in a singular purity, a finality of conception; and this purity and finality appeared in her movements, which rested on no mere resemblances to things imitated; in her simplification of the external aspect of her rôles; and most of all in the distribution of the parts of her interpretation by which she lighted them with the measure of her powerful and gentle and lovely mind.

Our New York season, with its adequacy and zest and enterprise, its naïve satisfactions and its entertaining emptiness, needed above all things the thing that Duse had to give.

STARK YOUNG.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CURRENT POLITICAL THOUGHT

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM. By Calvin Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOCIAL POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Fred E. Haynes, Assistant Professor of Sociology, State University of Iowa. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

FEDERAL CENTRALIZATION. By Walter Thompson, Ph. D., of the Faculty of Political Science, University of Wisconsin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

In comparing several varieties of responsible political thought, as represented in the above-named books, one can hardly help being struck with the conservative idealism of all of them. There is a dominance of common sense and of faith—faith in the ability of mankind in general, and of this nation in particular, to save itself, without a miracle, and through the application of principles varying but little from those which have proved most trustworthy in the past.

No one is more prudent in his public utterances than President Coolidge, nor do occasional addresses such as those collected in *The Price of Freedom* usually contain the profoundest or most original thought of the speakers. One expects a collection of this sort to be conservative in tone; one expects it to be moralistic; one hardly expects it to be truly inspirational. The President, however, combines practical good sense with idealism and faith in a forceful expression of what are really the beliefs that we in America live by; and in so doing he commands a genuine eloquence. One must believe in something; somehow one must manage to be more or less optimistic—such, at least, is the prevailing tone of American life and thought. The point is, to put it bluntly, that we must manage to be optimistic without being fools or merely "boosters". Now if we can not content ourselves with being wholly skeptical, if we continue to reject philos-

ophies of pessimism and resignation to the inevitable, there are no ideas more heartening and at the same time less tinctured with the mere folly of "idealism" than some of those expressed by President Coolidge. "They little understand what men have done, or what they are, who expect they can long be content with the husks of existence." Material prosperity and pleasure are invariably felt in the long run to be unsatisfying—a truth to which men always eventually return. There is then no room for pessimism nor cynicism. The American nation is essentially sound in character. "Imperfections there are, violations of law there are, but public requirements were never so high in the intercourse of society, in the conduct of commerce, in the observance of the law, and in the faithful discharge of public office, as at the present time." This sort of faith in human nature is evidently quite a different thing from that "mystical" belief in the power of democracy which has been subjected, of late years, to a somewhat destructive analysis. Yet so strongly does the President believe in the practical righteousness of democracy that, in harmony with some of the best constructive thinking on the relations of capital and labor, he would extend the principle to industrial relations.

On the whole, there is no one thought which he emphasizes more often than the value of education—and more particularly the higher education. But just as primary education must fail unless supported by higher education, so the higher education itself must fail of its true effect if deprived of the support of religion and morality. "Without the presence of a great directing moral force, intelligence either will not be developed, or, if it be developed, will prove self-destructive." Here, indeed, is the lesson of recent history simply and convincingly stated; and it is doubtful that any one can profitably carry the analysis of the question further. We must preserve what President Coolidge calls in a memorable phrase "that deep and abiding wisdom which supports society"—a wisdom at once spiritual and intellectual.

Fully recognizing the impotence of either education or law in themselves to bring men to perfection, the President declares that we need moral power more than we need intellectual power, and

he points out that while "the limit of what can be done by law is soon reached, the limit of what can be done by an aroused and vigorous citizenship has never been exhausted."

Turning from philosophy to social science, one finds Professor Haynes in his book upon social politics taking a rather encouraging view of the various movements which have from time to time disturbed the course of our national progress. Some of these, like the theories of the Utopian Socialists and the doctrines of Henry George, seem to have died down without producing permanent results. Others, like the growth of labor unions, and more recently of the I. W. W., now appear influential, not to say menacing. All, however, have had some effect in producing social legislation or a more liberal attitude toward social questions —a general tendency which the author appears to approve. The minor parties "have been a means of agitation and education"—a truth especially applicable to the Prohibition Party, though true of other "third parties" as well. All labor parties in the United States have failed. "Yet in spite of their immediate and apparent failures, they forced their measures upon public attention, and the specific abuses of which they complained were eventually removed." Even the I. W. W. has performed, in the words of John Graham Brooks, "the service of an awakener". The new industrial unionism is less radical than it appears, and is to some extent constructive. The Non-Partisan League, whatever its final influence may prove to be, has emphasized the value of leadership. In conclusion, Professor Haynes declares that the Progressive Party and movement to a considerable extent, though indirectly, accomplished their aims, and he looks forward to a continued development of our polities along social lines. "The work of the Agricultural Bloc in Congress," he somewhat surprisingly adds, "indicates that progress is still going on."

It is common sense to judge of movements by their results, and it is reasonably idealistic to proceed upon the general assumption that the motives of men in general are good if rightly understood.

A similar spirit appears in Professor Thompson's volume on *Federal Centralization*. Congress has frequently assumed control of various matters indirectly, through some application of the

police power or through taxation. Nevertheless, the Federal Government has not exceeded its constitutional grant of powers, but in all probability could lawfully go further than it has gone in the past. The more important question, however, is not how far the Government may lawfully go in the direction of further centralization, but rather how far it may wisely go. On the whole, Professor Thompson is of the opinion that State regulation, wherever it is applicable, is preferable to Federal regulation. "The Eighteenth Amendment is proving that the addition of amendments which have a bearing upon human conduct has its disadvantages as well as its advantages." The feasibility of prohibiting child labor by constitutional amendment is doubtful. Federal control of education would probably be a mistake; if some of the States have failed to deal properly with a subject that constitutionally belongs to them, "the remedy is not Federal control, but better State control". Transportation, on the other hand, seems to be best controlled by the Federal Government; and it is said that, in view of the danger of a general strike, Federal regulation may prove to be the only way of coping with the labor problem. The chief emphasis of the book is upon the practical hazards of centralization, which the author has ably summarized. The view expressed by the author that the Constitution is rightly subject to a certain degree of modification, as opposed to the view that all broad interpretations have been perversions of its true intent, is surely liberal, while the objections to excessive centralization are based upon common sense.

Altogether, the books just passed in review are notably free from pettiness, from doctrinaire extravagances, or from useless controversy. They reflect a general attitude of mind that is somewhat idealistic or at least forward-looking, but at the same time conservative.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY: 1783–1919. Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Litt. D., F. B. A., and G. P. Gooch, M. A., Litt. D. Three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

BRITISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By J. D. Whelpley; with an Introduction by George Harvey. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE FOREIGN POLICIES OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Alfred L. P. Dennis, Professor of History, Clark University. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Pregnant with suggestion is the fact that the first two tests of human character of which history makes record involved the relations of men with their fellows; forecasting ages in advance the impregnable dictum, No man liveth unto himself alone. The first man strove to throw upon his companion the blame for his own fault. The second man strove to conceal by falsehood the crime he had committed against his brother. A cynical philosopher, applying the valid law of analogy between individuals and nations, might point to these incidents as the origins and exemplars of international relations. That would be unjust, yet it would contain enough truth to deserve consideration. Qualify international relations with "some", and it would stand, undeniable. Both Adam and Cain have had only too many disciples among the nations.

Indeed, the exceptions to this rule are conspicuous because they are exceptions; in words as well as in acts. One of the most impressive characteristics of the Hebrew Scriptures is their impartiality. If they chastise the Gentiles with whips of thorns, they smite the Jews themselves with whips of scorpions. Hannibal is known to us solely through the reports and comments of his most implacable enemies; yet the impression of him thus given to us is one of seldom rivalled greatness. Nor can we forget that Homer, Greek though he was, portrayed Trojan heroes with lineaments of nobility. On the other hand the splendor of Firdusi is somewhat tarnished by his almost invariable inability to see any good in any of the sons of Tur. There is thus today no finer quality in any people, and none more auspicious of peace and friendship throughout the world, than capacity to perceive and to appraise justly the virtues of their neighbor peoples and to apply to their dealings

with them the Golden Rule—both in the positive version of Jesus and in the negative version of Confucius. And in the historian, no industry of research, no flowing charm of narrative, no graphic power of portraiture or scenic reproduction, no vivid and vital dramatization of the actions of the past, can supersede the judicial power of regarding both Trojan and Tyrian with impartial estimate.

There is, then, especial cause for gratification in finding this quality pervading so important a work as *The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy*, which not only is one of a great series of works bearing the imprint of that famous University, but also may well be regarded as—at least in our time—the definitive exposition of its august theme. No nation in the world has in the last century and a third had more manifold foreign relationships, or any more influential upon the progress of the world, than has Great Britain; or yet any more profitable for study; and we should have to go very far afield to find any more copiously recorded, more keenly analyzed, or more sagaciously interpreted.

We shall most readily appreciate the spirit in which the various contributors to these volumes have addressed themselves to their task by referring chiefly to passages dealing with those Anglo-American relationships with which we are most familiar and in which we are most interested. Here, for example, is the Master of Peterhouse condemning Grenville's Stamp Act as "inopportune as it was offensive"; declaring—what should never be forgotten—that of Lord North's purblind and disastrous policy "the primary inspiration was the will of the King"—a King who stubbornly clung to the last mouldy remnants of German autocracy, prerogative, privilege and what not;—and reminding us of what was really one of the salient features of the case, that many Englishmen "were haunted by the belief . . . that the defeat of the American Colonists would be followed by a subversion of the foundations of the British Constitution." All that might have been written by an American as well as by a British historian.

Mr. Temperley's treatment of the origin of the Monroe Doctrine is equally judicious. Of course he dismisses the foolish fiction that Canning was the author of that proclamation, crediting him with nothing more than a desire and a suggestion to Rush that the United States should associate itself with Great Britain

in opposing the Areopagitic spirit of the Holy Alliance; and adding Canning's own statement that in his conversations with Rush on the subject he was merely "sounding" him and his Government. Nor can we greatly quarrel with the estimate that it was not the Monroe Doctrine but Canning's message to Polignac, some weeks earlier, that really averted armed intervention by the Holy Alliance in Central America; though perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was the Message plus the Doctrine. That, at any rate, was the view of the French, Austrian, Russian and Prussian Governments; and Canning himself, while he boasted that—not with the Monroe Doctrine, as many have vainly supposed, but with his own message to Polignac—he had "called the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old", frankly admitted that the United States had "materially aided" him.

There follows a particularly lucid and judicious exposition of Canning's subsequent policy toward Latin America, which was largely inspired by a fear that the United States would form a Transatlantic League to prevent Europe from coöperating with America. To forestall any such thing he made haste to conclude treaties with some of the South American Republics and to recognize their independence, thus immensely ingratiating Great Britain with them. It is quite true that "when Canning died, it was towards Great Britain and not to the United States that the Latin republics looked as a mighty, a distant, a disinterested, and a powerful protector," and that "Canning continues to be regarded by South Americans as the only European statesman who laid down a permanent policy for the New World." What Mr. Temperley omits—was it through excessive generosity toward us?—is to tell of the discredit and alienation which the United States was made to suffer in respect to Latin America through the indescribably stupid and stultifying course of our precious Congress toward the first Pan-American Conference at Panama. Our mixture of idiocy and brutality was commensurate with Canning's shrewdness and enterprise; than which more could not be said for either!

Professor Newton's account of Anglo-American relations during our Civil War may be criticised by some for its strictures upon Seward's course as erratic and even reckless; though it is probably no more severe upon him than, in the depths of his great mind and

heart, was Abraham Lincoln. There were in fact many incidents in those harassing and strenuous times which are not now pleasant for either Americans or Britons to remember. If Professor Newton condemns Seward, it is chiefly if not solely for those vagaries which tried the patience of the super-patient President and caused him more than once quietly but firmly to overrule his Secretary of State. On the other hand he pays an ample and ungrudging tribute to Seward for his extraordinarily capable extrication of both countries from the unhappy *Trent* complications; and he does not hesitate to criticise Lord Russell for being wavering, hesitant, obtuse, meddlesome, and sundry other things most inappropriate and unfortunate in a Foreign Secretary in "times that try men's souls". "The Government," says Professor Newton, "had really placed itself in an impossible position" —in the *Alabama* case—"by its weak reluctance to press upon Parliament an amendment of the imperfect Act, and Adams was not far from the truth when he wrote that the most extraordinary circumstance attending the history of the whole business was the timidity and vacillation of the officers of the Crown." He recalls, also, Russell's private admission to Adams that the cases of the *Alabama* and *Oreto* were "a scandal and reproach to British laws;" and he regards with approval the "unmistakable frankness" of Adams's famous message to Russell warning him that "it would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war." Our admiration of history thus written can be matched only by our wish that history might thus be conceived and understood by the people of the nations.

Argument and exhortation for the fulfilment of that wish form the theme and the subject-matter of Mr. Mowrer's volume on *Our Foreign Relations*, which is not a history but an analysis of present day conditions, after and because of the World War. The author is not so much a theorist as a pragmatist, aiming at the most direct and practical achievements. He frankly confesses that the aim of his book is not ultimate but immediate; a prompt settlement of pressing problems is more desirable than a more perfect settlement at some future date.

But Mr. Mowrer is by no means a time-server, or even an Opportunist. He is quite right in conceiving that since the World

War and because of it the international position of the United States has been fundamentally changed, and that it is a paramount duty of this nation to recognize that fact and to adapt itself to its transformed circumstances. This duty can be fulfilled only when American public opinion gives its alert and discriminating attention to the issues involved; to which end three things are necessary, the author's citation of which deserves to be written in letters of gold. The first is, that factionalism shall be eliminated from our consideration of foreign policy, so that national and international interests shall no longer be made the toy of party politics, at the behest either of party politicians or of "hyphenated" groups of semi-aliens. The intensity of this need it would be impossible to exaggerate. Every reader of American history knows the extent to which, in the first dozen years of our Constitutional life, not only was our Government scandalized but the integrity of the Republic was gravely menaced by the moral treason of faction; and every observer of the signs of the times must realize that the same evil has been equally flagrant in the present generation. The second need is that of better information, in both quantity and quality, concerning other countries and their doings. And the third is an upright and enlightened leadership of public opinion in foreign affairs, which shall make successfully for consistency and continuity of policy.

It is to the attainment of such an end that Mr. Mowrer addresses himself in a volume of simple and direct appeal to the average citizen. The technicalities of law and the conventionalities of diplomacy, bewildering if not misleading to the lay mind, are eschewed in favor of speech "understanded of the people"; with a fine gift of being at once concise and lucid. It would be difficult to conceive a more convincing statement of the origin of our general foreign policy, or one in the same space more comprehensive, than is given in a single paragraph of fourteen lines:

> Our first collective care had been to free ourselves from European sovereignty; our second, to free ourselves from European alliances and diplomatic attachments—always dangerous for a young, weak State; our third was to seize, by one means or another, as much as possible of the North American continent, thereby eliminating to a certain extent the chances of complications with Europe; our fourth care, finally, in the face of the apparent intention of the Holy Alliance to support Spain in an effort to quell the re-

volts in the latter's American colonies, was boldly to proclaim the Monroe Doctrine, to the effect that we considered both American continents to be no longer subject to colonization by any European Power.

That paragraph is an epitome of our foreign policies from 1776 to 1823. It contains every essential element of an understanding not only of what our foreign policy is today but also of why it is what it is. There is a similarly admirable exposition of the "traditional policies" which have grown out of those fundamental principles, leading to a discussion of the question whether our course hereafter shall be marked with coöperation or isolation. This was doubtless inevitable. There is so much piffle and patter in these days about "isolation" that you cannot escape it. Yet while seriously discussing it, Mr. Mowrer himself presents the most convincing evidence that there never has been, is not, and doubtless never will or can be any such thing as "isolation". America has always been willing and ready to coöperate with other nations for the common good of all, and never more so than today under the political direction of those who are with singular ineptitude stigmatized as "isolationists". The real question is not whether we shall coöperate with the rest of the world, but whether we shall do so as a sovereign integer or as a mere vulgar fraction.

Apparently of narrower scope, yet in fact world-embracing, is Mr. J. D. Whelpley's *British-American Relations*. It concerns only two Powers, it is true. Yet—what Powers they are! What could not these two Powers do, acting in concert? Beyond question, they would be more formidable than any other two Powers in the world; and while they might not be able to conquer the rest of the world, they certainly could not be conquered by it.

Let us not, however, incur deep condemnation from the Pacifists by even a cursory and incidental consideration of the belligerent potency of British-American coöperation, either aggressive or defensive, but rather its irenic and humanitarian value to the world. For it is chiefly to this engaging view of the case that Mr. Whelpley addresses himself. He regards the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America as natural allies,—morally and intellectually, let us say, rather than politically or martially,—and he believes that the future wellbeing of the world depends largely upon their hearty and practical coöper-

ation. To the promotion of that belief and its adoption as a basis of consistent and continuing action, he addresses himself without a word of mere special pleading or of doctrinaire idealism, but with a simple statement of the facts of history and a logical and lucid analysis of existing conditions.

Considering the extent and resources of these two Powers, it does not seem unreasonable or invidious to say, as Mr. Whelpley does, that "the beginning and the foundation of any move for peace or reconstruction must be an agreement among the English-speaking peoples, and no League will ever be formed with a chance of accomplishing its object until an agreement such as suggested has been accomplished." Of course such coöperation does not necessarily imply an alliance or a league. Yet even if the latter were formed, its influence should be wholly beneficent and void of offence to other countries. The notion that it would force a military combination of Europe against it may be dismissed. Such combinations almost invariably arise from fear of aggression. But a British-American League would give no cause for such fear, and there would therefore be no reason for a combination against it, while there might well be a strong inclination on the part of others to adhere to it.

Whether it be merely coöperation, such as has more than once already been exercised, developed into a consistent and permanent policy, through the uncovenanted volition of the two Powers; or a more tangibly expressed entente, such as notably has served great international purposes in our own time; or yet an actual league—there can be little doubt that Mr. Whelpley is right in his conclusion that it is the logical destiny of the British Empire and the United States to draw ever closer together in the discharge of their international activities and responsibilities. To paraphrase an epigram of Voltaire, if that were not their destiny, it would be necessary to make it their destiny.

The writings of Professor Dennis are so familiar—and so felicitously familiar—to readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that the mention of his volume on *The Foreign Policies of Soviet Russia* affords them ample assurance of a work of irreproachable sincerity and clarity, and possessing an unsurpassed—upon its special subject unrivalled—opulence of detailed and authentic

information. The Bolshevist Government may have been conceived in iniquity and born in sin,—witness its forcible suppression of the Constituent Assembly of the Russian People, and the treason of Brest Litovsk,—and may be as truly as that of Bomba what Gladstone described as "negation of God". Nevertheless it has maintained itself for several years, has won the official recognition of a number of other Governments, and has either openly or furtively established some sort of relations with most of the important countries of the world. There is, moreover, a thus far irrepressible clamor from not a few in this country for recognition of it as a legal *fait accompli* if not, indeed, a holy example worthy of all acceptance. It is of great value, therefore, to have this encyclopædic record and analysis of the external doings of that Government with all the nations with which it has come into contact, presented by an authority whom we may confidently regard as unsurpassed in knowledge of the facts, in the impartial sincerity with which he presents them, or in the judicious spirit in which he analyzes them and draws conclusions from them.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the foreign relations of Soviet Russia as set forth by Dr. Dennis and those of America and Great Britain, as portrayed in the other volumes we have been considering. But the contrast is suggestive and most profitable for contemplation; not in a Pharisaical spirit but rather for warning against it and avoidance thereof. It was nearly a century ago that Sydney Smith incredulously inquired "Who reads an American book?" It was nearly half a century ago that Stanley Matthews contemptuously demanded "What do we care for Abroad?" But all the world reads American books, and all America cares very much for "Abroad"—whether all Americans confess it or not. And the supreme lesson of all the masterful works—and they are all masterful works—which we have been reviewing is that the world's best road toward that peace which all profess to desire lies through each nation reading the books of every other nation—to the extent of becoming truly informed of its character, conduct and spirit—and through each caring for every other—to the extent of applying to their mutual relations the principle of the Golden Rule.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

FOUR EVANGELISTS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE CHURCH. By Charles Gore, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHAT IS MODERNISM? By Leighton Parks, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LETTERS AND RELIGION. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE STATE. By S. Parkes Cadman, LL. D., D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A mere glance at the titles of these books is enough to show at least this—that in an age of overwhelming materialism, the unseen cannot be set aside. Not only does it claim the mind of the multitude who listen in to sermons and applaud the *Ave Maria* of Gounod at the picture theatre, during Easter Week, but it grips the best minds in that multitude. You may or may not accept the formidable, if reasonably expressed, ecclesiasticism of Bishop Gore. You may or may not be satisfied with the subtle simplicities of a Modernist like Dr. Leighton Parks. You may or may not find an answer to all things in the polished and classic meditations and moralities of John Jay Chapman. And you may or may not surrender your theological particularism to the thundrous artillery of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. But in all these men, you discern an intellect, a sincerity, a courtesy of manner, a recognition of the good that is in the worst of us, which contrasts pleasantly with the sharp asperities of sectarian argument, as too often it is heard in the market place. A mood so courteous is of Christ. It means that faith is to be revived by persuasion, not by persecution. And it means also that the revival is of faith, not of doubt. None of our four twentieth century evangelists is drifting towards a mere negation. All of them are seeking to set out a definite and a positive conception of God.

So ends the myth that it is to the stupid only, to the ignorant, to the superstitious and the senile, that the Unseen Mystery appeals. The facts are the precise contrary of this. If our neo-evangelists are to be criticised, it is not because their brows are too low but because their brows are too high. They are writing for the intellectuals who are weighed, not counted, and whether the common people will hear them so gladly is a matter of specu-

lation. The educated are now a considerable and growing public, but there is still to be solved the problem how to bring such discussions as these within the intellectual ambit of a community which rewards the perpetuator of a popular "funny" with an income of $200,000 a year. What would be the response if, at a game of baseball, one were to chat with a neighbor about what Dr. Leighton Parks calls a Modernism that "is more interested in psychology than in metaphysics"? Or about what Dr. Gore describes as "the test of rational coherence"? Or about the *Odes* of Horace, offered as human nature's daily food by the ever joyful and hopeful John Jay Chapman? Or about "the collapse of mediæval imperialism", analyzed by Dr. Cadman? Yet in every seat, even among the bleachers, sits one whose soul is to be born, let us hope, to a fuller and more abundant life. As Dr. Cadman knows, the task today is not alone to study religion but to utter it over the radio.

With a scholarly and lucid ease, Dr. Leighton Parks reminds us that it was the preaching of original sin by Jonathan Edwards against which, one hundred years ago, the Unitarians of New England entered their protest. And this doctrine, says he, "has been abandoned". I am tempted to ask by whom has the doctrine of original sin been abandoned? Not, I think, by those who hang from straps in subways and derive their mysticism from movies. They, at least, are convinced by experience that sin is original. And not by the penologist who examines a prisoner's record, as the Scripture says, unto the third and fourth generation. He also is convinced that sin is hereditary, which means original at birth. And not by the physicist in his biological laboratory, who has out-Calvined Calvin by discovering that every electron in our anatomy is predestined to good or evil. Original sin which was once a dogma is now a commonplace everywhere, except, apparently, in the Modernist pulpit, where it is held to be impolite. And what is really troubling people is not the truth or half truth of original sin but the question whether, as a disease, original sin can be cured. Is it possible to reclaim the bobbed-haired bandit? Can the drug-addict be reclaimed? Can divorce be abated? Can graft be suppressed? Can hatred be cured? Can war be prevented? This is the reason why, with Modernism abandon-

ing original sin, "Billy" Sunday still fills his tabernacle. His remedy may be condemned as emotion. But in diagnosis, he is a realist. He faces the modern Pollyanna who says we are born good with the actuality of Ibsen who said the opposite. He does not prophesy smooth things to rough-necks, but starts with a fact, an ugly fact, which everyone of his hearers can verify for himself. As long as the Fundamentalists are fearless over the fundamental of sin, they will hold the common people who are conscious of sin. And democracy will be theologically conservative. John Wesley will count for more than Kant and William Booth will count for more than Darwin. Dr. Leighton Parks defines Modernism as "an attempt to 'justify the ways of God to man', that is, to man in the twentieth century." And he would "bring the tradition of Christian belief and practice into close relation with the intellectual habits and social aspirations of our time". To the man in the street, that is mere flattery. About the intellectual habits and social aspirations of his time, he has no illusions. And his complaint of the Church is that there has been far too close a relation between Christianity and these "intellectual habits and social aspirations". If Christian belief and practice is not something different from and better than his daily environment, he simply talks of it as Winston Churchill wrote in his novel, *The Inside of the Cup*, or as Upton Sinclair is apt to write of all our ordered institutions. It is not the ways of God that need to be justified to man but the ways of man that need to be justified to God.

If the Modernist position be as stated by Dr. Leighton Parks, we must take it that, as historical events, the Virgin Birth of Our Lord and the Resurrection of His physical body have become matters, not of denial precisely nor even of doubt, but of a carefully and reverently considered indifference. As the Society of Friends has substituted a spiritual and even a silent worship for the symbols of Baptism and the Eucharist, thus retaining as they hold the inward significance of these things, so does the Modernist take a miracle like the raising of the widow's son at Nain and, as it were, omit "the historicity", retaining the narrative for illustration, much as one might derive a lesson in ethics or in consolation from the story of the grass-widowed Penelope. About

this view of miracles, it would be out of place for me here to argue. There are, and presumably there will be, for many a long year to come, multitudes of men and women who will take the Modernist view of miracles. The question here is whether such a view can be reconciled with the creeds, the articles and the liturgy of the Episcopal Church. In that great Communion, as in some others, the formularies, to which subscription is required, are there. To eliminate those formularies or even to amend them is, to say the least, a task of immense difficulty. To what extent, then, may a man recite a creed, not in the accepted sense of its clauses, but with mental reservations? How important and desirable to King Henry IV, the Huguenot, must the city of Paris become before Paris is worth a Mass? George Fox gave one answer—In a steeple house, as he called a church, he would not bare his head, and a King must be content with "thee" and "thou". And the highest legal authorities in Great Britain have also taken the view that, in a religious creed as in a secular contract, a man's yea must be yea; and his nay nay. When the United Presbyterian and Free Churches of Scotland joined hands and formed the United Free Church in that country, a minority in the Free Church were sufficiently Scottish to discover a difference of doctrine which in their judgment warranted a dissent from the union. The "Wee Frees" were few and persistent. But it was held that to them belonged the entire property of the Free Church. It is true that Parliament, under an unwritten Constitution, was able to modify so inconvenient a decision, but about the decision itself, there was no doubt. The miracles, including the Virgin Birth and Resurrection, are not opinions or dogmas. They are events. Either they occurred or they did not occur. You may accept the evidence. You may reject the evidence. Or you may say that the evidence is inconclusive. But you cannot say that you accept the evidence in a spiritual sense and reject it in a physical sense. Either Our Lord was born as described in Luke or He was born of an earthly father. And if his Body did not rise from the dead, it decayed to the dust.

According to Dr. Gore: If his (the minister's) thought leads him plainly and finally outside the Christian Creed, of course he must cease to hold the office of a Church teacher. Freedom for think-

ing has no connection with freedom to violate one's engagements. This means that, in considering questions of faith, the clergyman must be prepared, if need be, to abandon his sacred profession. It is a severe penalty to exact for fidelity to truth. A Church is more than its creeds. It is the life within it. It is service. It is friendship. It is beauty. And to say that a man must abandon his church if he abandons certain of her formulas, is a hard saying. And because he has been subject to these formulas, Dr. Gore himself has been accused of having his "reason in fetters". While he has maintained that "the test of the truth of the tradition is that it can bear the whole light", yet his critics have urged that, to Dr. Gore, the tradition is a foregone conclusion. Like the course of true love, the defence of the faith may not always run smooth, but we may be assured of a happy ending to it. "The Church", he says "must sanction free inquiry", since "if such freedom is refused inside the Church, it will assert itself outside; and that way lies revolution or schism". But he also advocates "praying earnestly that their (the clergy's) faith fail not".

In his attitude, there is thus a paradox. He is a High Churchman who wishes also to be Broad, and a Broad Churchman who wishes also to be High. On the one hand, he repudiates with emphasis the infallibility of the Pope and the verbal inspiration of the Bible which is declared with equal insistence by Fundamentalists at Rome and Fundamentalists at Pittsburg. But on the other hand, he pronounces for affirmations as startling as any that have ever been based upon the most literal interpretation of the Scriptures or upon the most exalted claim of authority by the Vatican. Through the processes of pure reason, Dr. Gore is thus endeavoring to arrive at the creed—indeed, at the sacerdotal conception of the creed—which has been offered hitherto as a supernatural revelation from God Himself. By argument, he would demonstrate that which, hitherto, has never been demonstrated by argument. He will have nothing of the theory, advanced by St. Ignatius Loyola, that a man must believe black to be white if the Church says so. But he wishes, none the less, that, when the Church has said that black is white, we shall, independently of the Church, ourselves arrive at an identical conclusion.

Dr. Gore writes of the Holy Spirit. He quotes with approval the complaint of Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical *Divinum illud munus*, delivered in 1897, in which the Supreme Pontiff deplores the prevailing ignorance of the "great and fruitful mysteries" which surround the Third Person of the Trinity. One cannot imagine a more vital topic. If the fruits of the Spirit are, as St. Paul told the Galatians, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance", here is a branch of theology which concerns every home, every place of business, every heart, every life. To possess a gift so rare as this, should be the sole aim of every sensible person. And to reveal the secret of such possession is, indeed, the loftiest privilege of the qualified apostle of Christ.

Now, Dr. Gore is not writing in the third or the fourth or the fifth century. He is writing in the twentieth century. And it is certainly remarkable that, in a comprehensive summary of the case in favor of an indwelling Holy Spirit, we should find abundant references to Plotinus, to Plutarch and to Pelagius, and no reference whatever to men of our own era whose lives, whose words, whose characters, have been for millions, and will ever be, a final and unanswerable argument for the spiritual powers asserted. I will take the names of five modern saints—first, John Wesley; second, George Fox; third, Elizabeth Fry; fourth, Dwight L. Moody; and fifth, General William Booth. Had any one of those five belonged to the Church of Rome, the halo would have been a certainty. If these people had not the Holy Spirit, no one anywhere has ever had the Holy Spirit. If an argument for the Holy Spirit be needed, such people are the only argument to which the man in the street will listen. And yet, for some reason, Dr. Gore is compelled, in a book of apologetics intended to convince a man like myself, who mixes freely with people of every and of no faith, to close his mind to the entire witness of those who have been, perhaps, the outstanding figures in more recent unfolding of the faith.

What is the reason? Dr. Gore leaves us in no doubt of it. While dissociating himself from a belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible, he is more literal than literalists themselves when he finds the text he wants. He takes the text, "Repent ye and be

baptized everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost;" and on this passage, he bases the flat and final statement, "To the reception of the Spirit there is no gate but baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus." And by that assertion stands or falls Bishop Gore's presentation of Christianity to a world that includes, say, the British Labour Party.

It was, I think, Macaulay who, in his early Victorian manner, said that the man who can believe in transubstantiation, will believe anything. To me, I must confess, the doctrine of transubstantiation is not only possible but probable by comparison with Dr. Gore's thesis. For what does it mean? A peon in Mexico has been baptized as a baby. He may be a thief, a vicious and an ignorant husband, a cruel and negligent father. But he has received what Dr. Gore calls the "objective" gift of the Holy Spirit. Elizabeth Fry was not, it is believed, baptized, and she, therefore, could not have had the Holy Spirit as an "objective" gift. For her, there was "no gate" to the Indwelling Presence of her God. One can understand, then, why Dr. Gore is perforce compelled to be so reticent over the evidences of Christianity suggested by a life like Elizabeth Fry's. Her every virtue is to him a profound theological embarrassment. Her every prayer must be somehow explained or explained away. The fact that John Wesley was converted, according to his own account, not at the font, but in a room on Aldersgate, and there, when reading Luther, received the Holy Spirit, tells not for Christianity as here presented, but against it. John Wesley ought not to have been discussing Luther in that room on Aldersgate Street. And his reception of the Holy Spirit, in so irregular a fashion, was wholly contrary to the opinions of the ecclesiastics who met at Councils like Chalcedon and Nicea.

It is not for me to suggest that Dr. Gore is right or that he is wrong. It would be an impertience so to do. As a statement of the High Church position, for High Churchmen who already accept that position, Dr. Gore's book is, at once, authoritative and valuable, if at times Rabbinical in its dialectics. But, for anyone uncommitted to that group in the Anglican Communion, it will increase rather than diminish the perplexities of the moment.

For while Dr. Gore may be able to maintain silence over the Protestant Churches other than his own, there is one Church about which he cannot be silent; and that is the Church of Rome. According to the High Anglican theory, the Eastern Churches, the Roman Church and the English Church, whatever may be their other differences, are at least alike in this—that they offer a valid sacrament and maintain valid orders of clergy. But the Roman Church, while admitting the validity of the Eastern or Orthodox orders and sacraments, denies the validity of the orders and sacraments of the Anglicans. In other words, while, to Rome, the Russian Church is merely in schism, the Anglican Church is in heresy. And to the Pope, Dr. Gore is a layman who presumptuously assumes a sacred office. From Rome, therefore, Dr. Gore is offered precisely the same medicine that he has himself offered to Methodists and Baptists and Plymouth Brethren. As he has judged others, so is he judged himself. And, to be frank, he does not like it. He calls the Roman Church—every one of whose children has been baptized, according to Dr. Gore, into the Holy Spirit of truth—he calls her "the great misleader of Europe". His quarrel with the Roman Church is that "the Roman Church claims to be the whole Church", whereas "it is not the whole". That is precisely the quarrel between every other English Church and that English Church to which Dr. Gore belongs. The Anglican Church, as led by the party within it of which Dr. Gore is so distinguished a spokesman, claims to be the whole Church in England, but—in Dr. Gore's excellent phrase—"is not the whole". No Nonconformist objects to Dr. Gore finding Christ and the Spirit in the Sacraments. According to our faith is it unto us. But every Nonconformist must and does object to Dr. Gore denying Christ and the Spirit to those who find them outside the Sacraments. It is not intolerance, though easily it may become this. It is blindness to facts.

At the moment, all the evidences point to a wave of Catholic sentiment, sweeping over western Europe. The so called Nonconformist churches of Britain are passing through a period of depression and are even talking things over with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace. The Anglican Church itself has gone on from strength to strength and has been talking things

over with Cardinal Mercier at Malines. And never in her history has the Church of Rome made so spectacular an appeal to the nations as she is making today. On Fifth Avenue, Dr. Fosdick may be dubious over the Virgin Birth, but in the Vatican Library, scholarship is proving that the earthly body of the Virgin Mary ascended into heaven. Any hope, then, that mankind as a whole will become Modernist, had best be abandoned.

Over this whole field of action and reaction, the industrious and equitable mind of Dr. Cadman has ranged with fruitful results. He has written, as he always writes, a good book. It is not his fault, but the fault of all of us who clamor for his services, that a book, so good, should not have been a classic for all time. For Dr. Cadman has that largeness of vision which, in Dr. Gore, has been obscured by ecclesiastical restrictions. It would be, of course, impossible to summarize these lectures. But, as I take it, Dr. Cadman has been desirous of proving three general propositions—first, that society needs the influence of one Holy and undivided Church; secondly, that the Reformation, by splitting the Church, weakened this influence; and thirdly, that in order to restore the influence of the Church, there should be everywhere a healing of the wounds in Christ's Body. Dr. Cadman is therefore a Catholic. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that he is not, save by tradition, a Protestant. But he is an inclusive Catholic, and this makes all the difference. He would agree with Dr. Gore that "'ecclesiastical' ought to mean 'brotherly'", but he would add that "brotherly" ought to mean Baptists. He sees, as we must all see, that the quarrels between the various Protestant Churches, and between all the Protestant Churches together and Rome, have long ceased to be based upon realities, whether past, present or future. And he seeks, therefore, to be fair in his historic approach to the middle ages. That he has been profoundly influenced by Newman, on whom he has written a brilliant monograph, is obvious. Yet his is no merely technical advocacy of reunion. Into abstrusities of apostolic succession, he enters only in so far as his main theme requires. What is that theme? It is something more than a mere conformity to one restored Catholic Church. It is rather a League of Churches, promoting a League of Nations.

In Dr. Cadman, therefore, we have a leader of a somewhat unusual type. You cannot call him, like Dr. Leighton Parks, a Modernist; yet he is not, like Dr. Gore, a Traditionalist. He is a Churchman, a strong Churchman, a Catholic Churchman, but there is not yet any Church so strong, so Catholic, that it satisfies him. He sees no reason why he should not accept the Pope, and Dr. Gore, and "Billy" Sunday, as all, equally, the disciples of Christ and members of His Body, the Church; not one more a Christian than either of the others. As one reads his analysis of the relations between the Church and the State, one realizes that his is an unusual degree of detachment from the particular tenets of any Communion. Of Churches, as of mankind, he tempts one to suggest that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The Church of the future may be envisaged, perhaps, as a Commonwealth of many Churches, varied as the monarchies, the republics, the provinces which are gathered within the British Commonwealth of Nations, aiming not at uniformity or centralized authority but at a peace interpreted in coöperation, preserving many customs and cherishing many memories of their own but also serving the common purposes of all mankind. That, one assumes, is the goal towards which, according to Dr. Cadman, the ecclesiastical statesman should lead the way.

And, for the individual, in the meantime, it may be said, perhaps, that, if he be within the presence of the Christ, any Church must be the true Church. Just as you cannot "place" Dr. Cadman, so you cannot place John Jay Chapman. "Consider the conduct of Christ," so he writes, "and how he committed His wisdom to the winds." It is to the winds that John Jay Chapman commits his wisdom. "It is true," he says, "that we have today church-unity movements, and men getting up early in the morning and crying 'The herring are in the harbor! Out with your nets!' But who knows whether the present diversity of creeds be not a condition that favors faith? The power of faith flashes not through conclaves and convocations, but from man to man. It must be that diversity is good; for we are surrounded by the fires of new faith on every side." The skeptics, he says, are never skeptical enough, for it is only from a man of straw that they strip the rags. "They are forever killing the dead." In

Mr. Chapman we have the individual, as distinct from the social and ecclesiastical, quest for God. "The fish," he says, "doubts the existence of sea water until he is caught. So we of God. How terrible is our first experience of pleurisy!" How that works out in theology, I don't know, but it is literature and even poetry. And after reading John Jay Chapman, I seem to see the Churches fading into a dim distance, and the creeds sounding as a faint echo, for there is in the room the whisper of a still small voice. Mr. Chapman pleads for what the Quakers cherish as "the inner Light". It may be that amid the creeds and organizations and clatter of bricks and mortar, we may witness a return to that authentic note of a true faith which is the easiest to forget—namely, simplicity.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

THE POET IN TIME AND SPACE

BYRON IN ENGLAND. By Samuel C. Chew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SHELLEY AND THE UNROMANTICS. By Olwen Ward Campbell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In one respect, Professor Chew's *Byron In England* places the candid reviewer in the predicament of Henry Adams and his first Harvard class in history, when they met for mutual criticism after following up their several lines of research in the Dark Ages: each had become a specialist in his field, on which, consequently, the opinion of none of the rest was worth having.

In so far as this work professes to present, with reasonable exhaustiveness, the material of Byron criticism in England, its author, who has contributed for years past monographs and articles on the subject, must remain its sole definitive judge; and no one perusing the more than half a hundred pages of the admirable bibliography of Byroniana with which the volume concludes will fail to recognize the modesty of the claim made for it by its compiler that his list is "far fuller than any other extant". On the side of pure research, this bibliography is the crown of the book;

it supplies the clue to a mass of material, the mining of which implies an energy and industry for which the grateful reader finds Swinburnian epithets slipping into his mind. That none will fail to give to this bibliography far more than the glance which Professor Chew bespeaks for it is assured by the treatment of the subject from the first to the last page of the book.

For this is neither more nor less than a gallant attempt to present to the public the gist of whatever has been written about Byron in his native country, not excluding what the author in his preface happily characterizes as "the litter of paper and odds and ends" left behind by "the pageant of his bleeding heart" which Byron bore across Europe; and further to "make apparent . . . the changes in current thought" that are implied in "the fluctuations of the poet's renown". The attempt in the first instance is as successful as it is gallant, thanks to the power of discrimination in the disposition of materials and emphasis, including the use of the footnote. In a work of this kind such use becomes an art, one that has been mastered by the author, who has exploited to the full this means of underpinning his fabric and of preserving some gems of criticism for which the text provided insufficient setting. The reader who skips a footnote will do so at his peril! Undoubtedly the method which one school of literary criticism has borrowed from science, of finding a place for everything no matter how mean or trivial, under the critical lens, expands the book by some profitless pages devoted to the analysis of some dead ephemera of the stage or the press; pages which raise the question whether there is not something wrong in a method which puts any moiety of such fine energy at the mercy of every fool who breaks into print, and which persists in bringing back to the threshold of consciousness the moods and accidents of a period which sanity drops into oblivion in the experience of the healthy individual. But the tedium incident upon the accounting for the mere "litter" of Byroniana never fails to be mitigated by the happy mood of the author, whose gallant temper is never more contagious than when it lifts you over these impedimenta with a gay word of dismissal, and turns to the record of those whose criticism belongs to the adventures of a soul among masterpieces.

It is in his treatment of this part of his material from first to

last of the work, that Professor Chew's rare qualifications as a critic are fully proven. His sense of proportion is equal to exorcising the horrid spectre of boredom that in any less skillful hands invariably attends the necessary evil of paraphrase: he sacrifices nothing essential in his report of the soliloquies, uttered either in verse or in prose by English poets on the subject of Byron; and often he deftly arranges them so as to form a significant dialogue on their fascinating theme. Throughout he keeps his delicate perception, and shares with his readers a sense of joyous expectancy as he leads them to this rich feast of the judgments of notable minds. In these pages any cultivated reader will find protracted delight in dwelling on the vistas of moral and intellectual and æsthetic values opened up by a single pregnant sentence, vistas opening about the speaker, or about the subject of his discourse. We know every time we come into the company of Poetry; we feel the Presence; even though the gathering may be at times promiscuous it veils but does not destroy her identity.

But over and beyond its actual material contribution, the treatment of the whole subject renders this volume provocative of many thoughts, and in this sense gives it a real creative value. The very title *Byron In England*—does it not awaken a whole train of subtle echoes, deep reverberations, involving the two complex, contradictory personalities, national and individual, that it evokes? "To England," says Professor Chew, "—and rightly—he does not seem to belong so much as to Europe." This chimes with the view of Morley, who considered Byron an extraordinary phenomenon in England, and accounted thereby for the lack of his subsequent influence on the ideals of his countrymen. But there is another explanation. *Pace* Morley, except in England, a Byron is unthinkable; and if he seems to belong to Europe, it is because to England, owing to his purely representative character, he was, ideally, unnecessary. His poetry sums up everything that England was and had been, and was prophetic of nothing. This explains his immense vogue, and his utter lack of influence. He was all too representative. He is the sum of English contemporary life, set to poetry. What those who rank him high are fond of calling his "sweep" is characteristically English in scope. Scenically, his poems reflect the traditional

Grand Tour of the English nobleman, as his devotion to ancient Athens reflects—in a style they could freely and fully understand—the education of English public schools and English universities. These teach no *Weltgeschichte*, leaving it to be learned by English experience, which teaches it as does no other people's: instead, they teach the history of Rome and Athens, and Byron at Missolonghi is the result—as is Shelley's sea-stained Sophocles.

Much of the comment with which Professor Chew has to deal—and nowhere does his balanced and delicate judgment show to better advantage—has, perforce, little to do with poetry. And here again, how typically, how exclusively English, is the attitude of one and all; first of Byron himself toward himself, and of all his commentators whose theme is not the poet, but the man. All of them remain, from first to last, of an orthodoxy which is, in the finest of them, thoroughly English in character, while there is something ignoble in the gusto with which the theme of the unhappy private life of the man is bandied about, and emerges to cross again and again the path of poetic appreciation. The very fact of the ultimate issue of all this gossip in suggesting a mysterious iniquity in connection with Byron points to the prurient reaction of a nation that "has entered the prison of puritanism and had the key turned upon its spirit for two hundred years. . . . "

To turn from *Byron In England* to Olwen Ward Campbell's *Shelley and the Unromantics* is to remain in the same period, but not in the same world. The atmosphere has changed. In the first, the canon of disinterested literary criticism presides and gives the tone, even to the author's allegiance to the central figure; in the second, it is an avowed disciple of Shelley the spiritual leader who seeks to disengage the personality and message of the poet from the mass of erroneous report and erroneous reading that, in her belief, disguise their truth and thwart their influence. This does not mean that this volume, either in content or style, belongs to the rather dreary province of social ethics. On the contrary. It portrays vigorously and vividly the throbbing human interests of a group that, probably more than any other before or since in England—always excepting the Elizabethans—lived adventurous lives, and unpacked its heart in a lavish flow of

letters and journals of an astonishing expressiveness. The author has abundant humor and common sense, and a finer and rarer endowment than either of these—sagacity. This latter characteristic is not immediately brought into play. The abrupt synopses of the opening chapter on Shelley's Readers, the very unfortunate manner of listing and labeling adopted in those following on the poet's Biographers and Friends, are, to say the least, disconcerting; they give an impression of hasty undigested work, which is deepened by violent and extravagant statement and a style that drops occasionally into the slipshod and the vulgar,—the sort of thing that no writer of equal calibre out of England would permit himself. But, as she works into her subject, the author's power, her sound instinct, seem to triumph; she sloughs off her faults of style and a certain touch of malice, and proceeds to marshal her personages and analyze their characters with a vivacity and acumen that yield the reader an enjoyment no previous acquaintance with the circle can diminish.

And what a circle it is! Godwin, Trelawney, Hunt, Byron, Hogg, Mary; with the strange half-humorous and wholly tragic tangle of their misfits in friendships and marriages and parentage: creatures of pure nature, with all of nature's untamed individualism, preëminently Island growths, from the rich rank garden of the England of the Georges. For only England could show such examples of untamed and tameless human nature. A Trelawney shoots up like a geyser through the icy crust of English conventionality, to cherish for a lifetime his six months' friendship with Shelley, and to be laid in death at his side. You refuse, as often before, to accept the statements about half of these men and women, until you read the words of these letters and journals of theirs, more astonishing than anything anyone ever said about them. It is in the selection of these passages that the author shows both her acumen and the scope and intimacy of her acquaintance with her subject. What a flash lights up Mary Shelley—between two commas—in the extract quoted from her journal a few months after Shelley's death—the italics are the reviewer's—: "For eight years I communicated, with unlimited freedom, with one whose genius, *far transcending mine*, awakened and guided my thoughts." Hazlitt looks in for a moment with

the pregnant observation: "It was a misfortune to any man of talent to be born in the end of the last century." In the background,—like the beautiful quiet English fields so little reflected in Shelley's poetry,—is the presence of Scott, which in both these volumes characteristically preserves its deep and sweet humanity.

But the really notable feature of this first portion of the book is the author's rejection of all special pleading on behalf of Shelley. Rightly abhorring the methods of sentimental apologists, she softens nothing, enhances nothing, but sets forth all Shelley's faults and absurdities, whether of character or action, with a candor matched only by the delicacy and sureness with which she gives us those touches that reveal Shelley as one of the rarest and sweetest of human beings. There is no tedious balancing of evidence—a process which is invariably unconvincing. You are simply confronted with the whole case, and it is the irresistible choice of your own instinct that decides in the matter. This is the method that proves the deep sagacity of the writer, the effect of which upon the reader is cumulative.

The closing chapters, which follow the critical analysis of Shelley's poetry, will be read with interest by all who study literature as the record of man's spiritual history. That on the suggestions on the Romantic revival, with its review and rejection of previous definitions of Romanticism, is undoubtedly stimulating; perhaps more by reason of what the author says Romanticism is not, than by what she says it is. This is no faint praise. It is much to loosen the hold which certain apt formularies have obtained on the mind, to press the question closer to the problem, and open a new approach to it. If Mrs. Campbell's positive definition of what is the distinctive thing about Romanticism does not wholly satisfy, it is because, as she herself so well insists, the movement is so vast, so complex, that, as yet, the discovery of the errors in our judgment is, as Joubert said of the discovery of all error, the most delightful one we can make; it is the nearest we can hope to approach to that last enfranchisement we dream of as bestowed by truth.

Looking at the play of the forces of man and Nature in the preceding books, the phrase of Dryden concerning Chaucer recurs to mind—"here is God's plenty." To pass from it into the "stiff,

clean, God-fearing New England home" where Emily Dickinson was born, lived, and died, calls for a terrific wrench of adjustment, if one would preserve the scale of values which prevail, for poetry and life, in the greater world. And nowhere is it more important that they should prevail than in the cases where we find a talent caught in a phase of history which is bound to be transitory, but nevertheless persists long enough to shape not only individual but national contributions to the general human psychology. The American contribution is today the Great Unknown among the forces that will shape, in the future, man's destiny. There are hints and portents of it, already, and notable ones. But, even as it still stands in the wings, waiting for the cue that will bring it forth to take its permanent rôle in the action that holds the universal stage, so too the final orientation of the American genius is as yet uncertain, with its incalculable blend of traditions, its transplanted roots that have had to seek such nourishment as they could find alternately in the wilderness and among the machines. Hence the dangers of reversion to the wild, or of the sapping of the vitality in the more sensitive stocks that require a soil fertilized by centuries of culture to strike root and bear their rare but precious fruit. It is because the tragedy of Emily Dickinson may become the tragedy of that type of the American genius which she represents that she is significant beyond the incredibly narrow round of the circle from which, during her lifetime, she never really escaped.

For the student of psychology the *Life and Letters* as edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi offer ample documentation for the understanding of those poems which form so singular a contrast to their material setting in the suburban scenery of Amherst, Massachusetts. The high key in which the narrative portion is pitched is itself an index of the incredible dearth of greatness in Emily Dickinson's mental and physical environment which threw her imagination back, as the editor observed in her preface to *The Single Hound*, into putting "more excitement into the event of a dead fly than her neighbors got *from a journey by stage-coach to Boston.*" The italics are mine. They are intended to emphasize the kind of alternative which confronted an imagination and an intellect that perhaps the world could ill spare from

the contemplation of either the splendor or the squalor of human experience. The curious wresting of Mérimée's "Art is exaggeration apropos" to imply that Emily's way of heightening the trivialities of existence proved her "an incomparable artist at life" misses altogether the force of the wise French proviso—*à propos*. The tragedy of Emily Dickinson was that her talent was thrown away on the only life circumstances made possible for her. The courage with which she met her fate was used up in the successful effort to conceal this, her real tragedy. That this is so we discover only from a passage or two in the letters to Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Inevitably one thinks of Henry Adams, who suffered also from the tragedy of a genius out of touch with life. And one thinks also of the Brontës, with a difference. Though broken by life they were not subdued; they triumphed before they died. And one thinks of Shelley, dogged all his life by people who provoked Matthew Arnold's "What a set, what a world!"—a comment in which, as Miss Campbell keenly remarks, Shelley would be the first to concur: who yet could produce poetry that was to be a potent agent in destroying the English intolerance of which he was himself a victim. "O World, O Life, O Time!" he cried, and the cry might have been hers; but what follows in his verse is simple, sensuous, and passionate as any Milton could require, while Emily Dickinson's occasional exquisite poignancy—her one achievement—is bought at too high a cost of effort, on her part as well as ours.

As is clear from the case of Henry Adams, this particular tragedy of the American genius is not one of environment alone. It has penetrated deeper, it is of the spirit itself, and only spiritual forces can remedy the ill. This too is certain: that America herself will produce the remedy. She cannot do so too quickly, in her own and the world's interests.

F. V. Keys.